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OXFORD EDITION

(POEMS)

OF

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT



HUMPHREY MILFORD

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CHIEF DATES IN BRYANT'S LIFE AND LITERARY CAREER

	DATE.	AGE.
Born at Cummington, Mass. (Nov. 3)	1794	
Begins to write verse	1803	9
Poem published in local newspaper	1804	10
<i>The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times—A Satire. By a Youth of Thirteen</i>	1808	13
Begins to learn Latin, and translates part of the first book of the <i>Aeneid</i>	—	14
<i>The Embargo. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged, together with The Spanish Revolution and other Poems</i>	1809	
Begins to learn Greek	—	15
Enters at Williams College, and writes a great deal of verse	1810	16
Leaves Williams College to prepare for entering Yale, but from his father's want of means this purpose was not fulfilled	1811	16
Begins to study Law, at Worthington, Mass. (Dec.)	—	17
Removes to Bridgewater, to reside with his grandfather, Dr. Philip Bryant, and enters a law office (June)	1814	19
Passes preliminary examination for admission to the Bar (Aug.)	—	
Appointed adjutant in Massachusetts Militia (July 1816) but resigns his commission on conclusion of the war with England (Feb. 1817)	1816-1817	21-22
Writes his first nature-poems	1816	21
Begins practice at Cummington	—	
'Thanatopsis' published in the <i>North American Review</i> (Sept.)	1817	22
Composes 'To a Waterfowl' on a walk to Plainfield (Dec. 15)	—	23

	DATE.	AGE.
Enters into a partnership at Great Barrington, and falls in love with his future wife	1818	23
Writes poems and reviews for the <i>North American Review</i>	1818-24	23-29
Elected Tithingman and Town Clerk of Cummington, and appointed Justice of the Peace	1819	24
Death of his father (March 20)	1820	
Writes six hymns for a Unitarian Hymnal	—	25
Delivers an oration in the Stockbridge Church (July 4)	—	
Contributes poems to <i>The Idler</i>	1821	26
Marries Miss Fanny Fairchild (June 11)	—	
Reads his poem, 'The Ages', in the Old Congregational Church, Cambridge, Mass. (Aug. 30)	—	
Is invited by the Phi Beta Kappa Society to deliver the poetical address at their Commencement	—	27
<i>Poems</i> . (Eight poems in a pamphlet of 44 pages.) (Sept.)	—	
Entire collection reprinted in Roscoe's <i>Selection of American Poetry</i> (London), and favourably reviewed in <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> (June)	1822	27
Delivers an address on Greek revolt against Turkish rule (Dec.)	—	
Writes an unsuccessful farce called <i>The Heroes</i>	1823	29
Visits New York (Jan. and Feb. 1825) and becomes joint-editor of the <i>New York Review</i> (1825-May 1826); after two other transformations this becomes <i>The United States Review</i> (Oct. 1826—Oct. 1827), with Bryant still as joint-editor.	1825-7	30-32
Renews his licence to practise law in New York (March)	1826	31
Delivers four lectures on poetry before the American Athenaeum Society (April)	—	
Becomes assistant-editor of the <i>New York Evening Post</i>	—	32
Appointed Professor at the National Academy of the Arts of Design, and reads five lectures on mythology (Dec.). (Lectures repeated Feb. 1828; Jan. 1829; Nov. 1831)	1827	33
Recites an Ode at the Jackson Dinner (Jan. 8)	1828	
Becomes editor-in-chief of <i>The Evening Post</i> (July)	1829	34

AND LITERARY CAREER

xi

	DATE.	AGE.
<i>Poems by William Cullen Bryant, an American.</i>		
Edited by Washington Irving, and dedicated to Samuel Rogers (London)	1832	37
<i>Poems.</i> New York	—	
Contributes two stories to <i>Tales of Glauber-Spa</i> , a collection of stories by five authors	—	
Visits the prairies	—	
Visits Montreal and Quebec (Summer)	1833	38
<i>Poems.</i> Boston. (Including three new poems)	1834	39
Sails for Europe with his family (June 24, 1834) and visits France, Italy, the Tyrol, Munich, and Heidelberg (where he meets Longfellow)	1834-6	39-41
Sails for home, and arrives in New York, March 26	1836	41
<i>Poems.</i> Fourth edition. New York. (Including eleven new poems)	—	
<i>Poems.</i> Fifth edition. New York. (Including one new poem)	1839	44
Is instrumental in publishing Dana's <i>Two Years before the Mast</i>	—	45
<i>Popular Considerations on Homoeopathia.</i> New York	1841	46
Makes the acquaintance of Charles Dickens in New York	1842	47
<i>The Fountain, and other Poems.</i> New York and London	—	
<i>The White-footed Deer, and other Poems.</i> New York	1844	49
Sails for England (April 22), and remains there till November	1845	50
Death of his mother, aged 80 (May)	1847	52
Visits Cuba, Scotland, Germany, and Switzerland, returning in December	1849	55
<i>Letters of a Traveller, or Notes of Things seen in Europe and America.</i> New York and London	1850	
Visits Egypt, Palestine, and the Levant (Nov. to June)	1852-3	58
<i>A Discourse on the Life and Genius of J. Fenimore Cooper.</i>	1852	
<i>Poems.</i> Collected and Arranged by the Author. 2 vols. New York and London	1854	59
<i>Poems.</i> Illustrated Edition. New York. (Including seven new poems.) London edition. (Including ten new poems)	—	

	DATE.	AGE.
Is engaged in the formation of the Republican party	1855	61
Sails for Europe, and visits Spain	1857	62
Resides in Naples, and meets Hawthorne, Browning, and Landor in Florence and Rome	1858	63
Becomes a Baptist (April 24)	—	
Returns to America (Aug.)	—	
<i>Letters of a Traveller. Second Series.</i> New York	1859	64
Presides at a lecture by Abraham Lincoln	—	
His poems are translated into French and German, and 'Thanatopsis' into Latin	1860-2	65-7
Begins his translation of the <i>Odyssey</i>	1863	68
The Emperor of Brazil sends his portrait to Bryant	—	
<i>Hymns.</i> Privately printed	1864	69
<i>Thirty Poems.</i> New York and London	—	
Century Club celebrates his 70th birthday (Nov. 15) (See Whittier's poem on p. xiv)		70
<i>Voices of Nature</i>	1865	70
Works for the Abolition of Slavery	—	
Death of his wife (July 27)	1866	71
<i>Letters from the East.</i> New York	1869	74
<i>The Iliad of Homer.</i> Translated into English blank verse. 2 vols. Boston (Feb. and June)	1870	75
<i>The Odyssey of Homer.</i> Translated into English blank verse. 2 vols. Boston (Sept. 1871 and March 1872)	1871-2	76-7
<i>Picturesque America.</i> Edited by W. C. B. 4 vols. New York	1872-4	
Visits Bahama, Cuba, and Mexico; elected an hon. member of the Geographical Society of Mexico; is treated with the highest honours by President Juarez	1872	77
<i>Orations and Addresses</i>	1873	
Elected to the Russian Academy	—	
Presented with an address of congratulation, signed by thousands, on his eightieth birthday	1874	80
Is entertained by the Governor of Albany, both branches of the Legislature adjourning in his honour. He addresses both Houses	1875	80
The Emperor of Brazil visits New York, and pays his respects to Bryant	1876	81

AND LITERARY CAREER

xiii

	DATE.	AGE.
<i>Poetical Works.</i> New York. (Including five new poems)	—	
<i>Popular History of the United States.</i> (In conjunction with S. H. Gay.) 4 vols.	1876-81	
Makes an oration at the unveiling of a statue to Mazzini (May 29), and afterwards falls from fatigue, receiving injuries from which he dies (June 12)	1878	83

BRYANT ON HIS BIRTHDAY

Mr. Bryant's seventieth birthday, November 3, 1864, was celebrated
by a festival to which these verses were sent.

WE praise not now the poet's art,
The rounded beauty of his song ;
Who weighs him from his life apart
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

Not for the eye, familiar grown
With charms to common sight denied,—
The marvellous gift he shares alone
With him who walked on Rydal-side ;

Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,
Too grave for smiles, too sweet for tears ;
We speak his praise who wears to-day
The glory of his seventy years.

When Peace brings Freedom in her train,
Let happy lips his songs rehearse ;
His life is now his noblest strain,
His manhood better than his verse !

Thank God ! his hand on Nature's keys
Its cunning keeps at life's full span ;
But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times like these,
The poet seems beside the man !

So be it ! let the garlands die,
The singer's wreath, the painter's meed,
Let our names perish, if thereby
Our country may be saved and freed !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE AGES

I

WHEN to the common rest that crowns our days,
Called in the noon of life, the good man goes,
Or full of years, and ripe in wisdom, lays
His silver temples in their last repose ;
When, o'er the buds of youth, the death-wind blows,
And blights the fairest ; when our bitter tears
Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
We think on what they were, with many fears
Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming years.

II

And therefore, to our hearts, the days gone by, 10
When lived the honoured sage whose death we wept,
And the soft virtues beamed from many an eye,
And beat in many a heart that long has slept—
Like spots of earth where angel-feet have stepped,
Are holy ; and high-dreaming bards have told
Of times when worth was crowned, and faith was kept,
Ere friendship grew a snare, or love waxed cold—
Those pure and happy times—the golden days of old.

III

Peace to the just man's memory ; let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight 20
Of ages ; let the mimic canvas show
His calm benevolent features ; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but heaven, and in the book of fame
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.

IV

But oh, despair not of their fate who rise
To dwell upon the earth when we withdraw !
Lo ! the same shaft by which the righteous dies, 30
Strikes through the wretch that scoffed at mercy's law,
And trode his brethren down, and felt no awe
Of Him who will avenge them. Stainless worth,
Such as the sternest age of virtue saw,
Ripens, meanwhile, till time shall call it forth
From the low modest shade, to light and bless the earth.

V

Has Nature, in her calm, majestic march,
Faltered with age at last ? does the bright sun
Grow dim in heaven ? or, in their far blue arch,
Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is done, 40
Less brightly ? when the dew-lipped Spring comes on,
Breathes she with airs less soft, or scents the sky
With flowers less fair than when her reign begun ?
Does prodigal Autumn, to our age, deny
The plenty that once swelled beneath his sober eye ?

VI

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
In her fair page ; see, every season brings
New change, to her, of everlasting youth ;
Still the green soil, with joyous living things,
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings, 50
And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep
Of Ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings
The restless surge. Eternal Love doth keep
In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.

VII

Will then the merciful One, who stamped our race
With his own image, and who gave them sway
O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her face,
Now that our swarming nations far away

Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the day,
Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed 60
His latest offspring ? will he quench the ray
Infused by his own forming smile at first,
And leave a work so fair all blighted and accursed ?

VIII

Oh, no ! a thousand cheerful omens give
Hope of yet happier days, whose dawn is nigh.
He who has tamed the elements, shall not live
The slave of his own passions ; he whose eye
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,
And in the abyss of brightness dares to span
The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high, 70
In God's magnificent works his will shall scan—
And love and peace shall make their paradise with man.

IX

Sit at the feet of History—through the night
Of years the steps of Virtue she shall trace,
And show the earlier ages, where her sight
Can pierce the eternal shadows o'er their face ;—
When, from the genial cradle of our race,
Went forth the tribes of men, their pleasant lot
To choose, where palm-groves cooled their dwelling-place,
Or freshening rivers ran ; and there forgot 80
The truth of heaven, and kneeled to gods that heard
them not.

X

Then waited not the murderer for the night,
But smote his brother down in the bright day,
And he who felt the wrong, and had the might,
His own avenger, girt himself to slay ;
Beside the path the unburied carcass lay ;
The shepherd, by the fountains of the glen,
Fled, while the robber swept his flock away,
And slew his babes. The sick, untended then,
Languished in the damp shade, and died afar from men.

XI

But misery brought in love—in passion's strife 91
 Man gave his heart to mercy, pleading long,
 And sought out gentle deeds to gladden life;
 The weak, against the sons of spoil and wrong,
 Banded, and watched their hamlets, and grew strong.
 States rose, and, in the shadow of their might,
 The timid rested. To the reverent throng,
 Grave and time-wrinkled men, with locks all white,
 Gave laws, and judged their strifes, and taught the way
 of right ;

XII

Till bolder spirits seized the rule, and nailed 100
 On men the yoke that man should never bear,
 And drove them forth to battle. Lo ! unveiled
 The scene of those stern ages ! What is there !
 A boundless sea of blood, and the wild air
 Moans with the crimson surges that entomb
 Cities and bannered armies ; forms that wear
 The kingly circlet rise, amid the gloom,
 O'er the dark wave, and straight are swallowed in its
 womb.

XIII

Those ages have no memory—but they left
 A record in the desert—columns strown 110
 On the waste sands, and statues fallen and cleft,
 Heaped like a host in battle overthrown ;
 Vast ruins, where the mountain's ribs of stone
 Were hewn into a city ; streets that spread
 In the dark earth, where never breath has blown
 Of heaven's sweet air, nor foot of man dares tread
 The long and perilous ways—the Cities of the Dead :

XIV

And tombs of monarchs to the clouds up-piled—
 They perished—but the eternal tombs remain—
 And the black precipice, abrupt and wild, 120
 Pierced by long toil and hollowed to a fane ;—

Huge piers and frowning forms of gods sustain
The everlasting arches, dark and wide,
Like the night-heaven, when clouds are black with rain.
But idly skill was tasked, and strength was plied,
All was the work of slaves to swell a despot's pride.

XV

And Virtue cannot dwell with slaves, nor reign
O'er those who cower to take a tyrant's yoke ;
She left the down-trod nations in disdain,
And flew to Greece, when Liberty awoke, 130
New-born, amid those glorious vales, and broke
Sceptre and chain with her fair youthful hands :
As rocks are shivered in the thunder-stroke.
And lo ! in full-grown strength, an empire stands
Of leagued and rival states, the wonder of the lands.

XVI

Oh, Greece ! thy flourishing cities were a spoil
Unto each other ; thy hard hand oppressed
And crushed the helpless ; thou didst make thy soil
Drunk with the blood of those that loved thee best ;
And thou didst drive, from thy unnatural breast, 140
Thy just and brave to die in distant climes ;
Earth shuddered at thy deeds, and sighed for rest
From thine abominations ; after times,
That yet shall read thy tale, will tremble at thy crimes.

XVII

Yet there was that within thee which has saved
Thy glory, and redeemed thy blotted name ;
The story of thy better deeds, engraved
On fame's unmouldering pillar, puts to shame
Our chiller virtue ; the high art to tame
The whirlwind of the passions was thine own ; 150
And the pure ray, that from thy bosom came,
Far over many a land and age has shone,
And mingles with the light that beams from God's own
throne.

XVIII

And Rome, thy sterner, younger sister, she
Who awed the world with her imperial frown,
Rome drew the spirit of her race from thee--
The rival of thy shame and thy renown.
Yet her degenerate children sold the crown
Of earth's wide kingdoms to a line of slaves ;
Guilt reigned, and woe with guilt, and plagues came
down, 160
Till the North broke its floodgates, and the waves
Whelmed the degraded race, and weltered o'er their
graves.

XIX

Vainly that ray of brightness from above,
That shone around the Galilean lake,
The light of hope, the leading star of love,
Struggled, the darkness of that day to break ;
Even its own faithless guardians strove to slake,
In fogs of earth, the pure ethereal flame ;
And priestly hands, for Jesus' blessed sake,
Were red with blood, and charity became, 170
In that stern war of forms, a mockery and a name.

XX

They triumphed, and less bloody rites were kept
Within the quiet of the convent cell ;
The well-fed inmates pattered prayer, and slept,
And sinned, and liked their easy penance well.
Where pleasant was the spot for men to dwell,
Amid its fair broad lands the abbey lay,
Sheltering dark orgies that were shame to tell,
And cowed and barefoot beggars swarmed the way,
All in their convent weeds, of black, and white, and
grey. 180

XXI

Oh, sweetly the returning Muses' strain
Swelled over that famed stream, whose gentle tide

In their bright lap the Etrurian vales detain,
Sweet, as when winter storms have ceased to chide,
And all the new-leaved woods, resounding wide,
Send out wild hymns upon the scented air.
Lo ! to the smiling Arno's classic side
The emulous nations of the West repair,
And kindle their quenched urns, and drink fresh spirit
there.

XXII

Still, Heaven deferred the hour ordained to rend 190
From saintly rottenness the sacred stole ;
And cowl and worshipped shrine could still defend
The wretch with felon stains upon his soul ;
And crimes were set to sale, and hard his dole
Who could not bribe a passage to the skies ;
And Vice, beneath the mitre's kind control,
Sinned gaily on, and grew to giant size,
Shielded by priestly power, and watched by priestly eyes.

XXIII

At last the earthquake came—the shock, that hurled
To dust, in many fragments dashed and strown, 200
The throne, whose roots were in another world,
And whose far-stretching shadow awed our own.
From many a proud monastic pile, o'erthrown,
Fear-struck, the hooded inmates rushed and fled ;
The web, that for a thousand years had grown
O'er prostrate Europe, in that day of dread
Crumbled and fell, as fire dissolves the flaxen thread.

XXIV

The spirit of that day is still awake,
And spreads himself, and shall not sleep again ;
But through the idle mesh of power shall break 210
Like billows o'er the Asian monarch's chain ;
Till men are filled with him, and feel how vain,

Instead of the pure heart and innocent hands,
 Are all the proud and pompous modes to gain
 The smile of Heaven ;—till a new age expands
 Its white and holy wings above the peaceful lands.

XXV

For look again on the past years ;—behold,
 How like the nightmare's dreams have flown away
 Horrible forms of worship, that, of old,
 Held o'er the shuddering realms unquestioned sway :
 See crimes, that feared not once the eye of day, 221
 Rooted from men, without a name or place ;
 See nations blotted out from earth, to pay
 The forfeit of deep guilt ;—with glad embrace
 The fair disburdened lands welcome a nobler race.

XXVI

Thus Error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven ;
 They fade, they fly, but Truth survives their flight ;
 Earth has no shades to quench that beam of heaven ;
 Each ray that shone, in early time, to light
 The faltering footstep in the path of right, 230
 Each gleam of clearer brightness shed to aid
 In man's maturer day his bolder sight,
 All blended, like the rainbow's radiant braid,
 Pour yet, and still shall pour, the blaze that cannot fade.

XXVII

Late, from this western shore, that morning chased
 The deep and ancient night, which threw its shroud
 O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
 Nurse of full streams, and lifter-up of proud
 Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud. 239
 Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,
 Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
 Amid the forest ; and the bounding deer
 Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yelled
 near.

XXVIII

And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
And cradles, in his soft embrace, the gay
Young group of grassy islands born of him,
And crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring
The commerce of the world ;—with tawny limb,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening, ²⁵¹
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

XXIX

Then all this youthful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned
O'er mount and vale, where never summer ray
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way
Through the grey giants of the sylvan wild ;
Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay,
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild, ²⁶⁰
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

XXX

There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spread its blue sheet that flashed with many an oar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
And the deer drank : as the light gale flew o'er,
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore ;
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
A look of glad and guiltless beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there :

XXXI

Not unavenged ; the foeman, from the wood, ²⁷¹
Beheld the deed, and when the midnight shade
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood ;
All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—

And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
 The roofs went down ; but deep the silence grew,
 When on the dewy woods the day-beam played ;
 No more the cabin smokes rose wreathed and blue,
 And ever, by their lake, lay moored the bark canoe.

XXXII

Look now abroad—another race has filled 280
 These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
 And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled ;
 The land is full of harvests and green meads ;
 Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
 Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
 Their virgin waters ; the full region leads
 New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
 Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

XXXIII

Here the free spirit of mankind at length
 Throws its last fetters off ; and who shall place 290
 A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race ?
 On, like the comet's way through infinite space,
 Stretches the long untravelled path of light,
 Into the depths of ages : we may trace,
 Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
 Till the receding rays are lost to human sight

XXXIV

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
 And writhes in shackles ; strong the arms that chain
 To earth her struggling multitude of states ; 300
 She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain
 Against them, but might cast to earth the train
 That trample her, and break their iron net.
 Yes, she shall look on brighter days and gain
 The meed of worthier deeds ; the moment set
 To rescue and raise up draws near—but is not yet.

XXXV

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
 Save with thy children—thy maternal care,
 Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
 These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air 310
 Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
 Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
 Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
 The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
 How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell?

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images 10
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
 Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears, 20
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould. 30

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move 40
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings 50
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there :
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe 60
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care

Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed man— 70
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch 80
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE YELLOW VIOLET

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
 And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
 The yellow violet's modest bell
 Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere rasset fields their green resume,
 Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
 To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
 Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
 First plant thee in the watery mould, 10
 And I have seen thee blossoming
 Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
 Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip
 Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
 And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
 And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
 Unapt the passing view to meet,
 When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh. 20

Oft, in the sunless April day,
 Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
 But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
 I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
 The friends in darker fortunes tried;
 I copied them—but I regret
 That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
 Awakes the painted tribes of light, 30
 I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
 That made the woods of April bright.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD

STRANGER, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
 No school of long experience, that the world
 Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
 Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
 To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
 And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
 Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
 That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
 To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
 Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men, 10

And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to Guilt
Her pale tormentor, Misery. Hence these shades
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade 20
Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The mossy rocks themselves,
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude, 30
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee, 40
Like one that loves thee nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

SONG

Soon as the glazed and gleaming snow
 Reflects the day-dawn cold and clear,
 The hunter of the west must go
 In depth of woods to seek the deer.

His rifle on his shoulder placed,
 His stores of death arranged with skill,
 His moccasins and snow-shoes laced—
 Why lingers he beside the hill?

Far, in the dim and doubtful light,
 Where woody slopes a valley leave, 10
 He sees what none but lover might,
 The dwelling of his Genevieve.

And oft he turns his truant eye,
 And pauses oft, and lingers near;
 But when he marks the reddening sky,
 He bounds away to hunt the deer.

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong.
 As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide, 10
 Or where the rocking billuance, shall waft a balm
 On any sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
 Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men, 10

TO A WATERFOWL

17

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land.
Though the dark night is near. 20

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart

He who, from zone to zone, 29
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

GREEN RIVER

WHEN breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink ;
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright
With coloured pebbles and sparkles of light, 30

D Bryant

And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum ;
The flowers of summer are fairest there, 21
And freshest the breath of the summer air ;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream ! by the village side ;
But windest away from haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen ;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still. 30
Lonely, save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides ;
Or the simpler comes with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look ;
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.
Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,
And thy own wild music gushing out,
With mellow murmur and fairy shout, 40
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,

While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee, 50
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart ;
And I envy thy stream as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face, 60
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

A WINTER PIECE

THE time has been that these wild solitudes,
Yet beautiful as wild, were trod by me
Oftener than now ; and when the ills of life
Had chafed my spirit—when the unsteady pulse
Beat with strange flutterings—I would wander forth
And seek the woods. The sunshine on my path
Was to me as a friend. The swelling hills,
The quiet dells retiring far between,
With gentle invitation to explore
Their windings, were a calm society 10
That talked with me and soothed me. Then the chant
Of birds, and chime of brooks, and soft caress
Of the fresh sylvan air, made me forget
The thoughts that broke my peace, and I began
To gather simples by the fountain's brink,
And lose myself in day-dreams. While I stood
In Nature's loneliness, I was with one

With whom I early grew familiar, one
Who never had a frown for me, whose voice
Never rebuked me for the hours I stole 20
From cares I loved not, but of which the world
Deems highest, to converse with her. When shrieked
The bleak November winds, and smote the woods,
And the brown fields were herbless, and the shades,
That met above the merry rivulet,
Were spoiled, I sought, I loved them still ; they seemed
Like old companions in adversity.
Still there was beauty in my walks ; the brook,
Bordered with sparkling frost-work, was as gay
As with its fringe of summer flowers. Afar, 30
The village with its spires, the path of streams,
And dim receding valleys, hid before
By interposing trees, lay visible
Through the bare grove, and my familiar haunts
Seemed new to me. Nor was I slow to come
Among them, when the clouds, from their still skirts,
Had shaken down on earth the feathery snow,
And all was white. The pure keen air abroad,
Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor heard
Love-call of bird nor merry hum of bee, 40
Was not the air of death. Bright mosses crept
Over the spotted trunks, and the close buds,
That lay along the boughs, instinct with life,
Patient, and waiting the soft breath of Spring,
Feared not the piercing spirit of the North.
The snow-bird twittered on the beechen bough,
And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick branches bent
Beneath its bright cold burden, and kept dry
A circle, on the earth, of withered leaves,
The partridge found a shelter. Through the snow 50
The rabbit sprang away. The lighter track
Of fox and the racoon's broad path were there,
Crossing each other. From his hollow tree,
The squirrel was abroad, gathering the nuts
Just fallen, that asked the winter cold and sway
Of winter blast, to shake them from their hold.

But Winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts
Splendours beyond what gorgeous Summer knows ;
Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains 60
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice ;
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach !
The encrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look ! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal ; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That glimmer with an amethystine light. 70
But round the parent stem the long low boughs
Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbours hide
The glassy floor. Oh ! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,
And diamonds put forth radiant rods and bud
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up, most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them. Or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night, 80
And fades not in the glory of the sun ;—
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches ; and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye ;
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault ;
There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud
Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air, 90
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light ;
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

And it is pleasant, when the noisy streams
 Are just set free, and milder suns melt off
 The plashy snow, save only the firm drift
 In the deep glen or the close shade of pines,— 100
 'Tis pleasant to behold the wreaths of smoke
 Roll up among the maples of the hill,
 Where the shrill sound of youthful voices wakes
 The shriller echo, as the clear pure lymph,
 That from the wounded trees, in twinkling drops,
 Falls, 'mid the golden brightness of the morn,
 Is gathered in with brimming pails, and oft,
 Wielded by sturdy hands, the stroke of axe
 Makes the woods ring. Along the quiet air,
 Come and float calmly off the soft light clouds, 110
 Such as you see in summer, and the winds
 Scarce stir the branches. Lodged in sunny cleft,
 Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
 The little wind-flower, whose just-opened eye
 Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at—
 Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
 With unexpected beauty, for the time
 Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.
 And ere it comes, the encountering winds shall oft
 Muster their wrath again, and rapid clouds 120
 Shade heaven, and bounding on the frozen earth
 Shall fall their volleyed stores, rounded like hail
 And white like snow, and the loud North again
 Shall buffet the vexed forest in his rage.

THE WEST WIND

BENEATH the forest's skirt I rest,
 Whose branching pines rise dark and high,
 And hear the breezes of the West
 Among the thread-like foliage sigh.
 Sweet Zephyr! why that sound of woe?
 Is not thy home among the flowers?
 Do not the bright June roses blow,
 To meet thy kiss at morning hours?

THE WEST WIND

23

And lo ! thy glorious realm outspread—
Yon stretching valleys, green and gay, 10
And yon free hill-tops, o'er whose head
The loose white clouds are borne away.

And there the full broad river runs,
And many a fount wells fresh and sweet,
To cool thee when the mid-day suns
Have made thee faint beneath their heat.

Thou wind of joy, and youth, and love ;
Spirit of the new-wakened year !
The sun in his blue realm above
Smooths a bright path when thou art here. 20

In lawns the murmuring bee is heard,
The wooing ring-dove in the shade ;
On thy soft breath, the new-fledged bird
Takes wing, half happy, half afraid.

Ah ! thou art like our wayward race ;—
When not a shade of pain or ill
Dims the bright smile of Nature's face,
Thou lov'st to sigh and murmur still.

THE BURIAL-PLACE

A FRAGMENT

EREWHILE, on England's pleasant shores, our sires
Left not their churchyards unadorned with shades
Or blossoms ; and indulgent to the strong
And natural dread of man's last home, the grave,
Its frost and silence—they disposed around,
To soothe the melancholy spirit that dwelt
Too sadly on life's close, the forms and hues
Of vegetable beauty. There the yew,
Green even amid the snows of winter, told
Of immortality, and gracefully 10
The willow, a perpetual mourner, drooped ;

And there the gadding woodbine crept about,
And there the ancient ivy. From the spot
Where the sweet maiden, in her blossoming years
Cut off, was laid with streaming eyes, and hands
That trembled as they placed her there, the rose
Sprung modest, on bowed stalk, and better spoke
Her graces, than the proudest monument.
There children set about their playmate's grave
The pansy. On the infant's little bed, 20
Wet at its planting with maternal tears,
Emblem of early sweetness, early death,
Nestled the lowly primrose. Childless dames,
And maids that would not raise the reddened eye—
Orphans, from whose young lids the light of joy
Fled early—silent lovers, who had given
All that they lived for to the arms of earth,
Came often, o'er the recent graves to strew
Their offerings, rue, and rosemary, and flowers.

The pilgrim bands who passed the sea to keep 30
Their Sabbaths in the eye of God alone,
In his wide temple of the wilderness,
Brought not these simple customs of the heart
With them. It might be, while they laid their dead
By the vast solemn skirts of the old groves,
And the fresh virgin soil poured forth strange flowers
About their graves; and the familiar shades
Of their own native isle and wonted blooms
And herbs were wanting, which the pious hand
Might plant or scatter there, these gentle rites 40
Passed out of use. Now they are scarcely known,
And rarely in our borders may you meet
The tall larch, sighing in the burying-place,
Or willow, trailing low its boughs to hide
The gleaming marble. Naked rows of graves
And melancholy ranks of monuments
Are seen instead, where the coarse grass, between,
Shoots up its dull green spikes, and in the wind
Hisses, and the neglected bramble nigh

Offers its berries to the schoolboy's hand, 50
In vain—they grow too near the dead. Yet here,
Nature, rebuking the neglect of man,
Plants often, by the ancient mossy stone,
The brier rose; and upon the broken turf
That clothes the fresher grave, the strawberry plant
Sprinkles its swell with blossoms, and lays forth
Her ruddy, pouting fruit. . . .

‘BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN’

OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night; 10
And grief may 'bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die. 20

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

‘NO MAN KNOWETH HIS SEPULCHRE’

WHEN he, who, from the scourge of wrong,
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region, promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die ;

God made his grave, to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale enfold,
And laid the aged seer alone
To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust
Till the pure spirit comes again.

10

Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

A WALK AT SUNSET

WHEN insect wings are glistening in the beam
Of the low sun, and mountain-tops are bright,
Oh, let me, by the crystal valley-stream,
Wander amid the mild and mellow light ;
And while the wood-thrush pipes his evening lay,
Give me one lonely hour to hymn the setting day.

Oh, sun ! that o'er the western mountains now
Go'st down in glory ! ever beautiful
And blessed is thy radiance, whether thou
Colourest the eastern heaven and night-mist cool,
Till the bright day-star vanish, or on high
Climbest and streamest thy white splendours from mid
sky.

11

Yet, loveliest are thy setting smiles, and fair,
Fairest of all that earth beholds, the hues
That live among the clouds, and flush the air,
Lingering and deepening at the hour of dews.
Then softest gales are breathed, and softest heard
The plaining voice of streams, and pensive note of bird.

They who here roamed, of yore, the forest wide,
Felt, by such charm, their simple bosoms won ; 20
They deemed their quivered warrior, when he died,
Went to bright isles beneath the setting sun ;
Where winds are aye at peace, and skies are fair,
And purple-skirted clouds curtain the crimson air.

So, with the glories of the dying day,
Its thousand trembling lights and changing hues,
The memory of the brave who passed away
Tenderly mingled ;—fitting hour to muse
On such grave theme, and sweet the dream that shed
Brightness and beauty round the destiny of the dead.

For ages, on the silent forests here, 31
Thy beams did fall before the red man came
To dwell beneath them ; in their shade the deer
Fed, and feared not the arrow's deadly aim.
Nor tree was felled in all that world of woods,
Save by the beaver's tooth, or winds, or rush of floods.

Then came the hunter tribes, and thou didst look
For ages on their deeds in the hard chase,
And well-fought wars ; green sod and silver brook
Took the first stain of blood ; before thy face 40
The warrior generations came and passed,
And glory was laid up for many an age to last.

Now they are gone, gone as thy setting blaze
Goes down the west, while night is pressing on,
And with them the old tale of better days,
And trophies of remembered power, are gone.
Yon field that gives the harvest, where the plough
Strikes the white bone, is all that tells their story now.

I stand upon their ashes in thy beam,
 The offspring of another race, I stand, 50
 Beside a stream they loved, this valley-stream ;
 And where the night-fires of the quivered band
 Showed the grey oak by fits, and war-song rung,
 I teach the quiet shades the strains of this new tongue.

Farewell ! but thou shalt come again ! thy light
 Must shine on other changes, and behold
 The place of the thronged city still as night—
 States fallen—new empires built upon the old—
 But never shalt thou see these realms again
 Darkened by boundless groves, and roamed by savage 60
 men.

HYMN TO DEATH

OH ! could I hope the wise and pure in heart
 Might hear my song without a frown, nor deem
 My voice unworthy of the theme it tries,—
 I would take up the hymn to Death, and say
 To the grim power,—The world hath slandered thee
 And mocked thee. On thy dim and shadowy brow
 They place an iron crown, and call thee king
 Of terrors, and the spoiler of the world,
 Deadly assassin, that strik'st down the fair,
 The loved, the good—that breathest on the lights 10
 Of virtue set along the vale of life,
 And they go out in darkness. I am come,
 Not with reproaches, not with cries and prayers,
 Such as have stormed thy stern, insensible ear
 From the beginning. I am come to speak
 Thy praises. True it is that I have wept
 Thy conquests, and may weep them yet again ;
 And thou from some I love wilt take a life
 Dear to me as my own. Yet while the spell
 Is on my spirit, and I talk with thee 20
 In sight of all thy trophies, face to face,

Meet is it that my voice should utter forth
Thy nobler triumphs ; I will teach the world
To thank thee. Who are thine accusers !—Who ?
The living !—they who never felt thy power,
And know thee not. The curses of the wretch
Whose crimes are ripe, his sufferings when thy hand
Is on him, and the hour he dreads is come,
Are writ among thy praises. But the good—
Does he whom thy kind hand dismissed to peace, 30
Upbraid the gentle violence that took off
His fetters, and unbarred his prison cell ?

Raise then the hymn to Death. Deliverer !
God hath anointed thee to free the oppressed
And crush the oppressor. When the armed chief,
The conqueror of nations, walks the world,
And it is changed beneath his feet, and all
Its kingdoms melt into one mighty realm—
Thou, while his head is loftiest and his heart
Blasphemes, imagining his own right hand 40
Almighty, thou dost set thy sudden grasp
Upon him, and the links of that strong chain
Which bound mankind are crumbled ; thou dost break
Sceptre and crown, and beat his throne to dust.
Then the earth shouts with gladness, and her tribes
Gather within their ancient bounds again.
Else had the mighty of the olden time,
Nimrod, Sesostris, or the youth who feigned
His birth from Libyan Ammon, smitten yet
The nations with a rod of iron, and driven 50
The chariot o'er our necks. Thou dost avenge,
In thy good time, the wrongs of those who know
No other friend. Nor dost thou interpose
Only to lay the sufferer asleep,
Where he who made him wretched troubles not
His rest—thou dost strike down his tyrant too.
Oh, there is joy when hands that held the scourge
Drop lifeless, and the pitiless heart is cold.
Thou too dost purge from earth its horrible

And old idolatries ;—from the proud fanes 60
Each to his grave their priests go out, till none
Is left to teach their worship ; then the fires
Of sacrifice are chilled, and the green moss
O'ercreeps their altars ; the fallen images
Cumber the weedy courts, and for loud hymns,
Chanted by kneeling multitudes, the wind
Shrieks in the solitary aisles. When he
Who gives his life to guilt, and laughs at all
The laws that God or man has made, and round
Hedges his seat with power, and shines in wealth—
Lifts up his atheist front to scoff at Heaven, 71
And celebrates his shame in open day,
Thou, in the pride of all his crimes, cutt'st off
The horrible example. Touched by thine,
The extortioner's hard hand forgoes the gold
Wrung from the o'er-worn poor. The perjurer
Whose tongue was lithe, e'en now, and voluble
Against his neighbour's life, and he who laughed
And leaped for joy to see a spotless fame
Blasted before his own foul calumnies, 80
Are smit with deadly silence. He, who sold
His conscience to preserve a worthless life,
Even while he hugs himself on his escape,
Trembles, as, doubly terrible, at length,
Thy steps o'ertake him, and there is no time
For parley—nor will bribes unclench thy grasp.
Oft, too, dost thou reform thy victim, long
Ere his last hour. And when the reveller,
Mad in the chase of pleasure, stretches on,
And strains each nerve, and clears the path of life 90
Like wind, thou point'st him to the dreadful goal,
And shak'st thy hour-glass in his reeling eye,
And check'st him in mid course. Thy skeleton hand
Shows to the faint of spirit the right path,
And he is warned, and fears to step aside.
Thou sett'st between the ruffian and his crime
Thy ghastly countenance, and his slack hand
Drops the drawn knife. But, oh, most fearfully

Dost thou show forth Heaven's justice, when thy shafts
Drink up the ebbing spirit—then the hard 100
Of heart and violent of hand restores
The treasure to the friendless wretch he wronged.
Then from the writhing bosom thou dost pluck
The guilty secret ; lips, for ages sealed,
Are faithless to the dreadful trust at length,
And give it up ; the felon's latest breath
Absolves the innocent man who bears his crime ;
The slanderer, horror-smitten, and in tears,
Recalls the deadly obloquy he forged
To work his brother's ruin. Thou dost make . 110
Thy penitent victim utter to the air
The dark conspiracy that strikes at life,
And aims to whelm the laws ; ere yet the hour
Is come, and the dread sign of murder given.

Thus, from the first of time, hast thou been found
On virtue's side ; the wicked, but for thee,
Had been too strong for the good ; the great of earth
Had crushed the weak for ever. Schooled in guile
For ages, while each passing year had brought
Its baneful lesson, they had filled the world 120
With their abominations ; while its tribes,
Trodden to earth, imbruted, and despoiled,
Had knelt to them in worship ; sacrifice
Had smoked on many an altar, temple roofs
Had echoed with the blasphemous prayer and hymn :
But thou, the great reformer of the world,
Tak'st off the sons of violence and fraud
In their green pupilage, their lore half learned—
Ere guilt had quite o'errun the simple heart
God gave them at their birth, and blotted out 130
His image. Thou dost mark them flushed with hope,
As on the threshold of their vast designs
Doubtful and loose they stand, and strik'st them down.

Alas ! I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus

Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
 For he is in his grave who taught my youth
 The art of verse, and in the bud of life
 Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
 Untimely! when thy reason in its strength, 140
 Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
 And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
 Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
 To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
 And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
 Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes
 And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
 Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
 When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou
 Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have 150
 To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
 To copy thy example, and to leave
 A name of which the wretched shall not think
 As of an enemy's, whom they forgive
 As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore, thou
 Whose early guidance trained my infant steps—
 Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep
 Of death is over, and a happier life
 Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust.

Now thou art not—and yet the men whose guilt
 Has wearied Heaven for vengeance—he who bears 161
 False witness—he who takes the orphan's bread,
 And robs the widow—he who spreads abroad
 Polluted hands in mockery of prayer,
 Are left to cumber earth. Shuddering I look
 On what is written, yet I blot not out
 The desultory numbers; let them stand,
 The record of an idle reverie.

THE MASSACRE AT SCIO

WEEP not for Scio's children slain ;
 Their blood, by Turkish falchions shed,
 Sends not its cry to Heaven in vain
 For vengeance on the murderer's head.

Though high the warm red torrent ran
 Between the flames that lit the sky,
 Yet, for each drop, an armèd man
 Shall rise, to free the land, or die.

And for each corpse, that in the sea
 Was thrown, to feast the scaly herds, 10
 A hundred of the foe shall be
 A banquet for the mountain birds.

Stern rites and sad, shall Greece ordain
 To keep that day, along her shore,
 Till the last link of Slavery's chain
 Is shivered, to be worn no more.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT

AN Indian girl was sitting where
 Her lover, slain in battle, slept ;
 Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
 Came down o'er eyes that wept ;
 And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
 This sad and simple lay she sung :

' I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
 Too close above thy sleeping head,
 And broke the forest boughs that threw
 Their shadows o'er thy bed, 10
 That, shining from the sweet south-west,
 The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

' It was a weary, weary road
That led thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost ;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

' 'Twas I the broidered mocsen made,
That shod thee for that distant land ; 20
'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
Beside thy still cold hand ;
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

' With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,
And wrapped thee in the bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best,
In plenty, by thy side,
And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name. 30

' Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast passed
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave ;
Amid the flushed and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there.

' Yet, oft to thine own Indian maid
Even there thy thoughts will earthward stray,
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away, 40
Yet almost can her grief forget,
To think that thou dost love her yet.

' And thou, by one of those still lakes
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-coloured shade.

'And thou dost wait and watch to meet
My spirit sent to join the blest,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near.'

50

ODE FOR AN AGRICULTURAL CELEBRATION

FAR back in the ages,
The plough with wreaths was crowned ;
The hands of kings and sages
Entwined the chaplet round ;
Till men of spoil disdained the toil
By which the world was nourished,
And dews of blood enriched the soil
Where green their laurels flourished :
—Now the world her fault repairs—
The guilt that stains her story ;
And weeps her crimes amid the cares
That formed her earliest glory.

10

The proud throne shall crumble,
The diadem shall wane,
The tribes of earth shall humble
The pride of those who reign ;
And War shall lay his pomp away ;—
The fame that heroes cherish,
The glory earned in deadly fray
Shall fade, decay, and perish.
Honour waits, o'er all the earth,
Through endless generations,
The art that calls her harvests forth,
And feeds the expectant nations.

20

RIZPAH

And he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord: and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of harvest, in the first days, in the beginning of barley harvest.

And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night. —2 Sam. xxi. 9, 10.

HEAR what the desolate Rizpah said,
 As on Gibeah's rocks she watched the dead.
 The sons of Michal before her lay,
 And her own fair children, dearer than they;
 By a death of shame they all had died,
 And were stretched on the bare rock, side by side;
 And Rizpah, once the loveliest of all
 That bloomed and smiled in the court of Saul,
 All wasted with watching and famine now,
 And scorched by the sun her haggard brow, 10
 Sat mournfully guarding their corpses there,
 And murmured a strange and solemn air;
 The low, heart-broken, and wailing strain
 Of a mother that mourns her children slain:

'I have made the crags my home, and spread
 On their desert backs my sackcloth bed;
 I have eaten the bitter herb of the rocks,
 And drunk the midnight dew in my locks;
 I have wept till I could not weep, and the pain
 Of my burning eyeballs went to my brain. 20
 Seven blackened corpses before me lie,
 In the blaze of the sun and the winds of the sky.
 I have watched them through the burning day,
 And driven the vulture and raven away;
 And the cormorant wheeled in circles round,
 Yet feared to light on the guarded ground.

And when the shadows of twilight came,
I have seen the hyena's eyes of flame,
And heard at my side his stealthy tread,
But aye at my shout the savage fled : 30
And I threw the lighted brand to fright
The jackal and wolf that yelled in the night.

' Ye were foully murdered, my hapless sons,
By the hands of wicked and cruel ones ;
Ye fell, in your fresh and blooming prime,
All innocent, for your father's crime.
He sinned—but he paid the price of his guilt
When his blood by a nameless hand was spilt ;
When he strove with the heathen host in vain,
And fell with the flower of his people slain, 40
And the sceptre his children's hands should sway
From his injured lineage passed away.

' But I hoped that the cottage roof would be
A safe retreat for my sons and me ;
And that while they ripened to manhood fast,
They should wean my thoughts from the woes of the
past.
And my bosom swelled with a mother's pride,
As they stood in their beauty and strength by my side,
Tall like their sire, with the princely grace
Of his stately form, and the bloom of his face. 50

' Oh, what an hour for a mother's heart,
When the pitiless ruffians tore us apart !
When I clasped their knees and wept and prayed,
And struggled and shrieked to Heaven for aid,
And clung to my sons with desperate strength,
Till the murderers loosed my hold at length,
And bore me breathless and faint aside,
In their iron arms, while my children died.
They died—and the mother that gave them birth
Is forbidden to cover their bones with earth. 60

'The barley harvest was nodding white
 When my children died on the rocky height,
 And the reapers were singing on hill and plain,
 When I came to my task of sorrow and pain.
 But now the season of rain is nigh,
 The sun is dim in the thickening sky,
 And the clouds in sullen darkness rest
 Where he hides his light at the doors of the west.
 I hear the howl of the wind that brings
 The long drear storm on its heavy wings ; 70
 But the howling wind and the driving rain
 Will beat my houseless head in vain :
 I shall stay, from my murdered sons to scare
 The beasts of the desert, and fowls of air.'

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL

I SAW an aged man upon his bier, *exactly*
 His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
 A record of the cares of many a year ;—
 Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
 And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
 And woman's tears fell fast, and children *wailed* aloud.
 Then rose another hoary man and said, *Sad or weep little*
 In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
 'Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead ?'
 Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain, 10
 Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
 Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened
 mast.
 'Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
 His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
 In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
 Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
 And leaves the smile of his departure spread
 O'er the warm-coloured heaven and ruddy mountain
 head.

' Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last, 20
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed ;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set ?

' His youth was innocent ; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day ;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm, and sage,
Faded his last declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

' That life was happy ; every day he gave 31
Thanks for the fair existence that was his ;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

' And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward ;
Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord. 40
For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.'

THE RIVULET

THIS little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope a while, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were dressed,
And from the chambers of the west

The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about, 10
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side. 20
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me ; and I wrote, on high,
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away, 30
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet ;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear ; 40
As pure thy limpid waters run ;
As bright they sparkle to the sun ;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks ;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue ;

As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted watercress :
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

50

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged ;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth.
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

60

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and grey,
Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould,
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date,)
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favourite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream ;
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call ;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

70

80

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide, .

Children their early sports shall try,
 And pass to hoary age and die.
 But thou, unchanged from year to year,
 Gaily shalt play and glitter here ;
 Amid young flowers and tender grass
 Thy endless infancy shalt pass ;
 And, singing down thy narrow glen,
 Shalt mock the fading race of men.

90

MARCH

THE stormy March is come at last,
 With wind, and cloud, and changing skies ;
 I hear the rushing of the blast,
 That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
 Wild stormy month ! in praise of thee ;
 Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
 The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
 And thou hast joined the gentle train,
 And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

10

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
 Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
 When the changed winds are soft and warm,
 And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
 From Winter's durance just set free,
 And brightly leaping down the hills,
 Begin their journey to the sea.

20

The year's departing beauty hides
 Of wintry storms the sullen threat ;
 But in thy sternest frown abides
 A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

CONSUMPTION

AYE, thou art for the grave ; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long ; another Spring
Shall deck her for men's eyes, but not for thine—
Sealed in a sleep which knows no wakening.
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
And the vexed ore no mineral of power ;
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
Glide softly to thy rest then ; Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee, 10
As light winds wandering through groves of bloom
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain ;
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

AN INDIAN STORY

'I KNOW where the timid fawn abides
In depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

'I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch-tree throws
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook..

' And that timid fawn starts not with fear
When I steal to her secret bower ;
And that young May violet to me is dear,
And I visit the silent streamlet near,
To look on the lovely flower.'

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks
To the hunting ground on the hills ;
'Tis a song of his maid of the woods and rocks,
With her bright black eyes and long black locks,
And voice like the music of rills. 20

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes
Are at watch in the thicker shades ;
For she was lovely that smiled on his sighs,
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his prize,
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are stirred,
And the woods their song renew,
With the early carol of many a bird,
And the quickened tune of the streamlet heard
Where the hazels trickle with dew. 30

And Maquon has promised his dark-haired maid,
Ere eve shall redden the sky,
A good red deer from the forest shade,
That bounds with the herd through grove and glade,
At her cabin-door shall lie.

The hollow woods, in the setting sun,
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay ;
And Maquon's sylvan labours are done,
And his shafts are spent, but the spoil they won
He bears on his homeward way. 40

He stops near his bower—his eye perceives
Strange traces along the ground ;
At once to the earth his burden he heaves,
He breaks through the veil of boughs and leaves,
And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that leant,
And all from the young shrubs there
By struggling hands have the leaves been rent,
And there hangs on the sassafras, broken and bent,
One tress of the well-known hair. 50

But where is she who, at this calm hour,
Ever watched his coming to see ?
She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower ;
He calls—but he only hears on the flower
The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,
Nor a time for tears to flow ;
The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—
He grasps his war-axe and bow, and a sheaf
Of darts made sharp for the foe. 60

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet,
Where he bore the maiden away ;
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet
Than the blast that hurries the vapour and sleet
O'er the wild November day.

'Twas early summer when Maquon's bride
Was stolen away from his door ;
But at length the maples in crimson are dyed,
And the grape is black on the cabin side—
And she smiles at his hearth once more. 70

But far in the pine-grove, dark and cold,
Where the yellow leaf falls not,
Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,
There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,
In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls, that pass that way,
Point out the ravisher's grave ;
'And how soon to the bower she loved,' they say,
'Returned the maid that was borne away
From Maquon, the fond and the brave.' 80

SUMMER WIND

It is a sultry day ; the sun has drunk
 The dew that lay upon the morning grass ;
 There is no rustling in the lofty elm
 That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
 Scarce cools me. All is silent save the faint
 And interrupted murmur of the bee,
 Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
 Instantly on the wing. The plants around
 Feel the too potent fervours ; the tall maize 9
 Rolls up its long green leaves ; the clover droops
 Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
 But far, in the fierce sunshine, tower the hills,
 With all their growth of woods, silent and stern ;
 As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
 Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
 Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven—
 Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
 Shining in the far ether—fire the air
 With a reflected radiance, and make turn
 The gazer's eyes away. For me, I lie 20
 Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
 Yet virgin with the kisses of the sun,
 Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
 That still delays his coming. Why so slow,
 Gentle and voluble spirit of the air ?
 Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting earth
 Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
 He hears me ? See, on yonder woody ridge,
 The pine is bending his proud top ; and now,
 Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak 30
 Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes !
 Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves !
 The deep distressful silence of the scene
 Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds

And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance ; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs 40
Are stirring in his breath ; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other ; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet, and silver waters break
Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.

AN INDIAN AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HIS FATHERS

It is the spot I came to seek,—
My fathers' ancient burial-place ;
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river-side ;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide, 10
The plains, that, toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

48 AN INDIAN AT THE BURIAL-PLACE

The sheep are on the slopes around,
 The cattle in the meadows feed, 20
 And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
 Or drop the yellow seed,
 And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
 Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
 To see these vales in woods arrayed,
 Their summits in the golden light,
 Their trunks in grateful shade,
 And herds of deer, that bounding go
 O'er hills and prostrate trees below. 30

And then to mark the lord of all,
 The forest hero, trained to wars,
 Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
 And seamed with glorious scars,
 Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
 The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
 Was sacred when its soil was ours ;
 Hither the silent Indian maid
 Brought wreaths of beads and flowers, 40
 And the gay chief and gifted seer
 Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high,
 On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
 And scattered in the furrows lie
 The weapons of his rest ;
 And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
 Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave
 Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth— 50
 Or the young wife, that weeping gave
 Her first-born to the earth,
 That the pale race, who waste us now,
 Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—aye—like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away ;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day,—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

60

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind ,
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed ;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dashed and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

70

Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
The springs are silent in the sun ;
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run ;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get
May be a barren desert yet.

SONG

Dost thou idly ask to hear
At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent, when lovers near
Press the tenderest reasons ?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
To the careless wooer ;
Maidens' hearts are always soft :
Would that men's were truer.

Woo the fair one, when around
Early birds are singing ; 10
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
Early herbs are springing :
When the brookside, bank, and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love—
Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her when, with rosy blush,
Summer eve is sinking ;
When, on rills that softly gush,
Stars are softly winking ; 20
When, through boughs that knit the bower
Moonlight gleams are stealing ;
Woo her, till the gentle hour
Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes
Tinge the woody mountain ;
When the dropping foliage lies
In the weedy fountain ;
Let the scene, that tells how fast
Youth is passing over, 30
Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the north winds call
At the lattice nightly ;
When, within the cheerful hall,
Blaze the faggots brightly ;
While the wintry tempest round
Sweeps the landscape hoary,
Sweeter in her ear shall sound
Love's delightful story. 40

HYMN OF THE WALDENSES

HEAR, Father, hear thy faint afflicted flock
 Cry to thee, from the desert and the rock ;
 While those, who seek to slay thy children, hold
 Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold ;
 And the broad goodly lands, with pleasant airs
 That nurse the grape and wave the grain, are theirs.

Yet better were this mountain wilderness,
 And this wild life of danger and distress—
 Watchings by night and perilous flight by day,
 And meetings in the depths of earth to pray— 10
 Better, far better, than to kneel with them,
 And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn.

Thou, Lord, dost hold the thunder ; the firm land
 Tosses in billows when it feels thy hand ;
 Thou dashest nation against nation, then
 Stillest the angry world to peace again.
 Or, touch their stony hearts who hunt thy sons—
 The murderers of our wives and little ones.

Yet, mighty God, yet shall thy frown look forth
 Unveiled, and terribly shall shake the earth. 20
 Then the foul power of priestly sin and all
 Its long-upheld idolatries shall fall.
 Thou shalt raise up the trampled and oppressed,
 And thy delivered saints shall dwell in rest.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN

THOU who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
 Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
 Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
 Fail not with weariness ; for on their tops
 The beauty and the majesty of earth
 Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
 The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou stand'st,

The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world 10
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams, that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice 20
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs,—
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear 30
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With moss the growth of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge grey wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear no sound
Of winds that struggle with the woods below, 40
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round ; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upwards to the hills ; beyond,

Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mountain columns with which earth props heaven.

There is a tale about these reverend rocks,
A sad tradition of unhappy love, 50
And sorrows borne and ended, long ago,
When over these fair vales the savage sought
His game in the thick woods. There was a maid,
The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-eyed,
With wealth of raven tresses, a light form,
And a gay heart. About her cabin-door
The wide old woods resounded with her song
And fairy laughter all the summer day.
She loved her cousin ; such a love was deemed,
By the morality of those stern tribes, 60
Incestuous, and she struggled hard and long
Against her love, and reasoned with her heart,
As simple Indian maiden might. In vain.
Then her eye lost its lustre, and her step
Its lightness, and the grey-haired men that passed
Her dwelling wondered that they heard no more
The accustomed song, and laugh of her whose looks
Were like the cheerful smile of Spring, they said,
Upon the winter of their age. She went
To weep, where no eye saw, and was not found 70
When all the merry girls were met to dance,
And all the hunters of the tribe were out ;
Nor when they gathered from the rustling husk
The shining ear ; nor when, by the river's side,
They pulled the grape and startled the wild shades
With sounds of mirth. The keen-eyed Indian dames
Would whisper to each other, as they saw
Her wasting form, and say *the girl will die !*

One day into the bosom of a friend,
A playmate of her young and innocent years, 80
She poured her griefs. 'Thou know'st, and thou alone,'
She said, 'for I have told thee all, my love
And guilt and sorrow. I am sick of life.

All night I weep in darkness, and the morn
Glares on me, as upon a thing accursed,
That has no business on the earth. I hate
The pastimes and the pleasant toils that once
I loved ; the cheerful voices of my friends
Sound in my ear like mockings, and, at night,
In dreams, my mother, from the land of souls, 90
Calls me and chides me. All that look on me
Do seem to know my shame ; I cannot bear
Their eyes ; I cannot from my heart root out
The love that wrings it so, and I must die.'

It was a summer morning, and they went
To this old precipice. About the cliffs
Lay garlands, ears of maize, and shaggy skins
Of wolf and bear, the offerings of the tribe
Here made to the Great Spirit ; for they deemed,
Like worshippers of the elder time, that God 100
Doth walk on the high places and affect
The earth-o'erlooking mountains. She had on
The ornaments with which her father loved
To deck the beauty of his bright-eyed girl,
And bade her wear when stranger warriors came
To be his guests. Here the friends sat them down,
And sang, all day, old songs of love and death,
And decked the poor wan victim's hair with flowers,
And prayed that safe and swift might be her way
To that calm world of sunshine, where no grief 110
Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red.
Beautiful lay the region of her tribe
Below her—waters resting in the embrace
Of the wide forest, and maize-planted glades
Opening amid the leafy wilderness.
She gazed upon it long, and at the sight
Of her own village peeping through the trees,
And her own dwelling, and the cabin roof
Of him she loved with an unlawful love,
And came to die for, a warm gush of tears 120
Ran from her eyes. But when the sun grew low

And the hill shadows long, she threw herself
From the steep rock and perished. There was scooped
Upon the mountain's southern slope, a grave ;
And there they laid her, in the very garb
With which the maiden decked herself for death,
With the same withering wild flowers in her hair.
And o'er the mould that covered her, the tribe
Built up a simple monument, a cone
Of small loose stones. Thenceforward all who passed,
Hunter, and dame, and virgin, laid a stone 131
In silence on the pile. It stands there yet.
And Indians from the distant West, who come
To visit where their fathers' bones are laid,
Yet tell the sorrowful tale, and to this day
The mountain where the hapless maiden died
Is called the Mountain of the Monument.

AFTER A TEMPEST

THE day had been a day of wind and storm ;
The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,
And stooping from the zenith, bright and warm,
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out and villages between.

The rain-drops glistened on the trees around, 10
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
Was shaken by the flight of startled bird ;
For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
About the flowers ; the cheerful rivulet sung
And gossiped, as he hastened oceanward ;
To the grey oak the squirrel, chiding, clung,
And chirping from the ground the grasshopper upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves that kept them dry
Flew many a glittering insect here and there, 20
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That seemed a living blossom of the air.
The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
The violent rain had pent them ; in the way
Strolled groups of damsels, frolicsome and fair ;
The farmer swung the scythe or turned the hay ;
And 'twixt the heavy swaths the children were at play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the fell, 30
And precipice upspringing like a wall,
And glassy river and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
And beauteous scene ; while far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley, out of sight,
Was poured from the blue heavens the same soft golden
light.

I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents, and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea, 40
And married nations dwell in harmony ;
When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'erlaboured captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long, at clash of arms amid her bowers
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast—
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits ; but not for aye can last
The storm, and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past. 50
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
And, like the glorious light of summer cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

AUTUMN WOODS

ERE, in the northern gale,
 The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
 The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
 Have put their glory on.

The mountains that enfold,
 In their wide sweep, the coloured landscape round,
 Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
 That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
 The upland, where the mingled splendours glow, 10
 Where the gay company of trees look down
 On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
 In these bright walks ; the sweet south-west, at play,
 Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
 Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
 The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
 Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
 The sweetest of the year. 20

Where now the solemn shade,
 Verdure and gloom where many branches meet ;
 So grateful, when the noon of summer made
 The valleys sick with heat ?

Let in through all the trees
 Come the strange rays ; the forest depths are bright ;
 Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the breeze,
 Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
 Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
 Shines with the image of its golden screen 31
 And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
 Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
 Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
 Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn ! why so soon
 Depart the hues that make thy forests glad ;
 Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
 And leave thee wild and sad ?

40

Ah ! 'twere a lot too blest
 For ever in thy coloured shades to stray ;
 Amid the kisses of the soft south-west
 To rove and dream for ay ;

And leave the vain low strife
 That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
 The passions and the cares that wither life,
 And waste its little hour.

MUTATION

THEY talk of short-lived pleasure—be it so—
 Pain dies as quickly : stern, hard-featured pain
 Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go.

The fiercest agonies have shortest reign ;
 And after dreams of horror, comes again
 The welcome morning with its rays of peace.

Oblivion, softly wiping out the stain,
 Makes the strong secret pangs of shame to cease :
 Remorse is virtue's root ; its fair increase

Are fruits of innocence and blessedness ; 10
 Thus joy, o'erborne and bound, doth still release

His young limbs from the chains that round him press.
 Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
 A stable, changeless state, 'twere cause indeed to weep.

NOVEMBER

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun !
 One mellow smile through the soft vapoury air,
 Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
 Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
 One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
 And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
 And the blue gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
 Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
 Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
 Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way, 10
 The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
 And man delight to linger in thy ray.
 Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
 The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

SONG OF THE GREEK AMAZON

I BUCKLE to my slender side
 The pistol and the scimitar,
 And in my maiden flower and pride
 Am come to share the tasks of war.
 And yonder stands my fiery steed,
 That paws the ground and neighs to go,
 My charger of the Arab breed,—
 I took him from the routed foe.

My mirror is the mountain spring,
 At which I dress my ruffled hair; 10
 My dimmed and dusty arms I bring
 And wash away the blood-stain there.
 Why should I guard from wind and sun
 This cheek, whose virgin rose is fled ?
 It was for one—oh, only one—
 I kept its bloom, and he is dead.

But they who slew him—unaware
 Of coward murderers lurking nigh—
 And left him to the fowls of air,
 Are yet alive—and they must die. 20
 They slew him—and my virgin years
 Are vowed to Greece and vengeance now,
 And many an Othman dame in tears
 Shall rue the Grecian maiden's vow.

I touched the lute in better days,
 I led in dance the joyous band ;
 Ah ! they may move to mirthful lays
 Whose hands can touch a lover's hand.
 The march of hosts that haste to meet
 Seems gayer than the dance to me ; 30
 The lute's sweet tones are not so sweet
 As the fierce shout of victory.

TO A CLOUD

BEAUTIFUL cloud ! with folds so soft and fair,
 Swimming in the pure quiet air !
 Thy fleeces bathed in sunlight, while below
 Thy shadow o'er the vale moves slow ;
 Where, 'midst their labour, pause the reaper train,
 As cool it comes along the grain.
 Beautiful cloud ! I would I were with thee
 In thy calm way o'er land and sea :

To rest on thy unrolling skirts, and look
 On Earth as on an open book ; 10
 On streams that tie her realms with silver bands,
 And the long ways that seam her lands ;
 And hear her humming cities, and the sound
 Of the great ocean breaking round.
 Aye—I would sail, upon thy air-borne car,
 To blooming regions distant far,

To where the sun of Andalusia shines
On his own olive-groves and vines,
Or the soft lights of Italy's clear sky
In smiles upon her ruins lie.

20

But I would woo the winds to let us rest
O'er Greece long fettered and oppressed,
Whose sons at length have heard the call that comes
From the old battle-fields and tombs,
And risen, and drawn the sword, and on the foe
Have dealt the swift and desperate blow,
And the Othman power is cloven, and the stroke
Has touched its chains, and they are broke.
Aye, we would linger till the sunset there
Should come, to purple all the air,
And thou reflect upon the sacred ground
The ruddy radiance streaming round.

30

Bright meteor! for the summer noontide made!
Thy peerless beauty yet shall fade.
The sun, that fills with light each glistening fold,
Shall set, and leave thee dark and cold:
The blast shall rend thy skirts, or thou mayst frown
In the dark heaven when storms come down;
And weep in rain till man's inquiring eye
Miss thee, for ever, from the sky.

40

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER

WHEN Spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead, 10
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset ;— 20

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild cat stole
To banquet on the dead ;—

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home ; 30
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR

THE sad and solemn Night
 Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires ;
 The glorious host of light
 Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires ;
 All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
 Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
 To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they,
 Through the blue fields afar,
 Unseen, they follow in his flaming way : 10
 Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
 Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
 Star of the Pole ! and thou dost see them set.
 Alone, in thy cold skies,
 Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,
 Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
 Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
 Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air, 20
 And eve, that round the earth
 Chases the day, beholds thee watching there ;
 There noontide find thee, and the hour that calls
 The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
 The deeds of darkness and of light are done ;
 High towards the star-lit sky
 Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots the sun,
 The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud,
 And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thine unaltering blaze 31
 The half-wrecked mariner, his compass lost,
 Fixes his steady gaze,
 And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast ;
 And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
 Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps
 right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
 Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
 Did in thy beams behold
 A beauteous type of that unchanging good, 40
 That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
 The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

THE LAPSE OF TIME

LAMENT who will, in fruitless tears,
 The speed with which our moments fly ;
 I sigh not over vanished years,
 But watch the years that hasten by.

Look, how they come,—a mingled crowd
 Of bright and dark, but rapid days ;
 Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
 The wide world changes as I gaze.

What ! grieve that time has brought so soon
 The sober age of manhood on ? 10
 As idly might I weep at noon,
 To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I give up the hopes that glow
 In prospect like Elysian isles ;
 And let the cheerful future go ;
 With all her promises and smiles ?

The future!—cruel were the power
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart.
Thou sweetener of the present hour!
We cannot—no—we will not part. 20

Oh, leave me, still, the rapid flight
That makes the changing seasons gay,
The grateful speed that brings the night,
The swift and glad return of day ;

The months that touch, with added grace,
This little prattler at my knee,
In whose arch eye and speaking face
New meaning every hour I see ;

The years, that o'er each sister land
Shall lift the country of my birth, 30
And nurse her strength, till she shall stand
The pride and pattern of the earth :

Till younger commonwealths, for aid,
Shall cling about her ample robe,
And from her frown shall shrink afraid
The crowned oppressors of the globe.

True—time will seam and blanch my brow—
Well—I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass will tell me how
A grizzly beard becomes me then. 40

And then, should no dishonour lie
Upon my head, when I am grey,
Love yet shall watch my fading eye,
And smooth the path of my decay.

Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all
That speeds thy wingèd feet so fast ;
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest and bear'st away our woes,
And as thy shadowy train depart, 50
The memory of sorrow grows
A lighter burden on the heart.

SONG OF THE STARS

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,
 And the empty realms of darkness and death
 Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
 And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
 From the void abyss by myriads came,—
 In the joy of youth as they darted away,
 Through the widening wastes of space to play,
 Their silver voices in chorus rang,
 And this was the song the bright ones sang : 10

‘ Away, away through the wide, wide sky,
 The blue fair fields that before us lie,—
 Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
 Each planet, poised on her turning pole ;
 With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
 And her waters that lie like fluid light.

‘ For the source of glory uncovers his face,
 And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space ;
 And we drink as we go the luminous tides
 In our ruddy air and our blooming sides ; 20
 Lo, yonder the living splendours play ;
 Away, on our joyous path, away !

‘ Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
 In the infinite azure, star after star,
 How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass !
 How the verdure runs o’er each rolling mass !
 And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
 Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

‘ And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
 How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower ; 30
 And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
 Shift o’er the bright planets and shed their dews ;
 And ’twixt them both, o’er the teeming ground,
 With her shadowy cone the night goes round !

' Away, away ! in our blossoming bowers,
 In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
 In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
 See, Love is brooding, and Life is born,
 And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
 To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

40

' Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
 To weave the dance that measures the years ;
 Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent,
 To the furthest wall of the firmament,—
 The boundless visible smile of Him,
 To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim.'

A FOREST HYMN

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place, 10
 And from the grey old trunks that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood, 21
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in His ear.

Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died 30
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here—Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees 40
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barked trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship;—nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steep the roots 50
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown so loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which 60
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root

Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on, 70
 In silence, round me—the perpetual work
 Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
 For ever. Written on Thy works I read
 The lesson of Thy own eternity.
 Lo! all grow old and die—but see again
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
 Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost 80
 One of Earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her far beginning lies,
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
 Of his arch enemy Death—yea, seats himself
 Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
 From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave 91
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them;—and there have been holy men
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes.
 Retire, and in Thy presence reassure

My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps shrink 100
 And tremble and are still. Oh, God! when Thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
 Uprises the great deep and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power, 110
 His pride, and lays his strifes and folly by?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of Thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

‘OH, FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS’

OH, fairest of the rural maids!
 Thy birth was in the forest shades;
 Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
 Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
 Were ever in the sylvan wild;
 And all the beauty of the place
 Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
 Is in the light shade of thy locks;
 Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
 Its playful way among the leaves. 10

‘OH, FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS’ 71

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen ;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast ;
The holy peace, that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

20

‘I BROKE THE SPELL THAT HELD
ME LONG’

I BROKE the spell that held me long,
The dear, dear witchery of song.
I said, the poet’s idle lore
Shall waste my prime of years no more,
For poetry, though heavenly born,
Consorts with poverty and scorn.

I broke the spell—nor deemed its power
Could fetter me another hour.
Ah, thoughtless ! how could I forget
Its causes were around me yet ?
For wheresoe’er I looked, the while,
Was Nature’s everlasting smile.

10

Still came and lingered on my sight
Of flowers and streams the bloom and light,
And glory of the stars and sun ;—
And these and poetry are one.
They, ere the world had held me long,
Recalled me to the love of song.

18

JUNE

I GAZED upon the glorious sky
 And the green mountains round ;
 And thought that when I came to lie
 At rest within the ground,
 'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
 When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
 And groves a joyous sound,
 The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
 The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould, 10
 A coffin borne through sleet,
 And icy clods above it rolled,
 While fierce the tempests beat—
 Away !—I will not think of these—
 Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
 Earth green beneath the feet,
 And be the damp mould gently pressed
 Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours
 The golden light should lie, 20
 And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
 Stand in their beauty by.
 The oriole should build and tell
 His love-tale close beside my cell ;
 The idle butterfly
 Should rest him there, and there be heard
 The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
 Come, from the village sent,
 Or songs of maids, beneath the moon 30
 With fairy laughter blent ?

And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothèd lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight or sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow ; 40
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene ;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills 50
The circuit of the summer hills
Is—that his grave is green ;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

A SONG OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND

Come, take our boy, and we will go
Before our cabin-door ;
The winds shall bring us, as they blow,
The murmurs of the shore ;
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
And I will sing him, as he lies,
Songs that were made of yore :
I'll sing, in his delighted ear,
The island lays thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat, 10
Thy country's tongue shall teach ;
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
Than my own native speech :
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,
Upon Tahete's beach,
Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet ; 20
Ah ! well for me they won thy gaze—
But thine were fairer yet !
I'm glad to see my infant wear
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair ;
And when my sight is met
By his white brow and blooming cheek,
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come talk of Europe's maids with me,
Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,
Outshine the beauty of the sea, 30
White foam and crimson shell.
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
And bind like them each jetty tress,
A sight to please thee well :
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet like an English maid.

Come, for the soft low sunlight calls,
We lose the pleasant hours ;
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls,—
That seat among the flowers. 40
And I will learn of thee a prayer
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours—
The God who made for thee and me
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

THE FIRMAMENT

AYE! gloriously thou standest there,
 Beautiful, boundless firmament!
 That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,
 And round the horizon bent,
 With thy bright vault, and sapphire wall,
 Dost overhang and circle all.

Far, far below thee, tall grey trees
 Arise, and piles built up of old,
 And hills, whose ancient summits freeze
 In the fierce light and cold. 10
 The eagle soars his utmost height,
 Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

Thou hast thy frowns—with thee on high
 The storm has made his airy seat,
 Beyond that soft blue curtain lie
 His stores of hail and sleet.
 Thence the consuming lightnings break,
 There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—
 Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern: 20
 Earth sends, from all her thousand isles,
 A shout at their return.
 The glory that comes down from thee
 Bathes, in deep joy, the land and sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun, is thine,
 The pomp that brings and shuts the day,
 The clouds that round him change and shine,
 The airs that fan his way.
 Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
 The meek moon walks the silent air. 30

The sunny Italy may boast
 The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
 And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
 May thy blue pillars rise,
 I only know how fair they stand
 Around my own beloved land.

And they are fair—a charm is theirs,
 That earth, the proud green earth, has not—
 With all the forms, and hues, and airs,
 That haunt her sweetest spot. 40
 We gaze upon the calm pure sphere,
 And read of Heaven's eternal year.

Oh, when, amid the throng of men,
 The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
 How willingly we turn us then
 Away from this cold earth,
 And look into thy azure breast,
 For seats of innocence and rest !

'I CANNOT FORGET WITH WHAT FERVID DEVOTION'

I CANNOT forget with what fervid devotion
 I worshipped the visions of verse and of fame :
 Each gaze at the glories of earth, sky, and ocean,
 To my kindled emotions, was wind over flame.

And deep were my musings in life's early blossom,
 'Mid the twilight of mountain groves wandering long ;
 How thrilled my young veins, and how throbbed my
 full bosom,
 When o'er me descended the spirit of song.

'Mong the deep-cloven fells that for ages had listened
 To the rush of the pebble-paved river between,
 Where the kingfisher screamed and grey precipice glis-
 tened, 11
 All breathless with awe have I gazed on the scene ;

Till I felt the dark power o'er my reveries stealing,
 From the gloom of the thickets that over me hung,
 And the thoughts that awoke in that rapture of feeling
 Were formed into verse as they rose to my tongue.

Bright visions ! I mixed with the world, and ye faded ;
 No longer your pure rural worshipper now ;
 In the haunts your continual presence pervaded,
 Ye shrink from the signet of care on my brow. 20

In the old mossy groves on the breast of the mountain,
 In deep lonely glens where the waters complain,
 By the shade of the rock, by the gush of the fountain,
 I seek your loved footsteps, but seek them in vain.

Oh, leave not, forlorn and for ever forsaken,
 Your pupil and victim to life and its tears !
 But sometimes return, and in mercy awaken
 The glories ye showed to his earlier years.

TO A MOSQUITO

FAIR insect ! that, with threadlike legs spread out,
 And blood-extracting bill and filmy wing,
 Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
 In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
 And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
 Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,
 Full angrily men hearken to thy plaint ;
 Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse,
 For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint :
 Even the old beggar, while he asks for food, 11
 Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
 Has not the honour of so proud a birth—
 Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
 The offspring of the gods, though born on earth ;

For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
The ocean nymph that nursed thy infancy.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung, 19

And when, at length, thy gauzy wings grew strong,
Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,

Rose in the sky and bore thee soft along ;
The south wind breathed to waft thee on thy way,
And danced and shone beneath the billowy bay.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence

Came the deep murmur of its throng of men ;
And as its grateful odours met thy sense,

They seemed the perfumes of thy native fen.
Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight
Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight. 30

At length thy pinions fluttered in Broadway—

Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray

Shone through the snowy veils like stars through mist ;
And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

Sure these were sights to touch an anchorite !

What ! do I hear thy slender voice complain ?
Thou wailest, when I talk of beauty's light,

As if it brought the memory of pain : 40
Thou art a wayward being—well—come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

What sayst thou—slanderer !—rouge makes thee sick ?

And China bloom at best is sorry food ?

And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,

Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood ?
Go ! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime—
But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch ;

To worship, not approach, that radiant white ; 50
And well might sudden vengeance light on such
As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.

Thou shouldst have gazed at distance and admired,
Murmured thy adoration, and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town—but why come here

To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee ?

Alas ! the little blood I have is dear,

And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.

Look round—the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,

Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell. 60

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood

Enriched by generous wine and costly meat ;

On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,

Fix thy light pump and press thy freckled feet :

Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,

The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows

To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now

The ruddy cheek and now the ruddier nose

Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow ;

And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings, 71

No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY

I STAND upon my native hills again,

Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky

With garniture of waving grass and grain,

Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie,

While deep the sunless glens are scooped between

Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,

And ever-restless feet of one, who now

Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year ;

There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow, 10

As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,

Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light.

80 LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains—to behold,
With deep affection, the pure ample sky,
And clouds along its blue abysses rolled—
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here, I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds and its polluted air ; 20
And, where the season's milder fervours beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird, and sound of running stream,
Am come awhile to wander and to dream.

Aye, flame thy fiercest, sun ! thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen.
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take,
From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier green.
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away. 30

The mountain wind ! most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows ; when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime !
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves
lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?
Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good
of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November
rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones
again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the
wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn
beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls
the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such
days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all
the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream
no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty
died
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my
side :

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests
 cast the leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so
 brief :
 Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend
 of ours, 29
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

ROMERO

WHEN Freedom, from the land of Spain,
 By Spain's degenerate sons was driven,
 Who gave their willing limbs again
 To wear the chain so lately riven ;
 Romero broke the sword he wore—
 'Go, faithful brand,' the warrior said,
 'Go, undishonoured, never more
 The blood of man shall make thee red :
 I grieve for that already shed ;
 And I am sick at heart to know 10
 That faithful friend and noble foe
 Have only bled to make more strong
 The yoke that Spain has worn so long.
 Wear it who will, in abject fear—
 I wear it not who have been free ;
 The perjured Ferdinand shall hear
 No oath of loyalty from me.'
 Then, hunted by the hounds of power,
 Romero chose a safe retreat, 20
 Where bleak Nevada's summits tower
 Above the beauty at their feet.
 There once, when on his cabin lay
 The crimson light of setting day,
 When even on the mountain's breast
 The chainless winds were all at rest,
 And he could hear the river's flow
 From the calm paradise below ;
 Warmed with his former fires again,
 He framed this rude but solemn strain : 29

I

'Here will I make my home—for here at least I see,
Upon this wild Sierra's side, the steps of Liberty ;
Where the locust chirps unscared beneath the unpruned
lime,
And the merry bee doth hide from man the spoil of the
mountain thyme ;
Where the pure winds come and go, and the wild vine
strays at will,
An outcast from the haunts of men, she dwells with
Nature still.

II

'I see the valleys, Spain ! where thy mighty rivers
run,
And the hills that lift thy harvests and vineyards to
the sun,
And the flocks that drink thy brooks and sprinkle all
the green,
Where lie thy plains, with sheep-walks scamed, and
olive-shades between : 39
I see thy fig-trees bask, with the fair pomegranate near,
And the fragrance of thy lemon-groves can almost reach
me here.

III

'Fair—fair—but fallen Spain ! 'tis with a swelling
heart
That I think on all thou mightst have been, and look
at what thou art ;
But the strife is over now, and all the good and brave,
That would have raised thee up, are gone, to exile or
the grave.
Thy fleeces are for monks, thy grapes for the convent
feast,
And the wealth of all thy harvest fields for the pampered
lord and priest.

IV

‘ But I shall see the day—it will come before I die—
I shall see it in my silver hairs, and with an age-dimmed
eye ;— 49

When the spirit of the land to liberty shall bound,
As yonder fountain leaps away from the darkness of
the ground :

And to my mountain cell, the voices of the free
Shall rise, as from the beaten shore the thunders of
the sea.’

A MEDITATION ON RHODE ISLAND COAL

*Decolor, obscuris, vilis, non ille repexam
Cesariem regum, non candida virginis ornat
Colla, nec insigni splendet per cingula morsu.
Sed nova si nigri videas miracula saxi,
Tunc superat pulchros cultus et quicquid Eois
Indus litoribus rubra scrutatur in alga.*—CLAUDIAN.

I SAT beside the glowing grate, fresh heaped
With Newport coal, and as the flame grew bright—
The many-coloured flame—and played and leaped
I thought of rainbows and the northern light,
Moore’s Lalla Rookh, the Treasury Report,
And other brilliant matters of the sort.

And last I thought of that fair isle which sent
The mineral fuel ; on a summer day
I saw it once, with heat and travel spent, 9
And scratched by dwarf oaks in the hollow way ;
Now dragged through sand, now jolted over stone—
A rugged road through rugged Tiverton.

And hotter grew the air, and hollower grew
The deep-worn path, and horror-struck, I thought,
Where will this dreary passage lead me to ?
This long dull road, so narrow, deep, and hot ?
I looked to see it dive in earth outright ;
I looked—but saw a far more welcome sight.

Like a soft mist upon the evening shore,
 At once a lovely isle before me lay, 20
 Smooth and with tender verdure covered o'er,
 As if just risen from its calm inland bay ;
 Sloped each way gently to the grassy edge,
 And the small waves that dallied with the sedge.

The barley was just reaped—its heavy sheaves
 Lay on the stubble field—the tall maize stood
 Dark in its summer growth, and shook its leaves—
 And bright the sunlight played on the young wood—
 For fifty years ago, the old men say,
 The Briton hewed their ancient groves away. 30

I saw where fountains freshened the green land,
 And where the pleasant road, from door to door,
 With rows of cherry-trees on either hand,
 Went wandering all that fertile region o'er—
 Rogue's Island once—but when the rogues were dead,
 Rhode Island was the name it took instead.

Beautiful island ! then it only seemed
 A lovely stranger—it has grown a friend.
 I gazed on its smooth slopes, but never dreamed
 How soon that green and quiet isle would send
 The treasures of its womb across the sea, 41
 To warm a poet's room, and boil his tea.

Dark anthracite ! that reddened on my hearth,
 Thou in those island mines didst slumber long ;
 But now thou art come forth to move the earth,
 And put to shame the men that mean thee wrong.
 Thou shalt be coals of fire to those that hate thee,
 And warm the shins of all that underrate thee.

Yea, they did wrong thee foully—they who mocked
 Thy honest face, and said thou wouldst not burn ;
 Of hewing thee to chimney pieces talked 51
 And grew profane—and swore in bitter scorn,
 That men might to thy inner caves retire,
 And there, unsinged, abide the day of fire.

86 A MEDITATION ON RHODE ISLAND COAL

Yet is thy greatness nigh. I pause to state,
 That I too have seen greatness—even I—
 Shook hands with Adams—stared at La Fayette,
 When, barehead, in the hot noon of July,
 He would not let the umbrella be held o'er him,
 For which three cheers burst from the mob before him.

And I have seen—not many months ago— 61
 An eastern Governor in chapeau bras
 And military coat, a glorious show !
 Ride forth to visit the reviews, and ah !
 How oft he smiled and bowed to Jonathan !
 How many hands were shook and votes were won !

'Twas a great Governor—thou too shalt be
 Great in thy turn—and wide shall spread thy fame,
 And swiftly ; furthest Maine shall hear of thee,
 And cold New Brunswick gladden at thy name, 70
 And, faintly through its sleets, the weeping isle
 That sends the Boston folks their cod shall smile.

For thou shalt forge vast railways, and shalt heat
 The hissing rivers into steam, and drive
 Huge masses from thy mines, on iron feet,
 Walking their steady way, as if alive,
 Northward, till everlasting ice besets thee,
 And south as far as the grim Spaniard lets thee.

Thou shalt make mighty engines swim the sea,
 Like its own monsters—boats that for a guinea 80
 Will take a man to Havre—and shalt be
 The moving soul of many a spinning-jenny,
 And ply thy shuttles, till a bard can wear
 As good a suit of broadcloth as the mayor.

Then we will laugh at winter when we hear
 The grim old churl about our dwellings rave ;
 Thou, from that ' ruler of the inverted year ',
 Shalt pluck the knotty sceptre Cowper gave,
 And pull him from his sledge, and drag him in,
 And melt the icicles from off his chin. 90

Then to his conqueror he spake—

‘My brother is a king ;

Undo this necklace from my neck,

And take this bracelet ring,

20

And send me where my brother reigns,

And I will fill thy hands

With store of ivory from the plains,

And gold-dust from the sands.’

‘Not for thy ivory nor thy gold

Will I unbind thy chain ;

That bloody hand shall never hold

The battle-spear again.

A price thy nation never gave

Shall yet be paid for thee ;

30

For thou shalt be the Christian’s slave,

In lands beyond the sea.’

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade

To shred his locks away ;

And one by one, each heavy braid

Before the victor lay.

Thick were the plaited locks, and long,

And closely hidden there

Shone many a wedge of gold among

The dark and crispèd hair.

40

‘Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold

Long kept for sorest need :

Take it—thou askest sums untold,

And say that I am freed.

Take it—my wife, the long, long day,

Weeps by the cocoa-tree,

And my young children leave their play,

And ask in vain for me.’

‘I take thy gold—but I have made

Thy fetters fast and strong,

50

And ween that by the cocoa’ shade

Thy wife will wait thee long.’

Strong was the agony that shook
 The captive's frame to hear,
 And the proud meaning of his look
 Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain :
 At once his eye grew wild ;
 He struggled fiercely with his chain,
 Whispered, and wept, and smiled ;
 Yet wore not long those fatal bands—
 And once, at shut of day,
 They drew him forth upon the sands,
 The foul hyena's prey.

60

SPRING IN TOWN

THE country ever has a lagging Spring,
 Waiting for May to call its violets forth,
 And June its roses—showers and sunshine bring,
 Slowly, the deepening verdure o'er the earth ;
 To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
 And one by one the singing-birds come back.

Within the city's bounds the time of flowers
 Comes earlier. Let a mild and sunny day,
 Such as full often, for a few bright hours,
 Breathes through the sky of March the airs of May,
 Shine on our roofs and chase the wintry gloom—
 And lo ! our borders glow with sudden bloom.

11

For the wide sidewalks of Broadway are then
 Gorgeous as are a rivulet's banks in June,
 That overhung with blossoms, through its glen,
 Slides soft away beneath the sunny noon,
 And they who search the untrodden wood for flowers
 Meet in its depths no lovelier ones than ours.

For here are eyes that shame the violet,
 Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies, 20
 And foreheads, white, as when in clusters set,
 The anemones by forest fountains rise ;
 And the spring-beauty boasts no tenderer streak
 Than the soft red on many a youthful cheek.

And thick about those lovely temples lie
 Locks that the lucky Vignardonne has curled,
 Thrice-happy man ! whose trade it is to buy,
 And bake, and braid those love-knots of the world ;
 Who curls of every glossy colour keepest,
 And sellest, it is said, the blackest cheapest. 30

And well thou mayst—for Italy's brown maids
 Send the dark locks with which their brows are dressed,
 And Gascon lasses, from their jetty braids,
 Crop half, to buy a riband for the rest ;
 But the fresh Norman girls their tresses spare,
 And the Dutch damsel keeps her flaxen hair.

Then, henceforth, let no maid or matron grieve,
 To see her locks of an unlovely hue,
 Frouzy or thin, for liberal art shall give
 Such piles of curls as nature never knew. 40
 Eve, with her veil of tresses, at the sight
 Had blushed, outdone, and owned herself a fright.

Soft voices and light laughter wake the street,
 Like notes of woodbirds, and where'er the eye
 Threads the long way, plumes wave, and twinkling feet
 Fall light, as hastes that crowd of beauty by.
 The ostrich, hurrying o'er the desert space,
 Scarce bore those tossing plumes with fleeter pace.

No swimming Juno-gait, of languor born,
 Is theirs, but a light step of freest grace, 50
 Light as Camilla's o'er the unbent corn,—
 A step that speaks the spirit of the place,
 Since Quiet, meek old dame, was driven away
 To Sing-Sing and the shores of Tappan bay.

Ye that dash by in chariots ! who will care
For steeds or footmen now ? ye cannot show
Fair face, and dazling dress, and graceful air,
And last edition of the shape ! Ah no ;
These sights are for the earth and open sky,
And your loud wheels unheeded rattle by.

60

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around ;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

11

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;
Aye, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

10

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR

GATHER him to his grave again,
 And solemnly and softly lay,
 Beneath the verdure of the plain,
 The warrior's scattered bones away.
 Pay the deep reverence, taught of old,
 The homage of man's heart to death ;
 Nor dare to trifle with the mould
 Once hallowed by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath quickened every part—
 That remnant of a martial brow, 10
 Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
 That strong arm—strong no longer now.
 Spare them, each mouldering relic spare,
 Of God's own image ; let them rest,
 Till not a trace shall speak of where
 The awful likeness was impressed.

For he was fresher from the hand
 That formed of earth the human face,
 And to the elements did stand
 In nearer kindred than our race. 20
 In many a flood to madness tossed,
 In many a storm has been his path ;
 He hid him not from heat or frost,
 But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then they were kind—the forests here,
 Rivers, and stiller waters, paid
 A tribute to the net and spear
 Of the red ruler of the shade.
 Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
 Roots in the shaded soil below, 30
 The stars looked forth to teach his way,
 The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race ! but they are gone,
 With their old forests wide and deep,
 And we have built our homes upon
 Fields where their generations sleep.
 Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
 Upon their fields our harvest waves,
 Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
 Then let us spare at least their graves ! 40

MIDSUMMER

A SONNET

A POWER is on the earth and in the air,
 From which the vital spirit shrinks afraid,
 And shelters him in nooks of deepest shade,
 From the hot steam and from the fiery glare.
 Look forth upon the earth—her thousand plants
 Are smitten ; even the dark sun-loving maize
 Faints in the field beneath the torrid blaze ;
 The herd beside the shaded fountain pants ;
 For life is driven from all the landscape brown ;
 The bird hath sought his tree, the snake his den,
 The trout floats dead in the hot stream, and men
 Drop by the sunstroke in the populous town : 12
 As if the Day of Fire had dawned, and sent
 Its deadly breath into the firmament.

THE GREEK PARTISAN

OUR free flag is dancing
 In the free mountain air,
 And burnished arms are glancing,
 And warriors gathering there !
 And fearless is the little train
 Whose gallant bosoms shield it ;
 The blood that warms their hearts shall stain
 That banner ere they yield it.

—Each dark eye is fixed on earth,
 And brief each solemn greeting ; 10
 There is no look nor sound of mirth
 Where those stern men are meeting.

They go to the slaughter,
 To strike the sudden blow,
 And pour on earth, like water,
 The best blood of the foe ;
 To rush on them from rock and height,
 And clear the narrow valley,
 Or fire their camp at dead of night,
 And fly before they rally. 20
 —Chains are round our country pressed,
 And cowards have betrayed her,
 And we must make her bleeding breast
 The grave of the invader.

Not till from her fetters
 We raise up Greece again,
 And write in bloody letters
 That tyranny is slain,—
 Oh, not till then the smile shall steal
 Across those darkened faces, 30
 Nor one of all those warriors feel
 His children's dear embraces.
 —Reap we not the ripened wheat,
 Till yonder hosts are flying,
 And all their bravest, at our feet,
 Like autumn sheaves are lying.

THE TWO GRAVES

'Tis a bleak wild hill, but green and bright
 In the summer warmth and the mid-day light ;
 There's the hum of the bee and the chirp of the wren,
 And the dash of the brook from the alder glen ;
 There's the sound of a bell from the scattered flock,
 And the shade of the beech lies cool on the rock,

And fresh from the west is the free wind's breath,—
There is nothing here that speaks of death.

Far yonder, where orchards and gardens lie,
And dwellings cluster, 'tis there men die. 10
They are born, they die, and are buried near,
Where the populous graveyard lightens the bier ;
For strict and close are the ties that bind
In death the children of human-kind ;
Yea, stricter and closer than those of life,—
'Tis a neighbourhood that knows no strife.
They are noiselessly gathered—friend and foe—
To the still and dark assemblies below :
Without a frown or a smile they meet,
Each pale and calm in his winding-sheet ; 20
In that sullen home of peace and gloom,
Crowded, like guests in a banquet-room.

Yet there are graves in this lonely spot,
Two humble graves, but I meet them not.
I have seen them,—eighteen years are past,
Since I found their place in the brambles last,—
The place where, fifty winters ago,
An aged man in his locks of snow,
And an aged matron, withered with years,
Were solemnly laid !—but not with tears. 30
For none, who sat by the light of their hearth,
Beheld their coffins covered with earth ;
Their kindred were far, and their children dead,
When the funeral prayer was coldly said.

Two low green hillocks, two small grey stones,
Rose over the place that held their bones ;
But the grassy hillocks are levelled again,
And the keenest eye might search in vain,
'Mong briars, and ferns, and paths of sheep,
For the spot where the aged couple sleep. 40

Yet well might they lay, beneath the soil
Of this lonely spot, that man of toil,

And trench the strong hard mould with the spade,
Where never before a grave was made ;
For he hewed the dark old woods away,
And gave the virgin fields to the day ;
And the gourd and the bean, beside his door,
Bloomed where their flowers ne'er opened before ;
And the maize stood up, and the bearded rye
Bent low in the breath of an unknown sky.

50

'Tis said that when life is ended here,
The spirit is borne to a distant sphere ;
That it visits its earthly home no more,
Nor looks on the haunts it loved before.
But why should the bodiless soul be sent
Far off, to a long, long banishment ?
Talk not of the light and the living green !
It will pine for the dear familiar scene ;
It will yearn, in that strange bright world, to behold
The rock and the stream it knew of old.

60

'Tis a cruel creed, believe it not !
Death to the good is a milder lot.
They are here,—they are here,—that harmless pair,
In the yellow sunshine and flowing air,
In the light cloud-shadows that slowly pass,
In the sounds that rise from the murmuring grass.
They sit where their humble cottage stood,
They walk by the waving edge of the wood,
And list to the long accustomed flow
Of the brook that wets the rocks below.
Patient, and peaceful, and passionless,
As seasons on seasons swiftly press,
They watch, and wait, and linger around,
Till the day when their bodies shall leave the ground.

70

THE CONJUNCTION OF JUPITER AND VENUS

I WOULD not always reason. The straight path
 Wearies us with its never-varying lines,
 And we grow melancholy. I would make
 Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
 Patiently by the wayside, while I traced
 The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
 Around me. She should be my counsellor,
 But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs
 Impulses from a deeper source than hers,
 And there are motions, in the mind of man, 10
 That she must look upon with awe. I bow
 Reverently to her dictates, but not less
 Hold to the fair illusions of old time—
 Illusions that shed brightness over life,
 And glory over nature. Look, even now,
 Where two bright planets in the twilight meet,
 Upon the saffron heaven,—the imperial star
 Of Jove, and she that from her radiant urn
 Pours forth the light of love. Let me believe,
 Awhile, that they are met for ends of good, 20
 Amid the evening glory, to confer
 Of men and their affairs, and to shed down
 Kind influence. Lo! they brighten as we gaze,
 And shake out softer fires! The great earth feels
 The gladness and the quiet of the time.
 Meekly the mighty river, that enfolds
 This mighty city, smooths his front, and far
 Glitters and burns even to the rocky base
 Of the dark heights that bound him to the west;
 And a deep murmur from the many streets 30
 Rises like a thanksgiving. Put we hence
 Dark and sad thoughts awhile—there's time for them
 Hereafter—on the morrow we will meet,
 With melancholy looks, to tell our griefs,
 And make each other wretched; this calm hour,

CONJUNCTION OF JUPITER AND VENUS 101

This balmy, blessed evening, we will give
To cheerful hopes and dreams of happy days,
Born of the meeting of those glorious stars.

Enough of drought has parched the year, and scared
The land with dread of famine. Autumn, yet, 40
Shall make men glad with unexpected fruits.
The dog-star shall shine harmless : genial days
Shall softly glide away into the keen
And wholesome cold of winter ; he that fears
The pestilence shall gaze on those pure beams,
And breathe, with confidence, the quiet air.

Emblems of power and beauty ! well may they
Shine brightest on our borders, and withdraw
Towards the great Pacific, marking out
The path of empire. Thus, in our own land, 50
Ere long, the better Genius of our race,
Having encompassed earth, and tamed its tribes,
Shall sit him down beneath the farthest west,
By the shore of that calm ocean, and look back
On realms made happy.

Light the nuptial torch,
And say the glad yet solemn rite that knits
The youth and maiden. Happy days to them
That wed this evening !—a long life of love,
And blooming sons and daughters ! Happy they
Born at this hour,—for they shall see an age 60
Whiter and holier than the past, and go
Late to their graves. Men shall wear softer hearts,
And shudder at the butcheries of war,
As now at other murders.

Hapless Greece !
Enough of blood has wet thy rocks, and stained
Thy rivers ; deep enough thy chains have worn
Their links into thy flesh ; the sacrifice
Of thy pure maidens, and thy innocent babes,
And reverend priests, has expiated all

102 CONJUNCTION OF JUPITER AND VENUS

Thy crimes of old. In yonder mingling lights 70
There is an omen of good days for thee.
Thou shalt arise from 'midst the dust and sit
Again among the nations. Thine own arm
Shall yet redeem thee. Not in wars like thine
The world takes part. Be it a strife of kings,—
Despot with despot battling for a throne,—
And Europe shall be stirred throughout her realms,
Nations shall put on harness, and shall fall
Upon each other, and in all their bounds
The wailing of the childless shall not cease. 80
Thine is a war for liberty, and thou
Must fight it single-handed. The old world
Looks coldly on the murderers of thy race,
And leaves thee to the struggle ; and the new,—
I fear me thou couldst tell a shameful tale
Of fraud and lust of gain ;—thy treasury drained,
And Missolonghi fallen. Yet thy wrongs
Shall put new strength into thy heart and hand,
And God and thy good sword shall yet work out,
For thee, a terrible deliverance. 90

A SUMMER RAMBLE

THE quiet August noon has come,
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng ;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh, how unlike those merry hours,
In early June, when Earth laughs out, 10
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout ;

When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell.

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,
The blessing of supreme repose.

20

Away! I will not be, to-day,
The only slave of toil and care.
Away from desk and dust! away!
I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come, thou, in whose soft eyes I see
The gentle meanings of thy heart,
One day amid the woods with me,
From men and all their cares apart.

30

And where, upon the meadow's breast,
The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come, and when 'mid the calm profound,
I turn, those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscape round,
Of innocence and peace shall speak.

40

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding, and widening, till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire, and yonder flock
At rest in those calm fields appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks—
There the hushed winds their Sabbath keep, 50
While a near hum from bees and brooks
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well may the gazer deem that when,
Worn with the struggle and the strife,
And heart-sick at the wrongs of men,
The good forsakes the scene of life ;

Like this deep quiet that, awhile,
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
Welcomes him to a happier shore. 60

A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON

COOL shades and dews are round my way,
And silence of the early day ;
'Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread,
Unrippled, save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall ;
And o'er the clear still water swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.

All, save this little nook of land,
Circled with trees, on which I stand, 10
All, save that line of hills which lie
Suspended in the mimic sky—
Seems a blue void, above, below,
Through which the white clouds come and go,
And from the green world's farthest steep
I gaze into the airy deep.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
 On earth, that soonest pass away.
 The rose that lives its little hour
 Is prized beyond the sculptured flower. 20
 Even love, long tried and cherished long,
 Becomes more tender and more strong,
 At thought of that insatiate grave
 From which its yearnings cannot save.

River! in this still hour thou hast
 Too much of heaven on earth to last;
 Nor long may thy still waters lie,
 An image of the glorious sky.
 Thy fate and mine are not repose;
 And ere another evening close, 30
 Thou to thy tides shalt turn again,
 And I to seek the crowd of men.

THE HURRICANE

LORD of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
 I know thy breath in the burning sky!
 And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
 For the coming of the hurricane!

And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
 Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails;
 Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
 The mighty shadow is borne along,
 Like the dark eternity to come;
 While the world below, dismayed and dumb, 10
 Through the calm of the thick hot atmosphere
 Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast; and the golden blaze
 Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
 And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
 A glare that is neither night nor day,

A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The cloud above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard, 20
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come ! he is come ! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled ?
Giant of air ! we bid thee hail !—
How his grey skirts toss in the whirling gale !
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space ! 30

Darker—still darker ! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air ;
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud !
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that ?—'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes, 40
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah ! well known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds !—ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane. 50

WILLIAM TELL

CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
 TELL, of the iron heart ! they could not tame !
 For thou wert of the mountains ; they proclaim
 The everlasting creed of liberty.
 That creed is written on the untrampled snow,
 Thundered by torrents which no power can hold,
 Save that of God, when he sends forth his cold,
 And breathed by winds that through the free heaven
 blow.
 Thou, while thy prison walls were dark around,
 Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught, 10
 And to thy brief captivity was brought
 A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.
 The bitter cup they mingled, strengthened thee
 For the great work to set thy country free.

THE HUNTER'S SERENADE

THY bower is finished, fairest !
 Fit bower for hunter's bride—
 Where old woods overshadow
 The green savanna's side.
 I've wandered long, and wandered far,
 And never have I met,
 In all this lovely western land,
 A spot so lovely yet.
 But I shall think it fairer,
 When thou art come to bless, 10
 With thy sweet smile and silver voice,
 Its silent loveliness.
 For thee the wild grape glistens,
 On sunny knoll and tree,
 The slim papaya ripens
 Its yellow fruit for thee.

For thee the duck, on glassy stream,
The prairie-fowl shall die,
My rifle for thy feast shall bring
The wild swan from the sky. 20
The forest's leaping panther,
Fierce, beautiful, and fleet,
Shall yield his spotted hide to be
A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers ;
Ah, those that deck thy gardens
Are pale compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies, 30
The earth has no more gorgeous sight
To show to human eyes.
In meadows red with blossoms,
All summer long, the bee
Murmurs, and loads his yellow thighs,
For thee, my love, and me.

Or wouldst thou gaze at tokens
Of ages long ago—
Our old oaks stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe ; 40
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
The giant sycamore ;
And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries,
Cumber the forest floor ;
And in the great savanna,
The solitary mound,
Built by the elder world, o'erlooks
The loneliness around.

Come, thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite, 50
With many blushes murmured,
Beneath the evening light.

Come, the young violets crowd my door,
Thy earliest look to win,
And at my silent window-sill
The jessamine peeps in.
All day the red-bird warbles,
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow trills her song,
All night, with none to hear.

60

THE GREEK BOY

GONE are the glorious Greeks of old,
Glorious in mien and mind ;
Their bones are mingled with the mould,
Their dust is on the wind ;
The forms they hewed from living stone
Survive the waste of years alone,
And, scattered with their ashes, show
What greatness perished long ago.

Yet fresh the myrtles there—the springs
Gush brightly as of yore ;
Flowers blossom from the dust of kings,
As many an age before.
There nature moulds as nobly now,
As e'er of old, the human brow ;
And copies still the martial form
That braved Plataea's battle storm.

10

Boy ! thy first looks were taught to seek
Their heaven in Hellas' skies ;
Her airs have tinged thy dusky cheek,
Her sunshine lit thine eyes ;
Thine ears have drunk the woodland strains
Heard by old poets, and thy veins
Swell with the blood of demigods,
That slumber in thy country's sods.

20

Now is thy nation free—though late—

Thy elder brethren broke—

Broke, ere thy spirit felt its weight,

The intolerable yoke.

And Greece, decayed, dethroned, doth see

Her youth renewed in such as thee :

30

A shoot of that old vine that made

The nations silent in its shade.

THE PAST

THOU unrelenting Past !

Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,

And fetters, sure and fast,

Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn

Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,

And glorious ages gone

Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,

Youth, Manhood, Age, that draws us to the ground,

And last, Man's Life on earth,

11

Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,

Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,

Yielded to thee with tears—

The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring

The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,

And struggles hard to wring

Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence. 20

In vain—thy gates deny

All passage save to those who hence depart ;

Nor to the streaming eye

Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea ;

Labours of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,— 30
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered ;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last ;
Thy gates shall yet give way.
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past ! 40

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no !
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat—

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again ; 50
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

'UPON THE MOUNTAIN'S DISTANT HEAD'

UPON the mountain's distant head,
 With trackless snows for ever white,
 Where all is still, and cold, and dead,
 Late shines the day's departing light.

But far below those icy rocks,
 The vales, in summer bloom arrayed,
 Woods full of birds, and fields of flocks,
 Are dim with mist and dark with shade.

'Tis thus, from warm and kindly hearts,
 And eyes where generous meanings burn, 10
 Earliest the light of life departs,
 But lingers with the cold and stern.

THE EVENING WIND

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow :
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their
 spray
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fullness of delight ; 10
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade ; go forth,
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning, from the innumerable boughs, 20
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep:
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep, 30
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;
Sweet odor's in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream. 40

'INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-WHITE FLOWER'

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower!
Well are ye paired in your opening hour;
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves, just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own young heart;
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one ! though thou gazest now
 O'er the white blossom with earnest brow, 10
 Soon will it tire thy childish eye ;
 Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
 Throw to the ground the fair white flower ;
 Yet, as thy tender years depart,
 Keep that white and innocent heart.

'WHEN THE FIRMAMENT QUIVERS WITH
 DAYLIGHT'S YOUNG BEAM'

WHEN the firmament quivers with daylight's young
 beam,

And the woodlands awaking burst into a hymn,
 And the glow of the sky blazes back from the stream,
 How the bright ones of heaven in the brightness grow
 dim !

Oh ! 'tis sad, in that moment of glory and song,
 To see, while the hill-tops are waiting the sun,
 The glittering band that kept watch all night long,
 O'er Love and o'er Slumber, go out one by one :

Till the circle of ether, deep, ruddy, and vast, 9
 Scarce glimmers with one of the train that were there ;
 And their leader the day-star, the brightest and last,
 Twinkles faintly and fades in that desert of air.

Thus, Oblivion, from 'midst of whose shadow we came,
 Steals o'er us again when life's twilight is gone ;
 And the crowd of bright names, in the heaven of fame,
 Grow pale and are quenched as the years hasten on.

Let them fade—but we'll pray that the age, in whose
 flight

Of ourselves and our friends the remembrance shall die, 17
 May rise o'er the world, with the gladness and light
 Of the morning that withers the stars from the sky.

TO THE RIVER ARVE

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT A HAMLET NEAR THE FOOT OF MONT BLANC

NOT from the sands or cloven rocks,
 Thou rapid Arve! thy waters flow;
 Nor earth, within her bosom, locks
 Thy dark unfathomed wells below.
 Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
 Begins to move and murmur first
 Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,
 Or rain-storms on the glacier burst.

Born where the thunder and the blast
 And morning's earliest light are born, 10
 Thou rushest swoln, and loud, and fast,
 By these low homes, as if in scorn:
 Yet humbler springs yield purer waves:
 And brighter, glassier streams than thine,
 Sent up from earth's unlighted caves,
 With heaven's own beam and image shine.

Yet stay; for here are flowers and trees;
 Warm rays on cottage roofs are here,
 And laugh of girls, and hum of bees—
 Here linger till thy waves are clear. 20
 Thou heedest not—thou hastest on;
 From steep to steep thy torrent falls,
 Till, mingling with the mighty Rhone,
 It rests beneath Geneva's walls.

Rush on—but were there one, with me
 That loved me, I would light my hearth
 Here, where with God's own majesty
 Are touched the features of the earth.
 By these old peaks, white, high, and vast,
 Still rising as the tempests beat, 30
 Here would I dwell, and sleep at last,
 Among the blossoms at their feet.

TO COLE, THE PAINTER, DEPARTING FOR EUROPE

THINE eyes shall see the light of distant skies :
 Yet, COLE ! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand
 A living image of our own bright land,
 Such as upon thy glorious canvas lies ;
 Lone lakes—savannas where the bison roves—
 Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn streams—
 Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and screams—
 Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves.
 Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest—fair,
 But different—everywhere the trace of men, 10
 Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
 To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air,
 Gaze on them, till the tears shall dim thy sight,
 But keep that earlier, wilder image bright.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
 And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
 That openest when the quiet light
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night.
 Thou comest not when violets lean
 O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
 Or columbines, in purple dressed,
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest ;
 Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are flown, 10
 And frosts and shortening days portend
 The aged year is near his end.
 Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
 The hour of death draw near to me,
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,
 May look to heaven as I depart.

20

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER

WILD was the day ; the wintry sea
 Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
 When first the thoughtful and the free,
 Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
 With years, should gather round that day :
 How love should keep their memories bright,
 How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays ; but greener still
 Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed, 10
 And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
 With reverence, when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
 Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
 The children of the pilgrim sires
 This hallowed day like us shall keep.

HYMN OF THE CITY

NOT in the solitude
 Alone may man commune with heaven, or see
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale, the present Deity ;
 Or only hear his voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty !—here, amidst the crowd,
 Through the great city rolled,
 With everlasting murmur deep and loud—

10

Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes ;
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along ; 20
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brino,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine ;
It breathes of him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps. 30

THE PRAIRIES

THESE are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo ! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the Ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless for ever.—Motionless ?— 10
No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,

The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye ;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South !
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks 20
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this ?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work :
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their
slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude 30
Rival the constellations ! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above our eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days ?—and did the dust 40
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion ? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that fise
In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,
Answer. A race, that long has passed away,
Built them ;—a disciplined and populous race
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock

The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields 50
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth. 60
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone ;
All—save the piles of earth that hold their bones,
The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods,
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke, and one by one 70
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed then. Kind words
Welcomed and soothed him ; the rude conquerors 80
Seated the captive with their chiefs ; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones,
Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,

And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long, 90
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake 100
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man, 110
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds 120
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

OUR band is few, but true and tried,

Our leader frank and bold ;

The British soldier trembles

When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,

Our tent the cypress-tree ;

We know the forest round us,

As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,

Its glades of reedy grass,

10

Its safe and silent islands

Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery,

That little dread us near !

On them shall light at midnight

A strange and sudden fear :

When, waking to their tents on fire ;

They grasp their arms in vain,

And they who stand to face us

Are beat to earth again.

20

And they who fly in terror deem

A mighty host behind,

And hear the tramp of thousands

Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release

From danger and from toil :

We talk the battle over,

And share the battle's spoil.

The woodland rings with laugh and shout,

As if a hunt were up,

30

And woodland flowers are gathered

To crown the soldier's cup.

With merry songs we mock the wind

That in the pine-top grieves,

And slumber long and sweetly

On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds. 40
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain ;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.
Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs, 50
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
For ever, from our shore. 60

THE ARCTIC LOVER

GONE is the long, long winter night ;
Look, my beloved one !
How glorious, through his depths of light,
Rolls the majestic sun !
The willows, waked from winter's death,
Give out a fragrance like thy breath—
The summer is begun !
Ay, 'tis the long bright summer day :
Hark to that mighty crash !
The loosened ice-ridge breaks away— 10
The smitten waters flash.

Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
While, down its green translucent sides,
The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee,
By ocean's weedy floor—
The petrel does not skim the sea
More swiftly than my oar.
We'll go, where, on the rocky isles,
Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles 20
Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thou where the poppy blows,
With wind-flowers frail and fair,
While I, upon his isle of snows,
Seek and defy the bear.
Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,
This arm his savage strength shall tame,
And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and flamy cloud
Bespeak the summer o'er, 30
And the dead valleys wear a shroud
Of snows that melt no more,
I'll build of ice thy winter home,
With glistening walls and glassy dome,
And spread with skins the floor.

The white fox by thy couch shall play ;
And, from the frozen skies,
The meteors of a mimic day
Shall flash upon thine eyes.
And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile 40
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
Till that long midnight flies.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

BENEATH the waning moon I walk at night,
 And muse on human life—for all around
 Are dim uncertain shapes that cheat the sight,
 And pitfalls lurk in shade along the ground,
 And broken gleams of brightness, here and there,
 Glance through, and leave unwarmed the death-like air.

The trampled earth returns a sound of fear—
 A hollow sound, as if I walked on tombs ;
 And lights, that tell of cheerful homes, appear
 Far off, and die like hope amid the glooms. 10
 A mournful wind across the landscape flies,
 And the wide atmosphere is full of sighs.

And I, with faltering footsteps, journey on,
 Watching the stars that roll the hours away,
 Till the faint light that guides me now is gone,
 And, like another life, the glorious day
 Shall open o'er me from the empyreal height,
 With warmth, and certainty, and boundless light. 18

TRANSLATIONS

VERSION OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES

THE night winds howled—the billows dashed
 Against the tossing chest ;
 As Danaë to her broken heart
 Her slumbering infant pressed.

‘ My little child ’—in tears she said—
 ‘ To wake and weep is mine,
 But thou canst sleep—thou dost not know
 Thy mother’s lot, and thine.

‘ The moon is up, the moonbeams smile—
 They tremble on the main : 10
 But dark, within my floating cell,
 To me they smile in vain.

‘ Thy folded mantle wraps thee warm,
 Thy clustering locks are dry,
 Thou dost not hear the shrieking gust,
 Nor breakers booming high.

‘ As o’er thy sweet unconscious face
 A mournful watch I keep,
 I think, didst thou but know thy fate,
 How thou wouldst also weep. 20

‘ Yet, dear one, sleep, and sleep, ye winds
 That vex the restless brine—
 When shall these eyes, my babe, be sealed
 As peacefully ‘as thine ?’

FROM THE SPANISH OF VILLEGAS

'Tis sweet, in the green Spring,
 To gaze upon the wakening fields around ;
 Birds in the thicket sing,
 Winds whisper, waters prattle from the ground ;
 A thousand odours rise,
 Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dyes.

Shadowy, and close, and cool,
 The pine and poplar keep their quiet nook ;
 For ever fresh and full,
 Shines, at their feet, the thirst-inviting brook ; 10
 And the soft herbage seems
 Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.

Thou, who alone art fair,
 And whom alone I love, art far away.
 Unless thy smile be there,
 It makes me sad to see the earth so gay ;
 I care not if the train
 Of leaves, and flowers, and zephyrs go again. 18

MARY MAGDALEN

FROM THE SPANISH OF BARTOLOME LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted !
 The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
 In wonder and in scorn !
 Thou weepst days of innocence departed ;
 Thou weepst, and thy tears have power to move
 The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
 Even for the least of all the tears that shine
 On that pale cheek of thine.
 Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came from heaven,
 Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise 11
 Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
 The ragged brier should change ; the bitter fir
 Distil Arabian myrrh !
 Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
 The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
 Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
 Thick to their tops with roses : come and see 20
 Leaves on the dry dead tree :
 The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
 Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
 For ever, towards the skies.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED

FROM THE SPANISH OF LUIS PONCE DE LEON

REGION of life and light !
 Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er !
 Nor frost nor heat may blight
 Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
 Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore !
 There, without crook or sling,
 Walks the good shepherd ; blossoms white and red
 Round his meek temples cling ;
 And to sweet pastures led,
 His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed. 10
 He guides, and near him they
 Follow delighted, for he makes them go
 Where dwells eternal May,
 And heavenly roses blow,
 Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.
 He leads them to the height
 Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
 And fountains of delight ;
 And where his feet have stood
 Springs up, along the way, their tender food. 20

And when, in the mid skies,
 The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
 Reposing as he lies,
 With all his flock around,
 He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
 Immortal harmonies, of power to still
 All passions born of earth,
 And draw the ardent will
 Its destiny of goodness to fulfil. 30

Might but a little part,
 A wandering breath of that high melody,
 Descend into my heart,
 And change it till it be
 Transformed and swallowed up, oh love! in thee.

Ah! then my soul should know,
 Beloved! where thou liest at noon of day,
 And from this place of woe
 Released, should take its way
 To mingle with thy flock and never stray. 40

FATIMA AND RADUAN

FROM THE SPANISH

Diamante falso y fingido,
 Engastado en pedernal, &c.

'FALSE diamond set in flint! hard heart in haughty
 breast!

By a softer, warmer bosom the tiger's couch is prest.
 Thou art fickle as the sea, thou art wandering as the wind,
 And the restless, ever-mounting flame is not more hard
 to bind.

If the tears I shed were tongues, yet all too few would be
 To tell of all the treachery that thou hast shown to me.
 Oh! I could chide thee sharply—but every maiden knows
 That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere he goes.

BRYANT

K

'Thou hast called me oft the flower of all Grenada's
maids,

Thou hast said that by the side of me the first and fairest
fades ;

And they thought thy heart was mine, and it seemed to
every one

That what thou didst to win my love for love of me
was done.

Alas ! if they but knew thee, as mine it is to know,
They well might see another mark to which thine arrows
go ;

But thou giv'st me little heed—for I speak to one who
knows

That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere he goes.

'It wearies me, mine enemy, that I must weep and bear
What fills thy heart with triumph, and fills my own
with care.

Thou art leagued with those that hate me, and ah !
thou know'st I feel

That cruel words as surely kill as sharpest blades of steel.

'Twas the doubt that thou wert false that wrung my
heart with pain ;

But, now I know thy perfidy, I shall be well again.

I would proclaim thee as thou art—but every maiden
knows

That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere he goes.'

Thus Fatima complained to the valiant Raduan,
Where underneath the myrtles Alhambra's fountains ran :
The Moor was inly moved, and, blameless as he was,
He took her white hand in his own, and pleaded thus his
cause :

'Oh, lady, dry those star-like eyes—their dimness does
me wrong :

If my heart be made of flint, at least 'twill keep thy
image long ;

Thou hast uttered cruel words—but I grieve the less
for those,

Since she who chides her lover, forgives him ere he goes.'

LOVE AND FOLLY

FROM LA FONTAINE

Love's worshippers alone can know
 The thousand mysteries that are his ;
 His blazing torch, his twanging bow,
 His blooming age are mysteries.
 A charming science—but the day
 Were all too short to con it o'er ;
 So take of me this little lay,
 A sample of its boundless lore.

As once, beneath the fragrant shade
 Of myrtles fresh in heaven's pure air, 10
 The children, Love and Folly, played—
 A quarrel rose betwixt the pair.
 Love said the gods should do him right—
 But Folly vowed to do it then,
 And struck him o'er the orbs of sight,
 So hard he never saw again.

His lovely mother's grief was deep,
 She called for vengeance on the deed ;
 A beauty does not vainly weep,
 Nor coldly does a mother plead. 20
 A shade came o'er the eternal bliss
 That fills the dwellers of the skies ;
 Even stony-hearted Nemesis,
 And Rhadamanthus, wiped their eyes.

' Behold,' she said, ' this lovely boy,'
 While streamed afresh her graceful tears,
 ' Immortal, yet shut out from joy
 And sunshine, all his future years.
 The child can never take, you see,
 A single step without a staff— 30
 The harshest punishment would be
 Too lenient for the crime by half.'

'Thou hast called me oft the flower of all Grenada's
maids,

Thou hast said that by the side of me the first and fairest
fades ;

And they thought thy heart was mine, and it seemed to
every one

That what thou didst to win my love for love of me
was done.

Alas ! if they but knew thee, as mine it is to know,
They well might see another mark to which thine arrows
go ;

But thou giv'st me little heed—for I speak to one who
knows

That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere he goes.

'It wearies me, mine enemy, that I must weep and bear
What fills thy heart with triumph, and fills my own
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That cruel words as surely kill as sharpest blades of steel.

'Twas the doubt that thou wert false that wrung my
heart with pain ;

But, now I know thy perfidy, I shall be well again.

I would proclaim thee as thou art—but every maiden
knows

That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere he goes.'

Thus Fatima complainèd to the valiant Raduan,
Where underneath the myrtles Alhambra's fountains ran :
The Moor was inly moved, and, blameless as he was,
He took her white hand in his own, and pleaded thus his
cause :

'Oh, lady, dry those star-like eyes—their dimness does
me wrong :

If my heart be made of flint, at least 'twill keep thy
image long ;

Thou hast uttered cruel words—but I grieve the less
for those,

Since she who chides her lover, forgives him ere he goes.'

LOVE AND FOLLY

FROM LA FONTAINE

Love's worshippers alone can know
 The thousand mysteries that are his ;
 His blazing torch, his twanging bow,
 His blooming age are mysteries.
 A charming science—but the day
 Were all too short to con it o'er ;
 So take of me this little lay,
 A sample of its boundless lore.

As once, beneath the fragrant shade
 Of myrtles fresh in heaven's pure air, 10
 The children, Love and Folly, played—
 A quarrel rose betwixt the pair.
 Love said the gods should do him right—
 But Folly vowed to do it then,
 And struck him o'er the orbs of sight,
 So hard he never saw again.

His lovely mother's grief was deep,
 She called for vengeance on the deed ;
 A beauty does not vainly weep, 20
 Nor coldly does a mother plead.
 A shade came o'er the eternal bliss
 That fills the dwellers of the skies ;
 Even stony-hearted Nemesis,
 And Rhadamanthus, wiped their eyes.

' Behold,' she said, ' this lovely boy,'
 While streamed afresh her graceful tears,
 ' Immortal, yet shut out from joy
 And sunshine, all his future years.
 The child can never take, you see,
 A single step without a staff— 30
 The harshest punishment would be
 Too lenient for the crime by half.'

All said that Love had suffered wrong,
 And well that wrong should be repaid ;
 Then weighed the public interest long,
 And long the party's interest weighed.
 And thus decreed the court above—
 ' Since Love is blind from Folly's blow,
 Let Folly be the guide of Love,
 Where'er the boy may choose to go.'

40

THE SIESTA

FROM THE SPANISH

Vientecico murmurador
 Que lo gozas y andas todo, &c.

AIRS, that wander and murmur round,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow !
 Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,
 Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er.
 Sweet be her slumbers ! though in my breast
 The pain she has waked may slumber no more.
 Breathing soft from the blue profound,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
 Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

10

Airs, that over the bending boughs,
 And under the shade of pendent leaves,
 Murmur soft, like my timid vows
 Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves,—
 Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
 Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

20

THE ALCAYDE OF MOLINA

FROM THE SPANISH

To the town of Atienza, Molina's brave Alcayde,
 The courteous and the valorous, led forth his bold brigade.
 The Moor came back in triumph, he came without
 a wound,

With many a Christian standard, and Christian captive
 bound.

He passed the city portals, with swelling heart and vain,
 And towards his lady's dwelling he rode with slackened
 rein ;

Two circuits on his charger he took, and at the third,
 From the door of her balcony Zelinda's voice was heard.
 ' Now if thou wert not shameless,' said the lady to the
 Moor,

' Thou wouldst neither pass my dwelling, nor stop before
 my door. 10

Alas for poor Zelinda, and for her wayward mood,
 That one in love with peace should have loved a man
 of blood !

Since not that thou wert noble I chose thee for my
 knight,

But that thy sword was dreaded in tourney and in
 fight.

Ah, thoughtless and unhappy ! that I should fail to see
 How ill the stubborn flint and the yielding wax agree.
 Boast not thy love for me, while the shrieking of the fife
 Can change thy mood of mildness to fury and to strife.
 Say not my voice is magic—thy pleasure is to hear
 The bursting of the carbine, and shivering of the spear.
 Well, follow thou thy choice—to the battle-field away,
 To thy triumphs and thy trophies, since I am less than
 they. 22

Thrust thy arm into thy buckler, gird on thy crooked
 brand,

And call upon thy trusty squire to bring thy spears in
 hand.

Lead forth thy band to skirmish, by mountain and by
 mead,
 On thy dappled Moorish barb, or thy fleeter border
 steed.
 Go, waste the Christian hamlets, and sweep away their
 flocks,
 From Almazan's broad meadows to Siguënza's rocks.
 Leave Zelinda altogether, whom thou leavest oft and
 long,
 And in the life thou lovest forget whom thou dost
 wrong. 30
 These eyes shall not recall thee, though they meet no
 more thine own,
 Though they weep that thou art absent, and that I am
 all alone.'
 She ceased, and turning from him her flushed and angry
 cheek,
 Shut the door of her balcony before the Moor could
 speak.

THE DEATH OF ALIATAR

FROM THE SPANISH

'Tis not with gilded sabres
 That gleam in baldricks blue,
 Nor nodding plumes in caps of Fez,
 Of gay and gaudy hue—
 But, habited in mourning weeds,
 Come marching from afar,
 By four and four, the valiant men
 Who fought with Aliatar.
 All mournfully and slowly
 The afflicted warriors come,
 To the deep wail of the trumpet,
 And beat of muffled drum.

The banner of the Phoenix,
The flag that loved the sky,
That scarce the wind dared wanton with,
It flew so proud and high—
Now leaves its place in battle-field,
And sweeps the ground in grief,
The bearer drags its glorious folds
Behind the fallen chief, 20
As mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

Brave Aliatar led forward
A hundred Moors to go
To where his brother held Motril
Against the leaguering foe.
On horseback went the gallant Moor,
That gallant band to lead ; 30
And now his bier is at the gate
From which he pricked his steed.
While mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

The knights of the Grand Master
In crowded ambush lay ;
They rushed upon him where the reeds
Were thick beside the way ; 40
They smote the valiant Aliatar,
They smote the warrior dead,
And broken, but not beaten, were
The gallant ranks he led.
Now mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

Oh ! what was Zayda's sorrow,
How passionate her cries ! 50
Her lover's wounds streamed not more free
Than that poor maiden's eyes.
Say, Love—for didst thou see her tears :
Oh, no ! he drew more tight
The blinding fillet o'er his lids
To spare his eyes the sight.
While mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum. 60

Nor Zayda weeps him only,
But all that dwell between
The great Alhambra's palace walls
And springs of Albaicin.
The ladies weep the flower of knights,
The brave the bravest here,
The people weep a champion,
The Alcaydes a noble peer.
While mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come, 70
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

LOVE IN THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

FROM PEYRE VIDAL, THE TROUBADOUR

THE earth was sown with early flowers,
The heavens' were blue and bright—
I met a youthful cavalier
As lovely as the light.
I knew him not—but in my heart
His graceful image lies ;
And well I marked his open brow,
His sweet and tender eyes,

His ruddy lips that ever smiled
 His glittering teeth betwixt ; 10
 And flowing robe embroidered o'er
 With leaves and blossoms mixed,
 He wore a chaplet of the rose ;
 His palfrey, white and sleek,
 Was marked with many an ebon spot
 And many a purple streak ;
 Of jasper was his saddle-bow,
 His housings sapphire stone,
 And brightly in his stirrup glanced 20
 The purple calcedon.
 Fast rode the gallant cavalier,
 As youthful horsemen ride ;
 ' Peyre Vidal ! know that I am Love,'
 The blooming stranger cried ;
 ' And this is Mercy by my side,
 A dame of high degree ;
 This maid is Chastity,' he said,
 ' This squire is Loyalty.' 28

THE LOVE OF GOD

FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF BERNARD RASCAS

ALL things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
 Except the love of God, which shall live and last for
 ay.
 The forms of men shall be as they had never been ;
 The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender green ;
 The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song,
 And the nightingale shall cease to chant the evening
 long.
 The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,
 And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the hills.
 The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the fox,
 The wild boar of the wood, and the chamois of the
 rocks, 10

And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden dust
 shall lie ;
 And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty whale,
 shall die.
 And realms shall be desolved, and empires be no more,
 And they shall bow to death, who ruled from shore to
 shore ;
 And the great globe itself (so the holy writings tell),
 With the rolling firmament, where the starry armies
 dwell, 16
 Shall melt with fervent heat—they shall all pass away,
 Except the love of God, which shall live and last for ay.

FROM THE SPANISH OF PEDRO DE
 CASTRO Y AÑAYA

STAY, rivulet, nor haste to leave
 The lovely vale that lies around thee.
 Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
 When but a fount the morning found thee ?
 Born when the skies began to glow,
 Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
 No blossom bowed its stalk to show
 Where stole thy still and scanty waters.
 Now on thy stream the noonbeams look,
 Usurping, as thou downward driftest, 10
 Its crystal from the clearest brook,
 Its rushing current from the swiftest.
 Ah ! what wild haste !—and all to be
 A river and expire in ocean.
 Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
 To that vast grave with quicker motion.
 Far better 'twere to linger still
 In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
 And die in peace, an aged rill,
 Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish. 20

SONNET

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF SEMEDO

It is a fearful night ; a feeble glare
 Streams from the sick moon in the o'erclouded sky ;
 The ridgy billows, with a mighty cry,
 Rush on the foamy beaches wild and bare ;
 No bark the madness of the waves will dare ;
 The sailors sleep ; the winds are loud and high ;
 Ah, peerless Laura ! for whose love I die,
 Who gazes on thy smiles while I despair ?
 As thus, in bitterness of heart, I cried,
 I turned, and saw my Laura, kind and bright, 10
 A messenger of gladness, at my side :
 To my poor bark she sprang with footstep light,
 And as we furrowed Tago's heaving tide,
 I never saw so beautiful a night.

SONG

FROM THE SPANISH OF IGLESIAS

ALEXIS calls me cruel ;
 The rifted crags that hold
 The gathered ice of winter,
 He says, are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
 Around the fountain's brim,
 And forest walks, can witness
 The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
 My feelings without shame ;
 And tell him how I love him,
 Nor wrong my virgin fame. 10

Alas ! to seize the moment
 When heart inclines to heart,
 And press a suit with passion,
 Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
 The roses where they stand,
 They fade among their foliage ;
 They cannot seek his hand.

20

THE COUNT OF GREIERS

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

At morn the Count of Greiers before his castle stands ;
 He sees afar the glory that lights the mountain lands ;
 The hornèd crags are shining, and in the shade between
 A pleasant Alpine valley lies beautifully green.

' Oh, greenest of the valleys, how shall I come to thee !
 Thy herdsmen and thy maidens, how happy must they
 be !

I have gazed upon thee coldly, all lovely as thou art,
 But the wish to walk thy pastures now stirs my inmost
 heart.'

He hears a sound of timbrels, and suddenly appear
 A troop of ruddy damsels and herdsmen drawing near ;
 They reach the castle greensward, and gaily dance
 across ; 11
 The white sleeves flit and glimmer, the wreaths and
 ribands toss. .

The youngest of the maidens, slim as a spray of spring,
 She takes the young count's fingers, and draws him to
 the ring,
 They fling upon his forehead a crown of mountain flowers,
 ' And ho, young Count, of Greiers ! this morning thou
 art ours.'

Then hand in hand departing, with dance and roundelay,
Through hamlet after hamlet they lead the count away.
They dance through wood and meadow, they dance
across the linn, 19
Till the mighty Alpine summits have shut the music in.

The second morn is risen, and now the third is come ;
Where stays the Count of Greiers ? has he forgot his
home ?
Again, the evening closes, in thick and sultry air ;
There 's thunder on the mountains, the storm is gathering
there.

The cloud has shed its waters, the brook comes swollen
down ;
You see it by the lightning—a river wide and brown.
Around a struggling swimmer the eddies dash and roar,
Till, seizing on a willow, he leaps upon the shore.

' Here am I cast by tempests far from your mountain
dell,
Amid our evening dances the bursting deluge fell. 30
Ye all, in cots and caverns, have 'scaped the water-spout,
While me alone the tempest o'erwhelmed and hurried
out.

' Farewell, with thy glad dwellers, green vale among the
rocks !
Farewell the swift sweet moments in which I watched
thy flocks !
Why rocked they not my cradle in that delicious spot,
That garden of the happy, where Heaven endures me
not ?

' Rose of the Alpine valley ! I feel, in every vein,
The soft touch on my fingers ; oh, press them not again !
Bewitch me not, ye garlands, to tread that upward track,
And thou, my cheerless mansion, receive thy master
back.'

THE SERENADE

FROM THE SPANISH

If slumber, sweet Lisena !
 Have stolen o'er thine eyes,
 As night steals o'er the glory
 Of spring's transparent skies ;

Wake, in thy scorn and beauty,
 And listen to the strain
 That murmurs my devotion,
 That mourns for thy disdain.

Here by thy door at midnight
 I pass the dreary hour,
 With plaintive sounds profaning
 The silence of thy bower ;

10

A tale of sorrow cherished
 Too fondly to depart,
 Of wrong from love the flatterer,
 And my own wayward heart.

Twice, o'er this vale, the seasons
 Have brought and borne away
 The January tempest,
 The genial wind of May ;

20

Yet still my plaint is uttered,
 My tears and sighs are given
 To earth's unconscious waters
 And wandering winds of heaven.

I saw, from this fair region,
 The smile of summer pass,
 And myriad frost-stars glitter
 Among the russet grass.

While winter seized the streamlets
That fled along the ground,
And fast in chains of crystal
The truant murmurers bound.

30

I saw that to the forest
The nightingales had flown,
And every sweet-voiced fountain
Had hushed its silver tone.

The maniac winds, divorcing
The turtle from his mate,
Raved through the leafy beeches,
And left them desolate.

40

Now May, with life and music,
The blooming valley fills,
And rears her flowery arches
For all the little rills.

The minstrel bird of evening
Comes back on joyous wings,
And, like the harp's soft murmur,
Is heard the gush of springs.

And deep within the forest
Are wedded turtles seen,
Their nuptial chambers seeking,
Their chambers close and green.

50

The rugged trees are mingling
Their flowery sprays in love!
The ivy climbs the laurel,*
To clasp the boughs above.

They change—but thou, Lisena,
Art cold while I complain:
Why to thy lover only
Should spring return in vain?

60

A NORTHERN LEGEND

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

THERE sits a lovely maiden,
 The ocean murmuring nigh ;
 She throws the hook, and watches ;
 The fishes pass it by.

A ring, with a red jewel,
 Is sparkling on her hand ;
 Upon the hook she binds it,
 And flings it from the land.

Uprises from the water
 A hand like ivory fair. 10
 What gleams upon its finger ?
 The golden ring is there.

Uprises from the bottom
 A young and handsome knight ;
 In golden scales he rises,
 That glitter in the light.

The maid is pale with terror—
 ‘Nay, Knight of Ocean, nay,
 It was not thou I wanted ;
 Let go the ring, I pray.’ 20

‘ Ah, maiden, ^a not to fishes
 The bait of gold is thrown ;
 The ring shall never leave me,
 And thou must be my own.’

THE PARADISE OF TEARS

FROM THE GERMAN OF N. MULLER

BESIDE the River of Tears, with branches low
 And bitter leaves, the weeping willows grow ;
 The branches stream like the dishevelled hair
 Of women in the sadness of despair.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh ;
 The rocks moan wildly as it passes by ;
 Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
 And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the sun,
 And dips the gloomy waters as they run, 10
 And waters all the region, and behold
 The ground is bright with blossoms manifold.

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,
 And where the ground is bright with friendship's tears,
 Forget-me-not, and violets heavenly blue,
 Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.

The souls of mourners, all whose tears are dried,
 Like swans, come gently floating down the tide,
 Walk up the golden sands by which it flows,
 And in that Paradise of Tears repose. 20

•

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart ;
 There, in a long embrace that none may part,
 Fulfilment meets desire, and that fair shore
 Beholds its dwellers happy evermore.

THE LADY OF CASTLE WINDECK

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO

REIN in thy snorting charger !
 That stag but cheats thy sight ;
 He is luring thee on to Windeck,
 With his seeming fear and flight.

Now, where the mouldering turrets
 Of the outer gate arise,
 The knight gazed over the ruins
 Where the stag was lost to his eyes.

The sun shone hot above him ;
 The castle was still as death ;
 He wiped the sweat from his forehead,
 With a deep and weary breath. 10

‘ Who now will bring me a beaker
 Of the rich old wine that here,
 In the choked-up vaults of Windeck,
 Has lain for many a year ? ’

The careless words had scarcely
 Time from his lips to fall,
 When the Lady of Castle Windeck
 Came round the ivy-wall. 20

He saw the glorious maiden
 In her snow-white drapery stand,
 The bunch of keys at her girdle,
 The beaker high in her hand.

He quaffed that rich old vintage ;
 With an eager lip he quaffed ;
 But he too’k into his bosom
 A fire with the grateful draught.

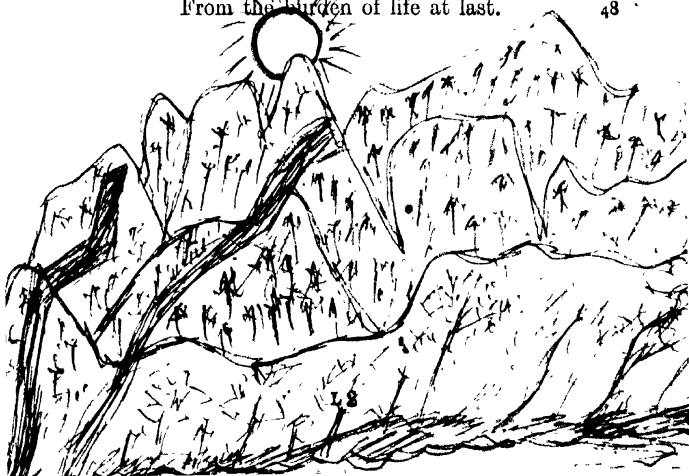
Her eyes' unfathomed brightness !
 The flowing gold of her hair ! 30
 He folded his hands in homage
 And murmured a lover's prayer.

She gave him a look of pity,
 A gentle look of pain ;
 And quickly as he had seen her
 She passed from his sight again.

And ever from that moment,
 He haunted the ruins there,
 A sleepless, restless wanderer,
 A watcher with despair. 40

Ghost-like and pale he wandered,
 With a dreamy, haggard eye ;
 He seemed not one of the living,
 And yet he could not die.

'Tis said that the lady met him
 When many years had passed,
 And kissing his lips, released him
 From the burden of life at last. 48



LATER POEMS

TO THE APENNINES

YOUR peaks are beautiful, ye Apennines !

In the soft light of these serenest skies ;
From the broad highland region, black with pines,

Fair as the hills of Paradise they rise,
Bathed in the tint Peruvian slaves behold
In rosy flushes on the virgin gold.

There, rooted to the aerial shelves that wear

The glory of a brighter world, might spring
Sweet flowers of heaven to scent the unbreathed air,

And heaven's fleet messengers might rest the wing,
To view the fair earth in its summer sleep, 11
Silent, and cradled by the glimmering deep

Below you lie men's sepulchres, the old

Etrurian tombs, the graves of yesterday ;
The herd's white bones lie mixed with human mould,

Yet up the radiant steep that I survey
Death never climbed, nor life's soft breath, with pain,
Was yielded to the elements again.

Ages of war have filled these plains with fear ;

How oft the hind has started at the clash 20
Of spears, and yell of meeting armies here,

Or seen the lightning of the battle flash
From clouds, that rising with the thunder's sound,
Hung like an earth-born tempest o'er the ground.

Ah me ! what armed nations—Asian horde,

And Libyan host—the Scythian and the Gaul,
Have swept your base and through your passes poured,

Like ocean-tides uprising at the call
Of tyrant winds—against your rocky side
The bloody billows dashed, and howled, and died. 30

How crashed the towers before beleaguering foes,
Sacked cities smoked and realms were rent in twain ;
And commonwealths against their rivals rose,
Trode out their lives and earned the curse of Cain !
While in the noiseless air and light that flowed
Round your fair brows, eternal Peace abode.

Here pealed the impious hymn, and altar flames
Rose to false gods, a dream-begotten throng,
Jove, Bacchus, Pan, and earlier, fouler names ;
While, as the unheeding ages passed along, 40
Ye, from your station in the middle skies,
Proclaimed the essential Goodness, strong and wise.

In you the heart that sighs for freedom seeks
Her image ; there the winds no barrier know,
Clouds come and rest and leave your fairy peaks ;
While even the immaterial Mind, below,
And Thought, her winged offspring, chained by power,
Pine silently for the redeeming hour. 48

EARTH

A MIDNIGHT black with clouds is in the sky ;
I seem to feel, upon my limbs, the weight
Of its vast brooding shadow. All in vain
Turns the tired eye in search of form ; no star
Pierces the pitchy veil ; no ruddy blaze,
From dwellings lighted by the cheerful hearth,
Tinges the flowering summits of the grass.
No sound of life is heard, no village hum,
Nor measured tramp of footstep in the path,
Nor rush of wing, while, on the breast of Earth, 10
I lie and listen to her mighty voice :
A voice of many tones—sent up from streams
That wander through the gloom, from woods unseen,
Swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air,
From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,

And hollows of the great invisible hills,
And sands that edge the ocean, stretching far
Into the night—a melancholy sound !

O Earth ! dost thou too sorrow for the past
Like man thy offspring ? Do I hear thee mourn 20
Thy childhood's unreturning hours, thy springs
Gone with their genial airs and melodies,
The gentle generations of thy flowers,
And thy majestic groves of olden time,
Perished with all their dwellers ? Dost thou wail
For that fair age of which the poets tell,
Ere yet the winds grew keen with frost, or fire
Fell with the rains, or sprouted from the hills,
To blast thy greenness, while the virgin night
Was guiltless and salubrious as the day ? 30
Or haply dost thou grieve for those who die—
For living things that trod thy paths awhile,
The love of thee and heaven—and now they sleep
Mixed with the shapeless dust on which thy herds
Trample and graze ? I too must grieve with thee,
O'er loved ones lost. Their graves are far away
Upon thy mountains ; yet, while I recline
Alone, in darkness, on thy naked soil,
The mighty nourisher and burial-place
Of man, I feel that I embrace their dust. 40

Ha ! how the murmur deepens ! I perceive
And tremble at its dreadful import. Earth
Uplifts a general cry for guilt and wrong,
And heaven is listening. The forgotten graves
Of the heart-broken utter forth their plaint.
The dust of her who loved and was betrayed,
And him who died neglected in his age ;
The sepulchres of those who for mankind
Laboured, and earned the recompense of scorn ;
Ashes of martyrs for the truth, and bones 50
Of those who, in the strife for liberty,
Were beaten down, their corpses given to dogs,

Their names to infamy—all find a voice.
The nook in which the captive, overtoiled,
Lay down to rest at last, and that which holds
Childhood's sweet blossoms, crushed by cruel hands,
Send up a plaintive sound. From battle-fields,
Where heroes madly drave and dashed their hosts
Against each other, rises up a noise,
As if the armed multitudes of dead 60
Stirred in their heavy slumber. Mournful tones
Come from the green abysses of the sea—
A story of the crimes the guilty sought
To hide beneath its waves. The glens, the groves,
Paths in the thicket, pools of running brook,
And banks and depths of lake, and streets and lanes
Of cities, now that living sounds are hushed,
Murmur of guilty force and treachery.

Here, where I rest, the vales of Italy
Are round me, populous from early time, 70
And field of the tremendous warfare waged
'Twixt good and evil. Who, alas! shall dare
Interpret to man's ear the mingled voice
That comes from her old dungeons yawning now
To the black air, her amphitheatres,
Where the dew gathers on the mouldering stones,
And fanes of banished gods, and open tombs,
And roofless palaces, and streets and hearths
Of cities dug from their volcanic graves?
I hear a sound of many languages, 80
The utterance of nations now no more,
Driven out by mightier, as the days of heaven
Chase one another from the sky. The blood
Of freemen shed by freemen, till strange lords
Came in their hour of weakness, and made fast
The yoke that yet is worn, cries out to Heaven.

What then shall cleanse thy bosom, gentle Earth,
From all its painful memories of guilt?
The whelming flood, or the renewing fire,

Or the slow change of time ? that so at last 90
 The horrid tale of perjury and strife,
 Murder and spoil, which men call history,
 May seem a fable, like the inventions told
 By poets of the gods of Greece. O thou,
 Who sittest far beyond the Atlantic deep
 Among the sources of thy glorious streams,
 My native Land of Groves ! a newer page
 In the great record of the world is thine ;
 Shall it be fairer ? Fear, and friendly hope,
 And envy, watch the issue, while the lines, 100
 By which thou shalt be judged, are written down.

THE KNIGHT'S EPITAPH

THIS is the church which Pisa, great and free,
 Reared to St. Catharine. How the time-stained walls,
 That earthquakes shook not from their poise, appear
 To shiver in the deep and voluble tones
 Rolled from the organ ! Underneath my feet
 There lies the lid of a sepulchral vault.
 The image of an armed knight is graven
 Upon it, clad in perfect panoply—
 Cuishes, and greaves, and cuirass, with barred helm,
 Gauntleted hand, and sword, and blazoned shield. 10
 Around, in Gothic characters, worn dim
 By feet of worshippers, are traced his name,
 And birth, and death, and words of eulogy.
 Why should I pore upon them ? This old tomb,
 This effigy, the strange disused form
 Of this inscription, eloquently show
 His history. Let me clothe in fitting words
 The thoughts they breathe, and frame his epitaph.

‘ He whose forgotten dust for centuries
 Has lain beneath this stone, was one in whom 20
 Adventure, and endurance, and emprise

Exalted the mind's faculties and strung
The body's sinews. Brave he was in fight,
Courteous in banquet, scornful of repose,
And bountiful, and cruel, and devout,
And quick to draw the sword in private feud.
He pushed his quarrels to the death, yet prayed
The saints as fervently on bended knees
As ever shaven cenobite. He loved
As fiercely as he fought. He would have borne 30
The maid that pleased him from her bower by night,
To his hill-castle, as the eagle bears
His victim from the fold, and rolled the rocks
On his pursuers. He aspired to see
His native Pisa queen and arbitress
Of cities : earnestly for her he raised
His voice in council, and affronted death
In battle-field, and climbed the galley's deck,
And brought the captured flag of Genoa back,
Or piled upon the Arno's crowded quay 40
The glittering spoils of the tamed Saracen.
He was not born to brook the stranger's yoke,
But would have joined the exiles that withdrew
For ever, when the Florentine broke in
The gates of Pisa, and bore off the bolts
For trophies—but he died before that day.

‘He lived, the impersonation of an age
That never shall return. His soul of fire
Was kindled by the breath of the rude time
He lived in. Now a gentler race succeeds, 50
Shuddering at blood ; the effeminate cavalier,
Turning his eye from the reproachful past,
And from the hopeless future, gives to ease,
And love, and music, his inglorious life.’

THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES

AYE, this is freedom !—these pure skies
 Were never stained with village smoke :
 The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
 Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
 Here, with my rifle and my steed,
 And her who left the world for me,
 I plant me, where the red deer feed
 In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
 No barriers in the bloomy grass ; 10
 Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
 Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.
 In pastures, measureless as air,
 The bison is my noble game ;
 The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
 The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
 From the long stripe of waving sedge ;
 The bear that marks my weapon's gleam,
 Hides vainly in the forest's edge ; 20
 In vain the she-wolf stands at bay ;
 The brinded catamount, that lies
 High in the boughs to watch his prey,
 Even in the act of springing, dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
 Fling their huge arms across my way,
 Grey, old, and cumbered with a train
 Of vines, as huge, and old, and grey !
 Free stray the lucid streams, and find
 No taint in these fresh lawns and shades ; 30
 Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
 Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the Fire, when frost-winds sere
The heavy herbage of the ground,
Gathers his annual harvest here,
With roaring like the battle's sound,
And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,
And smoke-streams gushing up the sky :
I meet the flames with flames again,
And at my door they cower and die. 40

Here, from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly ; and I behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lonely river, seaward rolled.
Who feeds its founts with rain and dew ?
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
And trains the bordering vines, whose blue
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass ?

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
Plunges, and bears me through the tide ; 50
Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height ;
And kind the voice and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.

SEVENTY-SIX

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand ! *

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart. 10

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold ;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold—

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

20

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yester eve,
And aged sire and matron grey,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun ;
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

30

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore ;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

THE LIVING LOST

MATRON ! the children of whose love,
Each to his grave, in youth have passed,
And now the mould is heaped above
The dearest and the last !
Bride ! who dost wear the widow's veil
Before the wedding flowers are pale !
Ye deem the human heart endures
No deeper, bitterer grief than yours.

Yet there are pangs of keener woe,
Of which the sufferers never speak, 10
Nor to the world's cold pity show
The tears that scald the cheek,
Wrung from their eyelids by the shame
And guilt of those they shrink to name,
Whom once they loved with cheerful will,
And love, though fallen and branded, still.

Weep, ye who sorrow for the dead,
Thus breaking hearts their pain relieve ;
And revered are the tears ye shed,
And honoured ye who grieve. 20
The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.

But ye, who for the living lost
That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
The strength of your despair ?
Grief for your sake is scorn for them
Whom ye lament and all condemn ; 30
And o'er the world of spirits lies
A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.

CATTERSKILL FALLS

'MIDST greens and shades the Catterskill leaps,
From cliffs were the wood-flower clings ;
All summer he moistens his verdant steeps
With the sweet light spray of the mountain springs ;
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,
When they drip with the rains of autumn-tide.

But when, in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls,

He builds, in the starlight clear and cold,

A palace of ice where his torrent falls, 10
With turret, and arch, and fretwork fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air.

For whom are those glorious chambers wrought,

In the cold and cloudless night ?
Is there neither spirit nor motion of thought

In forms so lovely, and hues so bright ?
Hear what the grey-haired woodmen tell
Of this wild stream and its rocky dell.

'Twas hither a youth of dreamy mood,

A hundred winters ago, 20
Had wandered over the mighty wood,
When the panther's track was fresh on the snow,
And keen were the winds that came to stir
The long dark boughs of the hemlock fir.

Too gentle of mien he seemed and fair,

For a child of those rugged steeps ;
His home lay low in the valley where
The kingly Hudson rolls to the deeps ;
But he wore the hunter's frock that day,
And a slender gun on his shoulder lay. 30

And here he paused, and against the trunk

Of a tall grey linden leant,
When the broad clear orb of the sun had sunk
From his path in the frosty firmament,
And over the round dark edge of the hill
A cold green light was quivering still.

And the crescent moon, high over the green,

From a sky of crimson shone,
On that icy palace, whose towers were seen
To sparkle as if with stars of their own ; 40
While the water fell with a hollow sound,
'Twixt the glistening pillars ranged around.

Is that a being of life, that moves
Where the crystal battlements rise ?
A maiden watching the moon she loves,
At the twilight hour, with pensive eyes ?
Was that a garment which seemed to gleam
Betwixt his eye and the falling stream ?

'Tis only the torrent tumbling o'er,
In the midst of those glassy walls, 50
Gushing, and plunging, and beating the floor
Of the rocky basin in which it falls.

'Tis only the torrent—but why that start ?
Why gazes the youth with a throbbing heart ?

He thinks no more of his home afar,
Where his sire and sister wait.
He heeds no longer how star after star
Looks forth on the night as the hour grows late.
He heeds not the snow-wreaths, lifted and cast
From a thousand boughs, by the rising blast. 60

His thoughts are alone of those who dwell
In the halls of frost and snow,
Who pass where the crystal domes upswell
From the alabaster floors below,
Where the frost-trees shoot with leaf and spray,
And frost-gems scatter a silvery day.

'And oh, that those glorious haunts were mine !'

He speaks, and throughout the glen
Thin shadows swim in the faint moonshine,
And take a ghastly likeness of men, 70
As if the slain by the wintry storms
Came forth to the air in their earthly forms.

There pass the chasers of seal and whale,
With their weapons quaint and grim,
And bands of warriors in glittering mail,
And herdsmen and hunters huge of limb.
There are naked arms, with bow and spear,
And furry gauntlets the carbine rear.

There are mothers—and oh, how sadly their eyes
On their children's white brows rest ! 80
There are youthful lovers—the maiden lies,
In a seeming sleep, on the chosen breast ;
There are fair wan women with moonstruck air,
The snow stars flecking their long loose hair.

They eye him not as they pass along,
But his hair stands up with dread,
When he feels that he moves with that phantom throng,
Till those icy turrets are over his head,
And the torrent's roar as they enter seems
Like a drowsy murmur heard in dreams.. 90

The glittering threshold is scarcely passed,
When there gathers and wraps him round
A thick white twilight, sullen and vast,
In which there is neither form nor sound ;
The phantoms, the glory, vanish all,
With the dying voice of the waterfall.

Slow passes the darkness of that trance,
And the youth now faintly sees
Huge shadows and gushes of light that dance
On a rugged ceiling of unhewn trees, 100
And walls where the skins of beasts are hung,
And rifles glitter on antlers strung.

On a couch of shaggy skins he lies ;
As he strives to raise his head,
Hard-featured woodmen, with kindly eyes,
Come round him and smooth his furry bed,
And bid him rest, for the evening star
Is scarcely set and the day is far.

They had found at eve, the dreaming one,
By the base of that icy steep, 110
When over his stiffening limbs begun
The deadly slumber of frost to creep,
And they cherished the pale and breathless form,
Till the stagnant blood ran free and warm.

THE STRANGE LADY

THE summer morn is bright and fresh, the birds are
 darting by,
 As if they love to breast the breeze that sweeps the
 cool clear sky ;
 Young Albert, in the forest's edge, has heard a rustling
 sound,
 An arrow slightly strikes his hand and falls upon the
 ground.

A dark-haired woman from the wood comes suddenly
 in sight ;
 Her merry eye is full and black, her cheek is brown and
 bright ;
 Her gown is of the mid-sea blue, her belt with beads
 is strung,
 And yet she speaks in gentle tones, and in the English
 tongue.

' It was an idle bolt I sent, against the villain crow ;
 Fair sir, I fear it harmed thy hand ; beshrew my erring
 bow ! ' 10

' Ah ! would that bolt had not been spent ! then, lady,
 might I wear
 A lasting token on my hand of one so passing fair ! '

' Thou art a flatterer like the rest, but wouldst thou
 take with me
 A day of hunting in the wilds, beneath the greenwood tree ?
 I know where most the pheasants feed, and where the
 red-deer herd,
 And thou shouldst chase the nobler game, and I bring
 down the bird.'

Now Albert in her quiver lays the arrow in its place,
 And wonders as he gazes on the beauty of her face :
 ' Those hunting-grounds are far away, and, lady, 'twere
 not meet, 19
 That night, amid the wilderness, should overtake thy feet.'

'Heed not the night ; a summer lodge amid the wild
is mine—

'Tis shadowed by the tulip-tree, 'tis mantled by the vine ;
The wild plum sheds its yellow fruit from fragrant
thickets nigh,
And flowery prairies from the door stretch till they
meet the sky.

'There in the boughs that hide the roof the mock-bird
sits and sings,
And there the hang-bird's brood within its little ham-
mock swings ;
A pebbly brook, where rustling winds among the hopples
sweep,
Shall lull thee till the morning sun looks in upon thy
sleep.'

Away into the forest depths by pleasant paths they go,
He with his rifle on his arm, the lady with her bow,
Where cornels arch their cool dark boughs o'er beds of
winter green,
And never at his father's door again was Albert seen. 31

That night upon the woods came down a furious hurri-
cane,
With howl of winds and roar of streams, and beating
of the rain ;
The mighty thunder broke and drowned the noises in
its crash ;
The old trees seemed to fight like fiends beneath the
lightning-flash.

Next day, within a mossy glen, 'mid mouldering trunks
were found
The fragments of a human form upon the bloody ground ;
With bones from which the flesh was torn and locks of
glossy hair ;
They laid them in the place of graves, yet wist not
whose they were. 40

And whether famished evening wolves had mangled
Albert so,
Or that strange dame so gay and fair were some mysterious foe,
Or whether to that forest lodge, beyond the mountains blue,
He went to dwell with her, the friends who mourned
him never knew.

LIFE

OH Life, I breathe thee in the breeze,
I feel thee bounding in my veins,
I see thee in these stretching trees,
These flowers, this still rock's mossy stains.

This stream of odour flowing by,
From clover field and clumps of pine,
This music, thrilling all the sky,
From all the morning birds, are thine.

Thou fill'st with joy this little one,
That leaps and shouts beside me here, 10
Where Isar's clay-white rivulets run
Through the dark woods like frightened deer.

Ah! must thy mighty breath, that wakes
Insect and bird, and flower and tree,
From the low-trodden dust, and makes
Their daily gladness, pass from me—

Pass, pulse by pulse, till o'er the ground
These limbs, now strong, shall creep with pain,
And this fair world of sight and sound
Seem fading into night again? 20

The things, oh LIFE! thou quickenest, all
Strive upward towards the broad bright sky,
Upward and outward, and they fall
Back to earth's bosom when they die.

All that have borne the touch of death,
All that shall live, lie mingled there,
Beneath that veil of bloom and breath,
That living zone 'twixt earth and air.

There lies my chamber dark and still,
The atoms trampled by my feet, 30
There wait, to take the place I fill
In the sweet air and sunshine sweet.

Well, I have had my turn, have been
Raised from the darkness of the clod,
And for a glorious moment seen
The brightness of the skirts of God ;

And knew the light within my breast.
Though wavering oftentimes and dim,
The power, the will, that never rest,
And cannot die, were all from Him. 40

Dear child ! I know that thou wilt grieve
To see me taken from thy love ;
Wilt seek my grave at Sabbath eve,
And weep, and scatter flowers above.

Thy little heart will soon be healed,
And being shall be bliss, till thou
To younger forms of life must yield
The place thou fill'st with beauty now.

When we descend to dust again,
Where will the final dwelling be 50
Of Thought and all its memories then,
My love for thee, and thine for me ?

‘ EARTH’S CHILDREN CLEAVE TO EARTH ’

EARTH’S children cleave to Earth—her frail
 Decaying children dread decay.
 Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,
 And lessens in the morning ray :
 Look, how, by mountain rivulet,
 It lingers as it upward creeps,
 And clings to fern and copsewood set
 Along the green and dewy steeps :
 Clings to the flowery kalmia, clings
 To precipices fringed with grass, 10
 Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
 And bowers of fragrant sassafras.
 Yet all in vain—it passes still
 From hold to hold ; it cannot stay,
 And in the very beams that fill
 The world with glory wastes away,
 Till, parting from the mountain’s brow,
 It vanishes from human eye,
 And that which sprung of earth is now
 A portion of the glorious sky. 20

THE HUNTER’S VISION

UPON a rock that, high and sheer,
 Rose from the mountain’s breast,
 A weary hunter of the deer
 Had set him down to rest,
 And bared to the soft summer air
 His hot red brow and sweaty hair.
 All dim in haze the mountains lay,
 With dimmer vales between ;
 And rivers glimmered on their way,
 By forests faintly seen ; 10
 While ever rose a murmuring sound,
 From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
A strain, so soft and low,
That whether in the mind or ear
The listener scarce might know.
With such a tone, so sweet, so mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

‘Thou weary huntsman,’ thus it said,
‘Thou faint with toil and heat,
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee.’

20

He looked, and, ’twixt the earth and sky
Amid the noontide haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze,
As if the vapours of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

30

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank.
He saw the glittering streams ; he heard
The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends, the dead, in boyhood dear,
There lived and walked again,
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the hamlet’s pride—
His heart was breaking when she died :

40

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right toward his resting-place,
And stretched her hand, and called his name
With that sweet smiling face.
Forward with fixed and eager eyes
The hunter leaned, in act to rise.

Forward he leaned, and headlong down
Plunged from that craggy wall ;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown,
An instant, in his fall ;
A frightful instant—and no more,
The dream and life at once were o'er.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

I

HERE we halt our march, and pitch our tent
On the rugged forest ground,
And light our fire with the branches rent
By winds from the beeches round.
Wild storms have torn this ancient wood,
But a wilder is at hand,
With hail of iron and rain of blood,
To sweep and waste the land.

II

How the dark wood rings with voices shrill,
That startle the sleeping bird ;
To-morrow eve must the voice be still,
And the step must fall unheard.
The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,
In Ticonderoga's towers ;
And ere the sun rise twice again,
Must they and the lake be ours.

III

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides
Where the fireflies light the brake ;
A ruddier juice the Briton hides
In his fortress by the lake.
Build high the fire, till the panther leap
From his lofty perch in flight,
And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep
For the deeds of to-morrow night.

A PRESENTIMENT

' Oh father, let us hence—for hark,
 A fearful murmur shakes the air ;
 The clouds are coming swift and dark ;—
 What horrid shapes they wear !
 A wingèd giant sails the sky ;
 Oh father, father, let us fly ! '

' Hush, child ; it is a grateful sound,
 That beating of the summer shower ;
 Here, where the boughs hang close around,
 We'll pass a pleasant hour, 10
 Till the fresh wind, that brings the rain,
 Has swept the broad heaven clear again.'

' Nay, father, let us haste—for see,
 That horrid thing with hornèd brow—
 His wings o'erhang this very tree,
 He scowls upon us now ;
 His huge black arm is lifted high ;
 Oh father, father, let us fly ! '

' Hush, child ; ' but, as the father spoke,
 Downward the livid firebolt came, 20
 Close to his ear the thunder broke,
 And, blasted by the flame,
 The child lay dead ; while, dark and still,
 Swept the grim cloud along the hill.

THE CHILD'S FUNERAL

FAIR is thy site, Sorrento, green thy shore,
 Black crags behind thee pierce the clear blue skies ;
 The sea, whose borderers ruled the world of yore,
 As clear and bluer still before thee lies.

Vesuvius smokes in sight, whose fount of fire,
 Outgushing, drowned the cities on his steep ;
 And murmuring Naples, spire o'ertopping spire,
 Sits on the slope beyond where Virgil sleeps.

Here doth the earth, with flowers of every hue,
Heap her green breast when April suns are bright,
Flowers of the morning-red, or ocean-blue, 11
Or like the mountain frost of silvery white.

Currents of fragrance, from the orange tree,
And sward of violets, breathing to and fro,
Mingle, and wandering out upon the sea,
Refresh the idle boatman where they blow.

Yet even here, as under harsher climes,
Tears for the loved and early lost are shed,
That soft air saddens with the funeral chimes,
Those shining flowers are gathered for the dead.

Here once a child, a smiling playful one, 21
All the day long caressing and caressed,
Died when its little tongue had just begun
To lisp the names of those it loved the best.

The father strove his struggling grief to quell,
The mother wept as mothers use to weep,
Two little sisters wearied them to tell
When their dear Carlo would awake from sleep.

Within an inner room his couch they spread,
His funeral couch ; with mingled grief and love,
They laid a crown of roses on his head, 31
And murmured, ' Brighter is his crown above.'

They scattered round him, on the snowy sheet,
Laburnum's strings of sunny-coloured gems,
Sad hyacinths, and violets dim and sweet,
And orange blossoms on their dark-green stems.

And now the hour is come ; the priest is there ;
Torches are lit and bells are tolled ; they go,
With solemn rites of blessing and of prayer,
To lay the little one in earth below. 40

The door is opened ; hark ! that quick glad cry ;
 Carlo has waked, has waked, and is at play !
 The little sisters laugh and leap, and try
 To climb the bed on which the infant lay.

And there he sits alive, and gaily shakes
 In his full hands, the blossoms red and white,
 And smiles with winking eyes, like one who wakes
 From long deep slumbers at the morning light. 43

THE BATTLE-FIELD

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
 And fiery hearts and armed hands
 Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah ! never shall the land forget
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
 Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
 Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird, 10
 And talk of children on the hill,
 And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
 The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain ;
 Men start not at the battle cry—
 Oh, be it never heard again !

Soon rested those who fought ; but thou
 Who minglest, in the harder strife
 For truths which men receive not now,
 Thy warfare only ends with life. 20

A friendless warfare ! lingering long
 Through weary day and weary year.
 A wild and many-weaponed throng
 Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot ;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn ; 30
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here. 40

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

THE FUTURE LIFE

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread ?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not ;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there ?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given ?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer, 11
And must thou never utter it in heaven ?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ? 20

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there ; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll ;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name, 30
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same ?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

THE DEATH OF SCHILLER

'Tis said, when Schiller's death drew nigh,
The wish possessed his mighty mind,
To wander forth wherever lie
The homes and haunts of human-kind.

Then strayed the poet, in his dreams,
By Rome and Egypt's ancient graves ;
Went up the New World's forest streams,
Stood in the Hindoo's temple-caves ;

Walked with the Pawnee, fierce and stark,
The sallow Tartar, 'midst his herds, 10
The peering Chinese, and the dark,
False Malay uttering gentle words.

How could he rest ? even then he trod
The threshold of the world unknown ;
Already, from the seat of God,
A ray upon his garments shone ;—

Shone and awoke the strong desire
For love and knowledge reached not here,
Till, freed by death, his soul of fire
Sprang to a fairer, ampler sphere. 20

THE FOUNTAIN

FOUNTAIN, that springest on this grassy slope,
Thy quick cool murmur mingles pleasantly
With the cool sound of breezes in the beech,
Above me in the noontide. Thou dost wear
No stain of thy dark birthplace ; gushing up
From the red mould and slimy roots of earth,
Thou flashest in the sun. The mountain air,
In winter, is not clearer, nor the dew
That shines on mountain blossom. Thus doth God
Bring, from the dark and foul, the pure and bright.

This tangled thicket on the bank above 11
Thy basin, how thy waters keep it green !
For thou dost feed the roots of the wild vine
That trails all over it, and to the twigs
Ties fast her clusters. There the spice-bush lifts
Her leafy lances ; the viburnum there,
Paler of foliage, to the sun holds up
Her circlet of green berries. In and out
The chirping sparrow, in her coat of brown,
Steals silently, lest I should mark her nest. 20

Not such thou wert of yore, ere yet the axe
Had smitten the old woods. Then hoary trunks
Of oak, and plane, and hickory, o'er thee held
A mighty canopy. When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip-tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming-birds
And silken-wingèd insects of the sky.

29

Frail wood-plants clustered round thy edge in Spring.
The liver-leaf put forth her sister blooms
Of faintest blue. Here the quick-footed wolf,
Pausing to lap thy waters, crushed the flower
Of sanguinaria, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood. The deer, too, left
Her delicate footprint in the soft moist mould,
And on the fallen leaves. The slow-paced bear,
In such a sultry summer noon as this,
Stopped at thy stream, and drank, and leaped across.

But thou hast histories that stir the heart
With deeper feeling ; while I look on thee
They rise before me. I behold the scene
Hoary again with forests ; I behold
The Indian warrior, whom a hand unseen
Has smitten with his death-wound in the woods,
Creep slowly to thy well-known rivulet,
And slake his death-thirst. Hark ! that quick fierce cry
That rends the utter silence ; 'tis the whoop
Of battle, and a throng of savage men,
With naked arms and faces stained like blood,
Fill the green wilderness ; the long bare arms
Are heaved aloft, bows twang and arrows stream ;
Each makes a tree his shield, and every tree
Sends forth its arrow. Fierce the fight and short,
As is the whirlwind. Soon the conquerors
And conquered vanish, and the dead remain
Mangled by tomahawks. The mighty woods

40

50

Are still again, the frightened bird comes back
And plumes her wings ; but thy sweet waters run
Crimson with blood. Then, as the sun goes down,
Amid the deepening twilight I descry 61
Figures of men that crouch and creep unheard,
And bear away the dead. The next day's shower
Shall wash the tokens of the fight away.

I look again—a hunter's lodge is built,
With poles and boughs, beside thy crystal well,
While the meek Autumn stains the woods with gold,
And shades his golden sunshine. To the door
The red man slowly drags the enormous bear
Slain in the chestnut thicket, or flings down 70
The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells
Of wolf and cougar hang upon the walls,
And loud the black-eyed Indian maidens laugh,
That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves,
The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit
That falls from the grey butternut's long boughs.

So centuries passed by, and still the woods
Blossomed in Spring, and reddened when the year
Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains
Of Winter, till the white man swung the axe 80
Beside thee—signal of a mighty change.
Then all around was heard the crash of trees,
Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground,
The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired
The brushwood, or who tore the earth with ploughs.
The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green
The blackened hill-side ; ranks of spiky maize
Rose like a host embattled ; the buckwheat
Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its flowers
The August wind. White cottages were seen 90
With rose-trees at the windows ; barns from which
Came loud and shrill the crowing of the cock ;
Pastures where rolled and neighed the lordly horse,
And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf

Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank,
Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal pool :
And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,
Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge. 99

Since then, what steps have trod thy border ! Here
On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp
Has laid his axe, the reaper of the hill
His sickle, as they stooped to taste thy stream.
The sportsman, tired with wandering in the still
September noon, has bathed his heated brow
In thy cool current. Shouting boys, let loose
For a wild holiday, have quaintly shaped
Into a cup the folded linden leaf,
And dipped thy sliding crystal. From the wars
Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side 110
Has sat, and mused how pleasant 'twere to dwell
In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
And move for no man's bidding more. At eve,
When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
Gazing into thy self-replenished depth,
Has seen eternal orders circumscribe
And bind the motions of eternal change, 120
And from the gushing of thy simple fount
Has reasoned to the mighty universe.

Is there no other change for thee, that lurks
Among the future ages ? Will not man
Seek out strange arts to wither and deform
The pleasant landscape which thou makest green ?
Or shall the veins that feed thy constant stream
Be choked in middle earth, and flow no more
For ever, that the water-plants along
Thy channel perish, and the bird in vain 130
Alight to drink ? Haply shall these green hills

Sink, with the lapse of years, into the gulf
Of ocean waters, and thy source be lost
Amidst the bitter brine ? Or shall they rise,
Upheaved in broken cliffs and airy peaks,
Haunts of the eagle and the snake, and thou
Gush midway from the bare and barren steep ? 137

THE WINDS

I

YE winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago ;
Ye bore the murmuring bee ; ye tossed the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow ;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue ;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew ;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

II

How are ye changed ! Ye take the cataract's sound ;
Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might ; 10
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground ;
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.
The clouds before you shoot like eagles past ;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast ;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast
Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

III

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
To escape your wrath ; ye seize and dash them dead.
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain ;
The harvest field becomes a river's bed ; 20
And torrents tumble from the hills around,
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,
And wailing voices, 'midst the tempest's sound,
Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.

IV

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray ;
Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
See ! to the breaking mast the sailor clings ;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs, 30
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

V

Why rage ye thus ?—no strife for liberty
Has made you mad ; no tyrant, strong through fear,
Has changed your pinions till ye wrenched them free,
And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere ;
For ye were born in freedom where ye blow ;
Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go ;
Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,
Her isles where Summer blossoms all the year. 40

VI

O ye wild winds ! a mightier Power than yours
In chains upon the shore of Europe lies ;
The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes :
And armèd warriors all around him stand,
And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

VII

Yet oh, when that wronged Spirit of our race
Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains,
And leap in freedom from his prison place, 51
Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
To fill the earth with woe, and blot her fair
Unconscious breast with blood from human veins.

VIII

But may he like the spring-time come abroad,
 Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
 When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
 Come spouting up the unsealed springs to light ;
 Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet, 61
 The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
 And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet,
 Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL

AMONG our hills and valleys, I have known
 Wise and grave men, who, while their diligent hands
 Tended or gathered in the fruits of earth,
 Were reverent learners in the solemn school
 Of Nature. Not in vain to them were sent
 Seed-time and harvest, or the vernal shower,
 That darkened the brown tilth, or snow that beat
 On the white winter hills. Each brought, in turn,
 Some truth, some lesson on the life of man,
 Or recognition of the Eternal Mind 10
 Who veils his glory with the elements.

One such I knew long since, a white-haired man,
 Pithy of speech, and merry when he would ;
 A genial optimist, who daily drew
 From what he saw, his quaint moralities.
 Kindly he held communion, though so old,
 With me a dreaming boy, and taught me much
 That books tell not, and I shall ne'er forget.

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven,
 And steeped the sprouting forests, the green hills
 And emerald wheat-fields, in his yellow light. 21
 Upon the apple-tree, where rosy buds
 Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom
 The robin warbled forth his full clear note
 For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods,

Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shadbush, white with flowers,
Brightened the glens; the new-leaved butter-nut
And quivering poplar to the roving breeze 30
Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields
I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
On the young grass. My heart was touched with joy
At so much beauty, flushing every hour
Into a fuller beauty; but my friend,
The thoughtful ancient, standing at my side,
Gazed on it mildly sad. I asked him why.

'Well mayst thou join in gladness,' he replied,
'With the glad earth, her springing plants and flowers,
And this soft wind, the herald of the green 40
Luxuriant summer. Thou art young like them,
And well mayst thou rejoice. But while the flight
Of seasons fills and knits thy spreading frame,
It withers mine, and thins my hair, and dims
These eyes, whose fading light shall soon be quenched
In utter darkness. Hearest thou that bird?'

I listened, and from 'midst the depth of woods
Heard the love-signal of the grouse, that wears
A sable ruff around his mottled neck;
Partridge they call him by our northern streams, 50
And pheasant by the Delaware. He beat
'Gainst his barred sides his speckled wings, and made
A sound like distant thunder; slow the strokes
At first, then fast and faster, till at length
They passed into a murmur and were still.
'There hast thou,' said my friend, 'a fitting type
Of human life. 'Tis an old truth, I know,
But images like these revive the power
Of long familiar truths. Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long 60
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind

As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
Seen rather than distinguished. Ah! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark,
By swiftly running waters hurried on
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands and pleasant homes, and flowery nooks, 70
And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
Each after each, but the devoted skiff
Darts by so swiftly that their images
Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep
By other banks, and the great gulf is near.

‘Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts 80
And kind affections, reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren; so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, thou mayst not bring
A mind unfurnished and a withered heart.’

Long since that white-haired ancient slept—but still
When the red flower-buds crowd the orchard bough,
And the ruffed grouse is drumming far within
The woods, his venerable form again
Is at my side, his voice is in my ear. 89

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM LEGGETT

THE earth may ring, from shore to shore,
With echoes of a glorious name,
But he, whose loss our tears deplore,
Has left behind him more than fame.

For when the death-frost came to lie
On Leggett's warm and mighty heart,
And quench his bold and friendly eye,
His spirit did not all depart.

The words of fire that from his pen
 Were flung upon the fervid page, 10
 Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
 Amid a cold and coward age.

His love of truth, too warm, too strong
 For Hope or Fear to chain or chill,
 His hate of tyranny and wrong,
 Burn in the breasts he kindled still.

AN EVENING REVERIE

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM

THE summer day is closed—the sun is set :
 Well they have done their office, those bright hours,
 The latest of whose train goes softly out
 In the red West. The green blade of the ground
 Has risen, and herds have cropped it ; the young twig
 Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun ;
 Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
 And withered ; seeds have fallen upon the soil,
 From bursting cells, and in their graves await
 Their resurrection. Insects from the pools 10
 Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
 That now are still for ever ; painted moths
 Have wandered the blue sky, and died again ;
 The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
 Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest,
 Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
 In woodland cottages with barky walls,
 In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
 Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
 Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore 20
 Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
 Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
 And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends
 That ne'er before were parted ; it hath knit
 New friendships ; it hath seen the maiden plight

Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Had wooed ; and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine ! One glad day 30
Is added now to Childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet hours run on ; and as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

Oh thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or flight of Time—for ye are one ! 40
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me ?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars ; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright ;
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love, 50
Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue ? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men—
Which who can bear ?—or the fierce rack of pain,
Lie they within my path ? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age ?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me ? Oh ! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins 60
At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings ? Gently—so have good men taught—

Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
 Into the new ; the eternal flow of things,
 Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
 Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

67

THE PAINTED CUP

THE fresh savannas of the Sangamon
 Here rise in gentle swells, and the long grass
 Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet tufts
 Are glowing in the green, like flakes of fire ;
 The wanderers of prairie know them well,
 And call that brilliant flower the Painted Cup.

Now, if thou art a poet, tell me not
 That these bright chalices were tinted thus
 To hold the dew for fairies, when they meet
 On moonlight evenings in the hazel bowers,
 And dance till they are thirsty. Call not up,
 Amid this fresh and virgin solitude,
 The faded fancies of an elder world ;
 But leave these scarlet cups to spotted moths
 Of June, and glistening flies, and humming-birds,
 To drink from, when on all these boundless lawns
 The morning sun looks hot. Or let the wind
 O'erturn in sport their ruddy brims, and pour
 A sudden shower upon the strawberry plant,
 To swell the reddening fruit that even now
 Breathes a slight fragrance from the sunny slope.

10

20

But thou art of a gayer fancy. Well—
 Let then the gentle Manitou of flowers,
 Lingering amid the bloomy waste he loves,
 Though all his swarthy worshippers are gone—
 Slender and small, his rounded cheek all brown
 And ruddy with the sunshine ; let him come
 On summer mornings, when the blossoms wake,
 And part with little hands the spiky grass ;
 And touching, with his cherry lips, the edge
 Of these bright beakers, drain the gathered dew.

30

A DREAM

✓ I HAD a dream—a strange, wild dream—
 Said a dear voice at early light ;
 And even yet its shadows seem
 To linger in my waking sight.

✓ Earth, green with spring, and fresh with dew,
 And bright with morn, before me stood ;
 And airs just wakened softly blew
 On the young blossoms of the wood.

Birds sang within the sprouting shade,
 Bees hummed amid the whispering grass, 10
 And children prattled as they played
 Beside the rivulet's dimpling grass.

✓ Fast climbed the sun : the flowers were flown,
 There played no children in the glen ;
 For some were gone, and some were grown
 To blooming dames and bearded men.

'Twas noon, 'twas summer : I beheld
 Woods darkening in the flush of day,
 And that bright rivulet spread and swelled,
 A mighty stream, with creek and bay. 20

✓ And here was love, and there was strife,
 And mirthful shouts, and wrathful cries,
 And strong men, struggling as for life,
 With knotted limbs and angry eyes.

Now stooped the sun—the shades grew thin ;
 The rustling paths were piled with leaves ;
 And sunburnt groups were gathering in,
 From the shorn field, its fruits and sheaves.

The river heaved with sullen sounds ;
 The chilly wind was sad with moans ; 30
 ✓ Black hearses passed, and burial-grounds
 Grew thick with monumental stones.

Still waned the day ; the wind that chased
 The jagged clouds blew chiller yet ;
 The woods were stripped, the fields were waste ;
 The wintry sun was near its set.

And of the young, and strong, and fair,
 A lonely remnant, grey and weak,
 Lingered, and shivered to the air
 Of that bleak shore and water bleak. 40

Ah ! age is drear, and death is cold !
 I turned to thee, for thou wert near,
 And saw thee withered, bowed, and old,
 And woke all faint with sudden fear.

'Twas thus I heard the dreamer say,
 And bade her clear her clouded brow :
 ' For thou and I, since childhood's day,
 Have walked in such a dream till now.

' Watch we in calmness, as they rise,
 The changes of that rapid dream, 50
 And note its lessons, till our eyes
 Shall open in the morning beam.'

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM

HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,
 That stream with grey-green mosses ; here the ground
 Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
 Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
 To linger here, among the flitting birds
 And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
 That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass,
 A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
 With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
 Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old— 10
 My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
 Back to the earliest days of liberty.

Oh FREEDOM ! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou ; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred 20
With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armourers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain ; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward ; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile, 30
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands :
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes ; and thou with him didst draw 40
The earliest furrow on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou ; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age ;

Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares, 50
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear ; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread
That grow to fetters ; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets Oh ! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by 60
Thy sword ; nor yet, O Freedom ! close thy lids
In slumber ; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced. 70

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW

SEVEN long years has the desert rain
Dropped on the clods that hide thy face ;
Seven long years of sorrow and pain
I have thought of thy burial-place.

Thought of thy fate in the distant west,
Dying with none that loved thee near ;
They who flung the earth on thy breast
Turned from the spot without a tear.

There, I think, on that lonely grave,
Violets spring in the soft May shower, 10
There, in the summer breezes, wave
Crimson phlox and moccasin flower.

There the turtles alight, and there
Feeds with her fawn the timid doe ;
There, when the winter woods are bare,
Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon wilt thou wipe my tears away ;
All my task upon earth is done ;
My poor father, old and grey,
Slumbers beneath the churchyard stone. 20

In the dreams of my lonely bed,
Ever thy form before me seems ;
All night long I talk with the dead,
All day long I think of my dreams.

This deep wound that bleeds and aches,
This long pain, a sleepless pain—
When the Father my spirit takes,
I shall feel it no more again. 28

THE RETURN OF YOUTH

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight ;
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light,—
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to
speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days, 9
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep ;
A path, thick set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep ;
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die.
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky ; 20
Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour ;
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again, 30
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails ?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
A gentle rustling of the morning gales ;
A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams, that water banks for ever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air ? 40

A HYMN OF THE SEA

THE sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have scooped
His boundless gulfs and built his shore, thy breath,
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves
To its strong motion roll, and rise and fall.
Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,
As at the first, to water the great earth,
And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms

Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind 10
And in the dropping shower, with gladness hear
Thy promise of the harvest. I look forth
Over the boundless blue, where joyously
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung
In acclamation. I behold the ships
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening home
From the old world. It is thy friendly breeze 20
That bears them, with the riches of the land,
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.

But who shall bide thy tempest, who shall face
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea ?
Oh God ! thy justice makes the world turn pale,
When on the armed fleet, that royally
Bears down the surges, carrying war, to smite
Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm,
Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulks 30
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves ; the sails
Fly, rent like webs of gossamer ; the masts
Are snapped asunder ; downward from the decks,
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,
Their cruel engines ; and their hosts, arrayed
In trappings of the battle-field, are whelmed
By whirlpools, or dashed dead upon the rocks.
Then stand the nations still with awe, and pause,
A moment, from the bloody work of war.

These restless surges eat away the shores 40
Of earth's old continents ; the fertile plain
Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets
Of the drowned city. Thou, meanwhile, afar
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters and the line

Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,
 Creator! thou dost teach the coral worm
 To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age,
 He builds beneath the waters, till, at last, 50
 His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check
 The long wave rolling from the southern pole
 To break upon Japan. Thou bidd'st the fires,
 That smoulder under ocean, heave on high
 The new-made mountains, and unlift their peaks,
 A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
 The birds and wafting billows plant the rifts
 With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush; sweet airs
 Ripple the living lakes that, fringed with flowers,
 Are gathered in the hollows. Thou dost look 60
 On thy creation and pronounce it good.
 Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,
 Praise thee in silent beauty, and its woods,
 Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
 The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

NOON

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM

'Tis noon. At noon the Hebrew bowed the knee
 And worshipped, while the husbandman withdrew
 From the scorched field, and the wayfaring man
 Grew faint, and turned aside by bubbling fount,
 Or rested in the shadow of the palm.

I, too, amid the overflow of day,
 Behold the power which wields and cherishes
 The frame of Nature. From this brow of rock
 That overlooks the Hudson's western marge,
 I gaze upon the long array of groves, 10
 The piles and gulfs of verdure drinking in
 The grateful heats. They love the fiery sun;
 Their broadening leaves grow glossier, and their sprays

Climb as he looks upon them. In the midst,
 The swelling river, into his green gulfs,
 Unshadowed save by passing sails above,
 Takes the redundant glory, and enjoys
 The summer in his chilly bed. Coy flowers,
 That would not open in the early light, 19
 Push back their plaited sheaths. The rivulet's pool,
 That darkly quivered all the morning long
 In the cool shade, now glimmers in the sun ;
 And o'er its surface shoots, and shoots again,
 The glittering dragon-fly, and deep within
 Run the brown water-beetles to and fro.

A silence, the brief sabbath of an hour,
 Reigns o'er the fields ; the labourer sits within
 His dwelling ; he has left his steers awhile,
 Unyoked, to bite the herbage, and his dog
 Sleeps stretched beside the door-stone in the shade.
 Now the grey marmot, with uplifted paws, 31
 No more sits listening by his den, but steals
 Abroad, in safety, to the clover field,
 And crops its juicy blossoms. All the while
 A ceaseless murmur from the populous town
 Swells o'er these solitudes : a mingled sound
 Of jarring wheels, and iron hoofs that clash
 Upon the stony ways, and hammer-clang,
 And creak of engines lifting ponderous bulks,
 And calls and cries, and tread of eager feet, 40
 Innumerable, hurrying to and fro.
 Noon, in that mighty mart of nations, brings
 No pause to toil and care. With early day
 Began the tumult, and shall only cease
 When midnight, hushing one by one the sounds
 Of bustle, gathers the tired brood to rest.

Thus, in this feverish time, when love of gain
 And luxury possess the hearts of men,
 Thus is it with the noon of human life.
 We, in our fervid manhood, in our strength 50

Of reason, we, with hurry, noise, and care,
 Plan, toil, and strive, and pause not to refresh
 Our spirits with the calm and beautiful
 Of God's harmonious universe, that won
 Our youthful wonder ; pause not to inquire
 Why we are here ; and what the reverence
 Man owes to man, and what the mystery
 That links us to the greater world, beside
 Whose borders we but hover for a space.

59

THE CROWDED STREET

LET me move slowly through the street,
 Filled with an ever-shifting train,
 Amid the sound of steps that beat
 The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come !
 The mild, the fierce, the stony face ;
 Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
 Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest ;
 To halls in which the feast is spread ; 10
 To chambers where the funeral guest
 In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
 Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
 With mute caresses shall declare
 The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
 Shall shudder as they reach the door
 Where one who made their dwelling dear,
 Its flower, its light, is seen no more. 20

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
 And dreams of greatness in thine eye !
 Guest thou to build an early name,
 Or early in the task to die ?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow !
 Who is now fluttering in thy snare ?
 Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
 Or melt the glittering spires in air ?
 Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
 The dance till daylight gleam again ? 30
 Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead ?
 Who writhe in throes of mortal pain ?
 Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
 The cold dark hours, how slow the light !
 And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
 Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.
 Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,
 They pass, and heed each other not.
 There is who heeds, who holds them all,
 In His large love and boundless thought. 40
 These struggling tides of life that seem
 In wayward, aimless course to tend,
 Are eddies of the mighty stream
 That rolls to its appointed end.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER

It was a hundred years ago,
 When, by the woodland ways,
 The traveller saw the wild deer drink,
 Or crop the birchen sprays.
 Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
 O'erbrowed a grassy mead, •
 And fenced a cottage from the wind,
 A deer was wont to feed.
 She only came when on the cliffs
 The evening moonlight lay, 10
 And no man knew the secret haunts
 In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
A spot of silvery white,
That seemed to glimmer like a star
In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whippoorwill,
She cropped the sprouting leaves,
And here her rustling steps were heard
On still October eves.

20

But when the broad midsummer moon
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
To aim the rifle here ;
' It were a sin,' she said, ' to harm
Or fright that friendly deer.

' This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years and more ;
And ever when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.

30

' The red men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago ;
They never raise the war-whoop here,
And never twang the bow.

' I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well,
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell.'

40

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where deep in silence and in moss,
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time,
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER

197

The crescent moon and crimson eve
Shone with a mingling light ; 50
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away into the neighbouring wood
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew. 60

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As sweetly as before ;
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was old,
By night the red men came,
And burnt the cottage to the ground,
And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
And hid the cliffs from sight ; 70
There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
And prowls the fox at night.

THE WANING MOON

I've watched too late ; the morn is near ;
One look at God's broad silent sky !
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die !

Even while your glow is on the cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone.

See where upon the horizon's brim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars ; 10
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the ethereal blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wanest, pallid moon !
The encroaching shadow grows apace ;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
Shall see thee blotted from thy place. 20

Oh, Night's dethroned and crownless queen !
Well may thy sad, expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine thou for forms that once were bright,
For sages in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now on stammering lips !

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave, on hill and plain, 30
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shalt cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shines all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream. 40

THE STREAM OF LIFE

O silvery streamlet of the fields,
 That flowest full and free !
 For thee the rains of spring return,
 The summer dews for thee ;
 And when thy latest blossoms die
 In autumn's chilly showers,
 The winter fountains gush for thee,
 Till May brings back the flowers.

O Stream of Life ! the violet springs
 But once beside thy bed ;
 But one brief summer, on thy path,
 The dews of heaven are shed.
 Thy parent fountains shrink away,
 And close their crystal veins,
 And where thy glittering current flowed
 The dust alone remains.

10

THE UNKNOWN WAY

A BURNING sky is o'er me,
 The sands beneath me glow,
 As onward, onward, wearily,
 In the sultry morn I go.

From the dusty path there opens,
 Eastward, an unknown way ;
 Above its windings, pleasantly,
 The woodland branches play.

A silvery brook comes stealing
 From the shadow of its trees,
 Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
 Before the entering breeze.

10

Along those pleasant windings
I would my journey lay,
Where the shade is cool and the dew of night
Is not yet died away.

Path of the flowery woodland !
Oh, whither dost thou lead,
Wandering by grassy orchard grounds,
Or by the open mead ?

20

Goest thou by nestling cottage ?
Goest thou by stately hall,
Where the broad elm droops, a leafy dome,
And woodbines flaunt on the wall ?

By steeps where children gather
Flowers of the yet fresh year ?
By lonely walks where lovers stray
Till the tender stars appear ?

Or haply dost thou linger
On barren plains and bare,
Or clamber the bald mountain side,
Into the thinner air ;

30

Where they who journey upward
Walk in a weary track,
And oft upon the shady vale
With longing eyes look back ?

I hear a solemn murmur,
And, listening to the sound,
I know the voice of the mighty sea,
Beating his pebbly bound.

40

Dost thou, oh, path of the woodland !
End where those waters roar,
Like human life, on a trackless beach,
With a boundless Sea before ?

' O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE '

O mother of a mighty race,
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace !
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
 Admire and hate thy blooming years.
 With words of shame
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
 That tints thy morning hills with red ;
 Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet,
 Within thy woods, are not more fleet ; 10
 Thy hopeful eye
 Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Aye, let them rail—those haughty ones,
 While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
 They do not know how loved thou art,
 How many a fond and fearless heart
 Would rise to throw
 Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
 What virtues with thy children bide ; 20
 How true, how good, thy graceful maids
 Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades ;
 What generous men
 Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen ;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
 By thy lone rivers of the West ;
 How faith is kept, and truth revered,
 And man is loved, and God is feared,
 In woodland homes,
 And where the ocean-border foams. 30

202 ' O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE '

There 's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved labourer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother ! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now,
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise, 40
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower ;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die. 48

THE LAND OF DREAMS

A MIGHTY realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steepes that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mounfains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair, 9
From their bowers of light, to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile, in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er !

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales. 20

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
And soft low voices, that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce wean'd from the love of childish play !
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the early blooms of May !

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams, 30
And I know, by thy moving lips, that now
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet !
Oh, keep where that beam of Paradise falls,
And only wander where thou mayst meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace to this world of strife ;
And the light that over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life. 40

THE BURIAL OF LOVE

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
 Sat where a river rolled away,
 With calm sad brows and raven hair,
 And one was pale, and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,
 Bring forest blooms of name unknown ;
 Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
 To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
 His eyes, that death may seem like sleep, 10
 And fold his hands in sign of rest,
 His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,
 Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
 And blue-birds in the misty spring
 Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,
 His idle shafts, his loosen'd bow,
 The silken fillet that around
 His waggish eyes in sport he wound. 20

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
 His ready smile, his ready kiss,
 The patter of his little feet,
 Sweet frowns and stammer'd phrases sweet ;

And graver looks, serene and high,
 A light of heaven in that young eye,
 All these shall haunt us till the heart
 Shall ache and ache—and tears will start.

The bow, the band shall fall to dust,
 The shining arrows waste with rust, 30
 And all of Love that earth can claim
 Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell,
A prisoner in this narrow cell ;
But he whom now we hide from men
In the dark ground, shall live again ;

Shall break these clods, a form of light.
With nobler mien and purer sight,
And in the eternal glory stand,
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

40

' THE MAY-SUN SHEDS AN AMBER LIGHT '

THE May-sun sheds an amber light
On new-leaved woods and lawns between ;
But she who, with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing green,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In groups beside the pathway stand ;
But one, the gentle and the good,
Who cropp'd them with a fairer hand,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

10

Upon the woodland's morning airs
The small birds' mingled notes are flung ;
But she, whose voice, more sweet than theirs,
Once bade me listen, while they sung,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes ;
My heart aches when the flowers appear ;
For then I think of her who lies
Within her grave,
Low in her grave.

20

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN

THERE comes, from yonder height,
 A soft repining sound,
 Where forest-leaves are bright,
 And fall, like flakes of light,
 To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
 That, lightly floating on,
 Just skims the weedy leas,
 Just stirs the glowing trees,
 And is gone. 10

He moans by sedgy brook,
 And visits, with a sigh,
 The last pale flowers that look,
 From out their sunny nook,
 At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
 That light October wind,
 And, kissing checks and eyes,
 He leaves their merry cries
 Far behind. 20

And wanders on to make
 That soft uneasy sound
 By distant wood and lake,
 Where distant fountains break
 From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell
 Can win a moment's stay,
 Nor fair untrodden dell;
 He sweeps the upland swell,
 And away. 30

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state ?

Oh soft, repining wind !
That early seek'st and late
The rest it is thy fate

Not to find.

Not on the mountain's breast,

Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West :—
The wind that stops to rest

Is no more.

40

By valleys, woods, and springs,

No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things

Thou touchest with thy wings,
And must leave.

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought

The emblems of a fame that never dies,—
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.

A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet, and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

10

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreck upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart ;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame ;

One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made 20
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East,—
Grey captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave 30
The victory to her who fills this grave ;
Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought ;
Through that long strife her constant hope was stayed
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath, 40
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate and overcame
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies ;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes ! 50
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes
rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung !
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,

The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat ;
He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low ;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near. 60
Oh, gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun ;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee,
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll ; the glorious armoury,
That ministered to thee, is open still. 69

THIRTY POEMS, 1864

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;
Wide let its hollow bed be made ;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet ;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ? 10
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest ;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ? 20
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors ;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
 And redden in the August noon, 30
 And drop, when gentle airs come by,
 That fan the blue September sky,

While children come, with cries of glee,
 And seek them where the fragrant grass
 Betrays their bed to those who pass,
 At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
 The winter stars are quivering bright,
 And winds go howling through the night,
 Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth, 41

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
 And golden orange of the line,
 The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
 Winds, and our flag of stripe and star
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
 Where men shall wonder at the view,
 And ask in what fair groves they grew ; 50
 And sojourners beyond the sea
 Shall think of childhood's careless day,
 And long, long hours of summer play,
 In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we 60
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
 Oh, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still ?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years,
 Is wasting this apple-tree ?

70

‘ Who planted this old apple-tree ? ’
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say ;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The grey-haired man shall answer them ;
 ‘ A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times ;
 ’Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple-tree.’

80

THE SNOW-SHOWER

STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,
 On the lake below thy gentle eyes ;
 The clouds hang over it, heavy and grey,
 And dark and silent the water lies ;
 And out of that frozen mist the snow
 In wavering flakes begins to flow ;

Flake after flake,
 They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
 From the chambers beyond that misty veil ;
 Some hover awhile in air, and some
 Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
 All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
 Meet, and are still in the depths below ;

10

Flake after flake
 Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way ; 20
There broader and burlier masses fall ;
The sullen water buries them all—
Flake after flake—
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and grey,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way ;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife
Makes hand in hand the passage of life ; 30
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo ! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh ;
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake ! 40

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear ;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought ;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time and now are not ;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost,
Flake after flake—
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;
A gleam of blue on the water lies ; 50

And far away, on the mountain-side,
 A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
 But the hurrying host that flew between
 The cloud and the water, no more is seen ;
 Flake after flake,
 At rest in the dark and silent lake.

56

A RAIN DREAM

THESE strifes, these tumults of the noisy world,
 Where Fraud, the coward, tracks his prey by stealth,
 And Strength, the ruffian, glories in his guilt,
 Oppress the heart with sadness. Oh, my friend,
 In what serener mood we look upon
 The gloomiest aspects of the elements
 Among the woods and fields ! Let us awhile,
 As the slow wind is rolling up the storm,
 In fancy leave this maze of dusty streets,
 For ever shaken by the importunate jar
 Of commerce, and upon the darkening air
 Look from the shelter of our rural home.

10

Who is not awed that listens to the Rain,
 Sending his voice before him ? Mighty Rain !
 The upland steeps are shrouded by thy mists ;
 Thy shadow fills the hollow vale ; the pools
 No longer glimmer, and the silvery streams
 Darken to veins of lead at thy approach.
 Oh, mighty Rain ! already thou art here ;
 And every roof is beaten by thy streams,
 And, as thou passest, every glassy spring
 Grows rough, and every leaf in all the woods
 Is struck, and quivers, All the hill-tops slake
 Their thirst from thee ; a thousand languishing fields,
 A thousand fainting gardens, are refreshed ;
 A thousand idle rivulets start to speed,
 And with the graver murmur of the storm
 Blend their light voices as they hurry on.

20

Thou fill'st the circle of the atmosphere
Alone ; there is no living thing abroad,
No bird to wing the air nor beast to walk
The field : the squirrel in the forest seeks
His hollow tree ; the marmot of the field
Has scampered to his den : the butterfly
Hides under her broad leaf ; the insect crowds
That made the sunshine populous, lie close
In their mysterious shelters, whence the sun
Will summon them again. The mighty Rain
Holds the vast empire of the sky alone.

30

I shut my eyes, and see, as in a dream,
The friendly clouds drop down spring violets
And summer columbines, and all the flowers
That tuft the woodland floor, or overarch
The streamlet :—spiky grass for genial June,
Brown harvests for the waiting husbandman,
And for the woods a deluge of fresh leaves.

40

I see these myriad drops that slake the dust,
Gathered in glorious streams, or rolling blue
In billows on the lake or on the deep
And bearing navies. I behold them change
To threads of crystal as they sink in earth
And leave its stains behind, to rise again
In pleasant nooks of verdure, where the child,
Thirsty with play, in both his little hands
Shall take the cool, clear water, raising it
To wet his pretty lips. To-morrow noon
How proudly will the water-lily ride
The brimming pool, o'erlooking, like a queen,
Her circle of broad leaves. In lonely wastes,
When next the sunshine makes them beautiful,
Gay troops of butterflies shall lig^{ht} to drink
At the replenished hollows of the rock.

50

60

Now slowly falls the dull blank night, and still,
All through the starless hours, the mighty Rain
Smites with perpetual sound the forest leaves,
And beats the matted grass, and still the earth
Drinks the unstinted bounty of the clouds—

Drinks for her cottage wells, her woodland brooks—
 Drinks for the springing trout, the toiling bee
 And brooding bird—drinks for her tender flowers,
 Tall oaks, and all the herbage of her hills. 71

A melancholy sound is in the air,
 A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail
 Around my dwelling. 'Tis the wind of night;
 A lonely wanderer between earth and cloud,
 In the black shadow and the chilly mist,
 Along the streaming mountain-side, and through
 The dripping woods, and o'er the plashy fields,
 Roaming and sorrowing still, like one who makes
 The journey of life alone, and nowhere meets 80
 A welcome or a friend, and still goes on
 In darkness. Yet awhile, a little while,
 And he shall toss the glittering leaves in play,
 And dally with the flowers, and gaily lift
 The slender herbs, pressed low by weight of rain,
 And drive, in joyous triumph, through the sky,
 White clouds, the laggard remnants of the storm.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest, 10
 Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
 White are his shoulders and white his crest,
 Hear him call in his merry note:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;

Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,

Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings, 20
Passing at home a patient life,

Broods in the grass while her husband sings :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear

Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;

One weak chirp is her only note.

Braggart and prince of braggarts is he, 30

Pouring boasts from his little throat :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Never was I afraid of man ;

Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.

Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,

Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !

There as the mother sits all day,

Robert is singing with all his might : 40

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Nice, good wife, that never goes out,

Keeping house while I frolic about.

Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell

Six wide mouths are open for food ;

Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,

Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ; 50

First opened on the earth, to make thy haunts
Fairer and gladder for thy kindly looks.

Thus might a poet say ; but I must bring
A birthday offering of a humbler strain,
And yet it may not please thee less. I hold
That 'twas the fitting season for thy birth
When March, just ready to depart, begins
To soften into April. Then we have 20
The delicatest and most welcome flowers,
And yet they take least heed of bitter wind
And lowering sky. The periwinkle then,
In an hour's sunshine, lifts her azure blooms
Beside the cottage door ; within the woods
Tufts of ground-laurel, creeping underneath
The leaves of the last summer, send their sweets
Up to the chilly air, and, by the oak,
The squirrel-cups, a graceful company,
Hide in their bells a soft aerial blue— 30
Sweet flowers, that nestle in the humblest nooks,
And yet within whose smallest bud is wrapt
A world of promise ! Still the north wind breathes
His frost, and still the sky sheds snow and sleet ;
Yet ever, when the sun looks forth again,
The flowers smile up to him from their low seats.

Well hast thou borne the bleak March day of life.
Its storms and its keen winds to thee have been
Most kindly tempered, and through all its gloom
There has been warmth and sunshine in thy heart ;
The griefs of life to thee have been like snows, 41
That light upon the fields in early spring,
Making them greener. In its milder hours,
The smile of this pale season, thou hast seen
The glorious bloom of June, and in the note
Of early bird, that comes a messenger
From climes of endless verdure, thou hast heard
The choir that fills the summer woods with song.

Now be the hours that yet remain to thee
Stormy or sunny, sympathy and love, 50
That inextinguishably dwell within

220 THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF MARCH

Thy heart, shall give a beauty and a light
To the most desolate moments, like the glow
Of a bright fireside in the wildest day ;
And kindly words and offices of good
Shall wait upon thy steps, as thou goest on, \
Where God shall lead thee, till thou reach the gates
Of a more genial season, and thy path
Be lost to human eye among the bowers
And living fountains of a brighter land.

60

Written *March* 1855.

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY

ALREADY, close by our summer dwelling,
The Easter sparrow repeats her song ;
A merry warbler, she chides the blossoms—
The idle blossoms that sleep so long.

The blue-bird chants, from the elm's long branches,
A hymn to welcome the budding year.
The south wind wanders from field to forest,
And softly whispers : the Spring is here.

Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
Before those lays from the elm have ceased ;
The violet breathes, by our door, as sweetly
As in the air of her native East.

10

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
The daffodil is our doorside queen ;
She pushes upward the sward already,
To spot with sunshine the early green.

No lays so joyous as these are warbled
From wiry prison in maiden's bower ;
No pampered bloom of the greenhouse chamber
Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.

20

Yet these sweet sounds of the early season,
 And these fair sights of its sunny days,
 Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
 And only fair when we fondly gaze.

There is no glory in star or blossom,
 Till looked upon by a loving eye ;
 There is no fragrance in April breezes,
 Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

Come, Julia dear, for the sprouting willows,
 The opening flowers, and the gleaming brooks, 30
 And hollows, green in the sun, are waiting
 Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.

A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

STAY yet, my friends, a moment stay—
 Stay till the good Old Year,
 So long companion of our way,
 Shakes hands, and leaves us here.
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
 Has now no hopes to wake ;
 Yet one hour more of jest and song
 For his familiar sake. 10
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One mirthful hour, and then away.

•
 The kindly year, his liberal hands
 Have lavished all his store.
 And shall we turn from where he stands,
 Because he gives no more ?
 Oh stay, oh stay,
 One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest ; 20
How cheerfully the week was spent !
How sweet the seventh day's rest !
Oh stay, oh stay,
One golden hour, and then away.

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid :
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did !
Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away. 30

Even while we sing he smiles his last
And leaves our sphere behind.
The good Old Year is with the past ;
Oh, be the New as kind !
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

THE WIND AND STREAM

A BROOK came stealing from the ground ;
You scarcely saw its silvery gleam
Among the herbs that hung around
The borders of that winding stream,
The pretty stream, the placid stream,
The softly gliding, bashful stream.

•
A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream ;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And softly stooped to kiss the stream, 10
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,
Shot upward many a glancing beam,
Dimpled and quivered more and more,
And tripped along, a livelier stream.
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew
To where the fields with blossoms teem, 20
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,
And left alone that little stream,
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind came never back ;
He wanders yet the fields, I deem,
But, on its melancholy track,
Complaining went that little stream,
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,
The ever-murmuring, mourning stream. 30

THE LOST BIRD

FROM THE SPANISH OF CAROLINA CORONADO DE PERRY.

My bird has flown away,
Far out of sight has flown, I know not where.
Look in your lawn, I pray,
Ye maidens, kind and fair,
And see if my beloved bird be there.

His eyes are full of light ;
The eagle of the rock has such an eye ;
And plumes, exceeding bright,
Round his smooth temples lie,
And sweet his voice and tender as a sigh. 10

Look where the grass is gay
 With summer blossoms, haply there he cowers ;
 And search, from spray to spray,
 The leafy laurel bowers,
 For well he loves the laurels and the flowers.

Find him, but do not dwell,
 With eyes too fond, on the fair form you see,
 Nor love his song too well ;
 Send him, at once, to me,
 Or leave him to the air and liberty.

20

For only from my hand
 He takes the seed into his golden beak,
 And all unwiped shall stand
 The tears that wet my cheek,
 Till I have found the wanderer I seek.

My sight is darkened o'er,
 Whene'er I miss his eyes, which are my day,
 And when I hear no more
 The music of his lay,
 My heart in utter sadness faints away.

30

THE NIGHT JOURNEY OF A RIVER

O River, gentle River ! gliding on
 In silence underneath this starless sky !
 Thine is a ministry that never rests
 Even while the living slumber. For a time
 The meddler, man, hath left the elements
 In peace ; the ploughman breaks the clods no more ;
 The miner labours not, with steel and fire,
 To rend the rock, and he that hews the stone,
 And he that fells the forest, he that guides
 The loaded wain, and the poor animal
 That drags it, have forgotten, for a time,
 Their toils, and share the quiet of the earth.'

10

Thou pausest not in thine allotted task,
 O darkling River! Through the night I hear
 Thy wavelets rippling on the pebbly beach;
 I hear thy current stir the rustling sedge,
 That skirts thy bed; thou intermittest not
 Thine everlasting journey, drawing on
 A silvery train from many a woodland spring,
 And mountain brook. The dweller by thy side, 20
 Who moored his little boat upon thy beach,
 Though all the waters that upbore it then
 Have slid away o'er night, shall find, at morn,
 Thy channel filled with waters freshly drawn
 From distant cliffs and hollows where the rill
 Comes up amid the water-flags. All night
 Thou givest moisture to the thirsty roots
 Of the lithe willow and o'erhanging plane,
 And cherishest the herbage of thy bank,
 Spotted with little flowers, and sendest up 30
 Perpetually, the vapours from thy face,
 To steep the hills with dew, or darken heaven
 With drifting clouds, that trail the shadowy shower.
 O River! darkling River! what a voice
 Is that thou utterest while all else is still—
 The ancient voice that, centuries ago,
 Sounded between thy hills, while Rome was yet
 A weedy solitude by Tiber's stream.
 How many, at this hour, along thy course,
 Slumber to thine eternal murmurings, 40
 That mingle with the utterance of their dreams!
 At dead of night the child awakes and hears
 Thy soft, familiar dashings, and is soothed,
 And sleeps again. An airy multitude
 Of little echoes, all unheard by day,
 Faintly repeat, till morning, after thee,
 The story of thine endless goings forth.

Yet there are those who lie beside thy bed
 For whom thou once didst rear the bowers that screen
 Thy margin, and didst water the green fields; 50
 And now there is no night so still that they

226 THE NIGHT JOURNEY OF A RIVER

Can hear thy lapse ; their slumbers, were thy voice
Louder than ocean's, it could never break.

For them the early violet no more
Opens upon thy bank, nor, for their eyes,
Glitter the crimson pictures of the clouds,
Upon thy bosom, when the sun goes down.
Their memories are abroad, the memories
Of those who last were gathered to the earth,
Lingering within the homes in which they sat, 60
Hovering above the paths in which they walked,
Haunting them like a presence. Even now
They visit many a dreamer in the forms
They walked in, ere at last they wore the shroud.
And eyes there are which will not close to dream,
For weeping and for thinking of the grave,
The new-made grave, and the pale one within.
These memories and these sorrows all shall fade,
And pass away, and fresher memories
And newer sorrows come and dwell awhile 70
Beside thy borders, and, in turn, depart.

On glide thy waters, till at last they flow
Beneath the windows of the populous town,
And all night long give back the gleam of lamps,
And glimmer with the trains of light that stream
From halls where dancers whirl. A dimmer ray
Touches thy surface from the silent room
In which they tend the sick, or gather round
The dying ; and a slender, steady beam
Comes from the little chamber in the roof, 80
Where, with a feverous crimson on her cheek,
The solitary damsel, dying, too,
Plies the quick needle till the stars grow pale.
There, close beside the haunts of revel, stand
The blank, unlighted windows, where the poor,
In hunger and in darkness, wake till morn.
There, drowsily, on the half-conscious ear
Of the dull watchman, pacing on the wharf,
Falls the soft ripple of the waves that strike
On the moored bark ; but guiltier listeners 90

Are nigh, the prowlers of the night, who steal
 From shadowy nook to shadowy nook, and start
 If other sounds than thine are in the air.

Oh, glide away from those abodes, that bring
 Pollution to thy channel and make foul
 Thy once clear current ; summon thy quick waves
 And dimpling eddies ; linger not, but haste,
 With all thy waters, haste thee to the deep,
 There to be tossed by shifting winds and rocked
 By that mysterious force which lives within 100
 The sea's immensity, and wields the weight
 Of its abysses, swaying to and fro
 The billowy mass, until the stain, at length,
 Shall wholly pass away, and thou regain
 The crystal brightness of thy mountain springs.

THE LIFE THAT IS

THOU, who so long hast pressed the couch of pain,
 Oh, welcome, welcome back to life's free breath—
 To life's free breath and day's sweet light again,
 From the chill shadows of the gate of death.

For thou hadst reached the twilight bound between
 The world of spirits and this grosser sphere ;
 Dimly by thee the things of earth were seen,
 And faintly fell earth's voices on thine ear.

And now, how gladly we behold, at last,
 The wonted smile returning to thy brow ; 10
 The very wind's low whisper, breathing past,
 In the light leaves, is music to thee now.

Thou wert not weary of thy lot ; the earth
 Was ever good and pleasant in thy sight ;
 Still clung thy loves about the household hearth,
 And sweet was every day's returning light.

Then welcome back to all thou wouldst not leave,
To this grand march of seasons, days and hours ;
The glory of the morn, the glow of eve,
The beauty of the streams, and stars, and flowers ;

To eyes on which thine own delight to rest ; 21
To voices which it is thy joy to hear ;
To the kind toils that ever pleased thee best,
The willing tasks of love, that made life dear.

Welcome to grasp of friendly hands ; to prayers
Offered where crowds in reverent worship come,
Or softly breathed amid the tender cares
And loving inmates of thy quiet home.

Thou bring'st no tidings of the better land,
Even from its verge ; the mysteries opened there
Are what the faithful heart may understand 31
In its still depths, yet words may not declare.

And well I deem, that, from the brighter side
Of life's dim border, some o'erflowing rays
Streamed from the inner glory, shall abide
Upon thy spirit through the coming days.

Twice wert thou given me ; once in thy fair prime,
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,
And all the blossoms of that hopeful time
Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps were set.

And now, in thy ripe autumn, once again 41
Given back to fervent prayers and yearnings strong,
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain,
When we had wa'ched, and feared, and trembled long.

Now may we keep thee from the balmy air
And radiant walks of heaven a little space,
Where He, who went before thee to prepare
For His meek followers, shall assign thy place.

CASTELLAMARE, *May* 1858.

SONG

'THESE PRAIRIES GLOW WITH FLOWERS'

THESE prairies glow with flowers,
 These groves are tall and fair,
 The sweet lay of the mocking bird
 Rings in the morning air ;
 And yet I pine to see
 My native hill once more,
 And hear the sparrow's friendly chirp
 Beside its cottage door.

And he, for whom I left
 My native hill and brook,
 Alas ! I sometimes think I trace
 A coldness in his look.
 If I have lost his love
 I know my heart will break ;
 And haply, they I left for him
 Will sorrow for my sake.

10

A SICK-BED

LONG hast thou watched my bed,
 And smoothed the pillow oft
 For this poor, aching head,
 With touches kind and soft.

Oh ! smooth it yet again,
 As softly as before ;
 Once—only once—and then
 I need thy hand no more.

Yet here I may not stay,
 Where I so long have lain,
 Through many a restless day,
 And many a night of pain.

10

But bear me gently forth
Beneath the open sky,
Where, on the pleasant earth,
Till night the sunbeams lie.

There, through the coming days,
I shall not look to thee.
My weary side to raise,
And shift it tenderly.

20

There sweetly shall I sleep ;
Nor wilt thou need to bring
And put to my hot lip
Cool water from the spring ;

Nor wet the kerchief laid
Upon my burning brow ;
Nor from my eyelids shade
The light that wounds them now ;

Nor watch that none shall tread,
With noisy footstep, nigh ;
Nor listen by my bed,
To hear my faintest sigh,

30

And feign a look of cheer,
And words of comfort speak,
Yet turn to hide the tear
That gathers on thy cheek.

Beside me, where I rest,
Thy loving hands will set
The flowers that please me best :
Moss-rose^and violet.

40

Then to the sleep I crave
Resign me, till I see
The face of Him who gave
His life for thee and me.

Yet, with the setting sun,
Come, now and then, at eve,
And think of me as one
For whom thou shouldst not grieve ;

Who, when the kind release
From sin and suffering came, 50
Passed to the appointed peace
In murmuring thy name.

Leave at my side a space,
Where thou shalt come, at last,
To find a resting place,
When many years are past.

THE SONG OF THE SOWER

I

THE maples redden in the sun ;
In autumn gold the beeches stand ;
Rest, faithful plough, thy work is done
Upon the teeming land.
Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
On every breath that sweeps the sky,
The fresh dark acres furrowed lie,
And ask the sower's hand.
Loose the tired steer and let him go
To pasture where the gentians blow, 10
And we, who till the grateful ground,
Fling we the golden shower around.

II

Fling wide the generous grain ; we fling
O'er the dark mould the green of spring.
For thick the emerald blades shall grow,
When first the March winds melt the snow,
And to the sleeping flowers, below,
The early bluebirds sing.

Fling wide the grain ; we give the fields
 The ears that nod in summer's gale, 20
 The shining stems that summer gilds,
 The harvest that o'erflows the vale,
 And swells, an amber sea, between
 The full-leaved woods, its shores of green.
 Hark ! from the murmuring clods I hear
 Glad voices of the coming year ;
 The song of him who binds the grain,
 The shout of those that load the wain,
 And from the distant grange there comes
 The clatter of the thresher's flail, 30
 And steadily the millstone hums
 Down in the willowy vale.

III

Fling wide the golden shower ; we trust
 The strength of armies to the dust,
 This peaceful lea may haply yield
 Its harvest for the tented field.
 Ha ! feel ye not your fingers thrill,
 As o'er them, in the yellow grains,
 Glide the warm drops of blood that fill
 For mortal strife, the warrior's veins ; 40
 Such as, on Solferino's day,
 Slaked the brown sand and flowed away ;—
 Flowed till the herds, on Mincio's brink,
 Snuffed the red stream and feared to drink ;—
 Blood that in deeper pools shall lie,
 On the sad earth, as time grows grey,
 When men by deadlier arts shall die,
 And deeper darkness blot the sky
 Above the thundering fray ;
 And realms, that hear the battle-cry, 50
 Shall sicken with dismay ;
 And chieftains to the war shall lead
 Whole nations, with the tempest's speed,
 To perish in a day ;—

Till man, by love and mercy taught,
Shall rue the wreck his fury wrought,
 And lay the sword away.
Oh, strew, with pausing, shuddering hand,
The seed upon the helpless land,
As if, at every step, ye cast
The pelting hail and riving blast. 60

IV

Nay, strew, with free and joyous sweep,
 The seed upon the expecting soil ;
For hence the plenteous year shall heap
 The garner's of the men who toil.
Strew the bright seed for those who tear
The matted sward with spade and share,
And those whose sounding axes gleam
Beside the lonely forest stream,
 Till its broad banks lie bare ; 70
And him who breaks the quarry-ledge,
 With hammer-blows, plied quick and strong,
And him who, with the steady sledge,
 Smites the shrill anvil all day long.
Sprinkle the furrow's even trace
 For those whose toiling hands uprear
The roof-trees of our swarming race,
 By grove and plain, by stream and mere ;
Who forth, from crowded city, lead
 The lengthening street, and overlay 80
Green orchard plot and grassy mead
 With pavement of the murmuring way.
Cast, with full hands, the harvest cast,
For the brave men that climb the mast,
When to the billow and the blast
 It swings and stoops, with fearful strain,
And bind the fluttering mainsail fast,
Till the tossed bark shall sit, again,
Safe as a seabird in the main.

V

Fling wide the grain for those who throw 90
The clanking shuttle to and fro,
In the long row of humming rooms,
And into ponderous masses wind
The web that, from a thousand looms,
Comes forth to clothe mankind.
Strew, with free sweep, the grain for them,
By whom the busy thread,
Along the garment's even hem
And winding seam is led ;
A pallid sisterhood, that keep 100
The lonely lamp alight,
In strife with weariness and sleep,
Beyond the middle night.
Large part be theirs in what the year
Shall ripen for the reaper here.

VI

Still strew, with joyous hand, the wheat
On the soft mould beneath our feet,
For even now I seem
To hear a sound that lightly rings
From murmuring harp and viol's strings, 110
As in a summer dream.
The welcome of the wedding guest,
The bridegroom's look of bashful pride,
The faint smile of the pallid bride,
And bridesmaid's blush at matron's jest,
And dance and song and generous dower
Are in the shining grains we shower.

VII

Scatter the wheat for shipwrecked men,
Who, hunger-worn, rejoice again
In the sweet safety of the shore, 120
And wanderers, lost in woodlands drear,
Whose pulses bound with joy to hear
The herd's light bell once more.

Freely the golden spray be shed
For him whose heart, when night comes down
On the close alleys of the town,
Is faint for lack of bread.
In chill roof chambers, bleak and bare,
Or the damp cellar's stifling air,
She who now sees, in mute despair, 130
Her children pine for food,
Shall feel the dews of gladness start
To lids long tearless, and shall part
The sweet loaf, with a grateful heart,
Among her thin, pale brood.
Dear, kindly Earth, whose breast we till !
Oh, for thy famished children, fill,
Where'er the sower walks,
Fill the rich ears that shade the mould
With grain for grain, a hundredfold, 140
To bend the sturdy stalks.

VIII

Strew silently the fruitful seed,
As softly o'er the tilth ye tread,
For hands that delicately knead
The consecrated bread.
The mystic loaf that crowns the board,
When, round the table of their Lord,
Within a thousand temples set,
In memory of the bitter death
Of Him who taught at Nazareth, 150
His followers are met,
And thoughtful eyes with tears are wet,
As of the Holy One they think,
The glory of whose rising, yet
Makes bright the grave's mysterious brink.

IX

Brethren, the sower's task is done.
The seed is in its winter bed.
Now let the dark brown mould be spread,
To hide it from the sun,

And leave it to the kindly care 160
Of the still earth and brooding air.
As when the mother, from her breast,
Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
And shades its eyes and waits to see
How sweet its waking smile will be.
The tempest now may smite, the sleet
All night on the drowned furrow beat,
And winds that, from the cloudy hold,
Of winter breathe the bitter cold,
Stiffen to stone the mellow mould, 170
 Yet safe shall lie the wheat ;
Till, out of heaven's unmeasured blue,
 Shall walk again the genial year,
To wake with warmth and nurse with dew,
 The germs we lay to slumber here.

X

Oh, blessed harvest yet to be !
 Abide thou with the love that keeps,
In its warm bosom, tenderly,
 The life which wakes and that which sleeps.
The love that leads the willing spheres 180
Along the unending track of years,
And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,
Shall brood above thy winter rest,
And raise thee from the dust, to hold
 Light whisperings with the winds of May,
And fill thy spikes with living gold,
 From summer's yellow ray,
Then, as thy garners give thee forth,
 On what glad errands shalt thou go,
Wherever, o'er the waiting earth, 190
 Roads wind and rivers flow.
The ancient East shall welcome thee
To mighty marts beyond the sea,
And they who dwell where palm groves sound
To summer winds the whole year round,
Shall watch, in gladness, from the shore,
The sails that bring thy glistening store.

THE NEW AND THE OLD

NEW are the leaves on the oaken spray,
 New the blades of the silky grass;
 Flowers, that were buds but yesterday,
 Peep from the ground where'er I pass.

These gay idlers, the butterflies,
 Broke, to-day, from their winter shroud,
 These soft airs, that winnow the skies,
 Blow, just born, from the soft, white cloud.

Gushing fresh in the little streams
 What a prattle the waters make ! 10
 Even the sun, with his tender beams,
 Seems as young as the flowers they wako.

Children are wading, with cheerful cries,
 In the shoals of the sparkling brook,
 Laughing maidens, with soft, young eyes,
 Walk or sit in the shady nook.

What am I doing, thus alone,
 In the glory of nature here,
 Silver-haired, like a snow-flake thrown
 On the greens of the springing year ? 20

Only for brows unploughed by care,
 Eyes that glisten with hope and mirth,
 Cheeks unwrinkled, and unblanched hair,
 Shines this holiday of the earth.

Under the grass, with the clammy clay,
 Lie in darkness the last year's flowers,
 Born of a light that has passed away,
 Dews long dried, and forgotten showers.

' Under the grass is the fitting home,'
 So they whisper, ' for such as thou, 30
 When the winter of life is come,
 Chilling the blood, and frosting the brow.'

THE CLOUD ON THE WAY

SEE before us, in our journey, broods a mist upon the
 ground ;
 Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with that
 gloomy bound.
 Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery they
 screen ;
 Those who once have passed within it never more on
 earth are seen.
 Now it seems to stoop beside us, now at seeming distance
 lowers,
 Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright with
 summer-green and flowers.
 Yet it blots the way for ever ; there our journey ends
 at last ;
 Into that dark cloud we enter, and are gathered to the
 past.
 Thou who, in this flinty pathway, leading through a
 stranger-land,
 Passest down the rocky valley, walking with me hand
 in hand,
 Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that dim 10
 Unknown ?
 Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty path
 alone ?
 Even now I see thee shudder, and thy cheek is white
 with fear,
 And thou clingest to my side as comes that darkness
 sweeping near.
 ‘ Here,’ thou say’st, ‘ the path is rugged, sown with
 thorns that wound the feet ;
 But the sheltered glens are lovely, and the rivulet’s song
 is sweet ;
 Roses breathe from tangled thickets ; lilies bend from
 ledges brown ;
 Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sunshine
 gushes down ;

Dear are those who walk beside us, they whose looks
and voices make
All this rugged region cheerful, till I love it for their
sake.
Far be yet the hour that takes me where that chilly²⁰
shadow lies,
From the things I know and love and from the sight of
loving eyes.'
So thou murmurest, fearful one: but see, we tread
a rougher way;
Fainter glow the gleams of sunshine that upon the dark
rocks play;
Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the crags o'er
which we pass;
Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss with tufts
of withered grass.
One by one we miss the voices which we loved so well
to hear;
One by one the kindly faces in that shadow disappear.
Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with closer
view;
See, beneath its sullen skirts, the rosy morning glimmers
through.
One whose feet the thorns have wounded passed that³⁰
barrier and came back,
With a glory on His footsteps lighting yet the dreary
track.
Boldly enter where He entered; all that seems but
darkness here.
When thou hast passed beyond it, haply shall be crystal-
clear.
Viewed from that serener realm, the walks of human
life may lie,
Like the page of some familiar volume, open to thine
eye;
Haply, from the o'erhanging shadow, thou may'st
stretch an unseen hand,
To support the wavering steps that print with blood
the rugged land.

Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim, all unweeting thou art
near,
Thou mayst whisper words of warning or of comfort
in his ear, 40
Till, beyond the border where that brooding mystery
bars the sight,
Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand with thee
in peace and light.

THE TIDES

THE moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

There comes no voice from the great woodlands round
That murmured all the day;
Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground
Is not more still than they.

But ever heaves and moans the restless Deep;
His rising tides I hear, 10
Afar I see the glimmering billows leap;
I see them breaking near.

Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair
Pure light that sits on high—
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks, to where
The mother waters lie.

Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show,
Again, its glimmering crest;
Again it feels the fatal weight below,
And sinks, but not to rest. 20

Again and yet again; until the Deep
Recalls his brood of waves;
And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep
Back to his inner caves.

Brief respite ! they shall rush from that recess
With noise and tumult soon,
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
Up toward the placid moon.

Oh, restless Sea, that, in thy prison here,
Dost struggle and complain ; 30
Through the slow centuries yearning to be near
To that fair orb in vain ;

The glorious source of light and heat must warm
Thy billows from on high,
And change them to the cloudy trains that form
The curtains of the sky.

Then only may they leave the waste of brine
In which they welter here,
And rise above the hills of earth, and shine
In a serener sphere. 40

ITALY

VOICES from the mountains speak ;
Apennines to Alps reply ;
Vale to vale and peak to peak
Toss an old remembered cry ;
Italy
Shall be free !
Such the mighty shout that fills
All the passes of her hills.

All the old Italian lakes
Quiver at that quickening word ; 10
Como with a thrill awakes ;
Garda to her depths is stirred ;
Mid the steep
Where he sleeps,
Dreaming of the elder years,
Startled Thrasymentus hears.

Sweeping Arno, swelling Po,
 Murmur freedom to their meads.
 Tiber swift and Liris slow
 Send strange whispers from their reeds. 20

Italy
 Shall be free,
 Sing the glittering brooks that slide,
 Toward the sea, from Etna's side.

Long ago was Gracchus slain ;
 Brutus perished long ago ;
 Yet the living roots remain
 Whence the shoots of greatness grow.

Yet again,
 God-like men, 30
 Sprung from that heroic stem,
 Call the land to rise with them.

They who haunt the swarming street,
 They who chase the mountain boar,
 Or, where cliff and billow meet,
 Prune the vine or pull the oar,
 With a stroke
 Break their yoke ;

Slaves but yester-eve were they—
 Freemen with the dawning day. 40

Looking in his children's eyes,
 While his own with gladness flash,
 'These,' the Umbrian father cries,
 'Ne'er shall crouch beneath the lash !
 These shall ne'er
 Brook to wear

Chains whose cruel links are twined
 Round the crushed and withering mind.'

Monarchs ! ye whose armies stand
 Harnessed for the battle-field ! 50
 Pause, and from the lifted hand
 Drop the bolts of war ye wield.

Stand aloof
 While the proof
 Of the people's might is given ;
 Leave their kings to them and heaven.

Stand aloof, and see the oppressed
 Chase the oppressor, pale with fear,
 As the fresh winds of the west
 Blow the misty valleys clear.

60

Stand and see
 Italy
 Cast the gyves she wears no more
 To the gulfs that steep her shore.

A DAY DREAM

A DAY DREAM by the dark blue deep ;
 Was it a dream, or something more ?
 I sat where Posilippo's steep,
 With its grey shelves, o'erhung the shore.

On ruined Roman walls around
 The poppy flaunted, for 'twas May ;
 And at my feet, with gentle sound,
 Broke the light billows of the bay.

I sat and watched the eternal flow
 Of those smooth billows toward the shore,
 While quivering lines of light below,
 Ran with them on the ocean floor.

11

Till, from the deep, there seemed to rise
 White arms upon the waves outspread,
 Young faces, lit with soft blue eyes,
 And smooth, round cheeks, just touched with red.

Their long, fair tresses, tinged with gold,
 Lay floating on the ocean streams,
 And such their brows as bards behold—
 Love-stricken bards, in morning dreams.

20

Then moved their coral lips ; a strain
Low, sweet and sorrowful I heard,
As if the murmurs of the main
Were shaped to syllable and word.

‘ The sight thou dimly dost behold,
Oh, stranger from a distant sky !
Was often, in the days of old,
Seen by the clear, believing eye.

‘ Then danced we on the wrinkled sand,
Sat in cool caverns by the sea,
Or wandered up the bloomy land,
To talk with shepherds on the lea.

30

‘ To us, in storms, the seaman prayed,
And where our rustic altars stood,
His little children came and laid
The fairest flowers of field and wood,

‘ Oh woe, a long unending woe !
For who shall knit the ties again
That linked the sea-nymphs, long ago,
In kindly fellowship with men ?

40

‘ Earth rears her flowers for us no more ;
A half-remembered dream are we.
Unseen we haunt the sunny shore,
And swim, unmarked, the glassy sea.

‘ And we have none to love or aid,
But wander, heedless of mankind,
With shadows by the cloud-rack made,
With moaning wave and sighing wind.

‘ Yet sometimes, as in elder days,
We come before the painter’s eye,
Or fix the sculptor’s eager gaze,
With no profaner witness nigh.

50

'And then the words of men grow warm
With praise and wonder, asking where
The artist saw the perfect form
He copied forth in lines so fair.'

As thus they spoke, with wavering sweep
Floated the graceful forms away ;
Dimmer and dimmer, through the deep,
I saw the white arms gleam and play. 60

Fainter and fainter, on mine ear,
Fell the soft accents of their speech,
Till I, at last, could only hear
The waves run murmuring up the beach.

THE RUINS OF ITALICA

FROM THE SPANISH OF RIOJA

I

FABIUS, this region, desolate and drear,
These solitary fields, this shapeless mound,
Were once Italica, the far-renowned ;
For Scipio, the mighty, planted here
His conquering colony, and now, o'erthrown,
Lie its once dreaded walls of massive stone.
Sad relics, sad and vain,
Of those invincible men
Who held the region then.
Funereal memories alone remain 10
Where forms of high example walked of yore.
Here lay the forum, there arose the fane,
The eye beholds their places and no more.
Their proud gymnasium and their sumptuous baths,
Resolved to dust and cinders, strew the paths.
Their towers, that looked defiance at the sky,
Fallen by their own vast weight, in fragments lie.

II

This broken circus, where the rock weeds climb,
Flaunting with yellow blossoms, and defy
The gods to whom its walls were piled so high, 20
Is now a tragic theatre, where Time
Acts his great fable, spreads a stage that shows
Past grandeur's story and its dreary close.

Why, round this desert pit,
Shout not the applauding rows
Where the great people sit ?
Wild beasts are here, but where the combatant,
With his bare arms, the strong athleta where ?
All have departed from this once gay haunt
Of noisy crowds, and silence holds the air. 30
Yet, on this spot, Time gives us to behold
A spectacle as stern as those of old.
As dreamily I gaze, there seem to rise,
From all the mighty ruin, wailing cries.

III

The terrible in war, the pride of Spain,
Trajan, his country's father, here was born ;
Good, fortunate, triumphant, to whose reign
Submitted the far regions, where the morn
Rose from her cradle, and the shore whose steep
O'erlooked the conquered Gaditanian deeps. 40
Of mighty Adrian here,
Of Theodosius, saint,
Of Silius, Virgil's peer,
Were rocked the cradles, rich with gold, and quaint
With ivory carvings ; here were laurel boughs
And sprays of jasmine gathered for their brows,
From gardens now a marshy, thorny waste.
Where rose the palace, reared for Caesar, yawn
Foul rifts to which the scudding lizards haste.
Palaces, gardens, Caesars, all are gone, 50
And even the stones their names were graven on.

IV

Fabius, if tears prevent thee not, survey
The long dismantled streets, so thronged of old,
The broken marbles, arches in decay,
Proud statues, toppled from their place and rolled
In dust, when Nemesis, the avenger, came,
And buried, in forgetfulness profound,
The owners and their fame.
Thus Troy, I deem must be,
With many a mouldering mound ; 60
And thou, whose name alone remains to thee,
Rome, of old gods and kings the native ground ;
And thou, sage Athens, built by Pallas, whom
Just laws redeemed not from the appointed doom.
The envy of earth's cities once wert thou,—
A weary solitude and ashes now.
For fate and death respect ye not : they strike
The mighty city and the wise alike.

V

But why goes forth the wandering thought to frame
New themes of sorrow, sought in distant lands ?
Enough the example that before me stands ; 71
For here are smoke wreaths seen, and glimmering flame,
And hoarse lamentings on the breezes die ;
So doth the mighty ruin cast its spell
On those who near it dwell.
And under night's still sky,
As awe-struck peasants tell,
A melancholy voice is heard to cry,
' Italica is fallen ; ' the echoes then
Mournfully shout ' Italica ' again , 80
The leafy alleys of the forest nigh
Murmur ' Italica ' , and all around,
A troop of mighty shadows, at the sound
Of that illustrious name, repeat the call,
' Italica ! ' from ruined tower and wall.

WAITING BY THE GATE

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
 Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
 While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood
 and lea,

I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
 A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night ;
 I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow descant more,
 And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day
 is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
 There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed
 brow ;

His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought ;
 He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
 Of human strength and action, man's courage and his
 power.

I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the golden
 day,

And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
 A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes ;
 A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
 Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and
 fair.

Oh, glory of our race that so suddenly decays !

Oh, crimson flush of morning that darkens as we
 gaze !

Oh, breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
 Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not
 where !

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then
withdrawn ;

But still the sun shines round me : the evening bird
sings on,

And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened ; an infant group
go out,

The sweet smile quenched for ever, and stilled the
sprightly shout. 30

Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the greensward
strows

Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that
blows !

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of
pride.

Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars
grey,

And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are
blank with fear,

And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing
near, 38

As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror ; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart ;
And, in the sunshine streaming on a quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

NOT YET

Oh, country, marvel of the earth !

Oh, realm to sudden greatness grown !

The age that gloried in thy birth,

Shall it behold thee overthrown ?

Shall traitors lay that greatness low ?

No, land of Hope and Blessing, No !

And we, who wear thy glorious name,

Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,

When those whom thou hast trusted aim

The death blow at thy generous heart ?

10

Forth goes the battle cry, and lo !

Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No !

And they who founded, in our land,

The power that rules from sea to sea,

Bled they in vain, or vainly planned

To leave their country great and free ?

Their sleeping ashes, from below,

Send up the thrilling murmur, No !

Knit they the gentle ties which long

These sister States were proud to wear,

20

And forged the kindly links so strong

For idle hands in sport to tear ?

For scornful hands aside to throw ?

No, by our fathers' memory, No !

Our humming marts, our iron ways,

Our wind-tossed woods on mountain-crest,

The hoarse Atlantic, with its bays,

The calm, broad Ocean of the West,

And Mississippi's torrent-flow,

And loud Niagara, answer, No !

30

Not yet the hour is nigh when they
 Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
 Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,
 'Proud country, welcome to the pit!
 So soon art thou, like us, brought low!
 No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For now, behold, the arm that gave
 The victory in our fathers' day,
 Strong, as of old, to guard and save—
 That mighty arm which none can stay— 40
 On clouds above and fields below,
 Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

July 1861.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

LAY down the axe; fling by the spade;
 Leave in its track the toiling plough;
 The rifle and the bayonet blade
 For arms like yours were fitter now;
 And let the hands that ply the pen
 Quit the light task, and learn to wield
 The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
 The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
 To where the blood-stream blots the green. 10
 Strike to defend the gentlest sway
 That Time in all his course has seen.
 See, from a thousand coverts—see,
 Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
 They rush to smite her down, and we
 Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
 And moved as soon to fear and flight,
 Men of the glade and forest! leave
 Your woodcraft for the field of fight. 20

The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe ;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye, who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own grey cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence ;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

30

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land,
As mighty in your march as they ;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upturn.

40

And ye, who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck, against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell ;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike, for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

50

THE CONSTELLATIONS

OH, Constellations of the early night
 That sparkled brighter as the twilight died,
 And made the darkness glorious! I have seen
 Your rays grow dim upon the horizon's edge,
 And sink behind the mountains. I have seen
 The great Orion, with his jewelled belt,
 That large-limbed warrior of the skies, go down
 Into the gloom. Beside him sank a crowd
 Of shining ones. I look in vain to find
 The group of sister-stars, which mothers love 10
 To show their wondering babes, the gentle Seven.
 Along the desert space mine eyes in vain
 Seek the resplendent cressets which the Twins
 Uplifted in their ever-youthful hands.
 The streaming tresses of the Egyptian Queen
 Spangle the heavens no more. The Virgin trails
 No more her glittering garments through the blue.
 Gone! all are gone! and the forsaken Night,
 With all her winds, in all her dreary wastes,
 Sighs that they shine upon her face no more. 20

Now only here and there a little star
 Looks forth alone. Ah me! I know them not,
 Those dim successors of the numberless host
 That filled the heavenly fields, and flung to earth
 Their quivering fires. And now the middle watch
 Betwixt the eve and morn is past, and still
 The darkness gains upon the sky, and still
 It closes round my way. Shall, then, the night
 Grow starless in her later hours? Have these
 No train of flaming watchers, that shall mark 30
 Their coming and farewell? Oh, Sons of Light!
 Have ye then left me ere the dawn of day
 To grope along my journey sad and faint?

Thus I complained, and from the darkness round
 A voice replied—was it indeed a voice,
 Or seeming accents of a waking dream

Heard by the inner ear ? But thus it said :
 Oh, Traveller of the Night ! thine eyes are dim
 With watching ; and the mists, that chill the vale
 Down which thy feet are passing, hide from view
 The ever-burning stars. It is thy sight 41
 That is so dark, and not the heavens. Thine eyes,
 Were they but clear, would see a fiery host
 Above thee ; Hercules, with flashing mace,
 The Lyre with silver chords, the Swan uppoised
 On gleaming wings, the Dolphin gliding on
 With glistening scales, and that poetic steed,
 With beamy mane, whose hoof struck out from earth
 The fount of Hippocrene, and many more,
 Fair clustered splendours, with whose rays the Night
 Shall close her march in glory, ere she yield, 51
 To the young Day, the great earth steeped in dew.

So spake the monitor, and I perceived
 How vain were my repinings, and my thought
 Went backward to the vanished years and all
 The good and great who came and passed with them,
 And knew that ever would the years to come
 Bring with them, in their course, the good and great,
 Lights of the world, though, to my clouded sight,
 Their rays might seem but dim, or reach me not. 60

THE THIRD OF NOVEMBER 1861

SOFTLY breathes the west wind beside the ruddy forest,
 Taking leaf by leaf from the branches where he flies.
 Sweetly streams the sunshine, this third day of Novem-
 ber,

Through the golden haze of the quiet autumn skies.

Tenderly the season[•] has spared the grassy meadows,
 Spared the petted flowers that the Old World gave the
 New,

Spared the autumn rose and the garden's group of
 pansies,

Late-blown dandelions and periwinkles blue.

On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes ungathered ;
 Children fill the groves with the echoes of their glee,
 Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when beside
 them 11

Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black-walnut tree.

Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and crimson,
 Yet our full-leaved willows are in their freshest green.
 Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
 With the growths of summer, I never yet have seen.

Like this kindly season may life's decline come o'er me ;
 Past is manhood's summer, the frosty months are here ;
 Yet be genial airs and a pleasant sunshine left me, 19
 Leaf, and fruit, and blossom, to mark the closing year.

Dreary is the time when the flowers of earth are withered ;
 Dreary is the time when the woodland leaves are cast,
 When, upon the hillside, all hardened into iron,
 Howling, like a wolf, flies the famished northern blast.

Dreary are the years when the eye can look no longer
 With delight on nature, or hope on human kind ;
 Oh, may those that whiten my temples, as they pass me,
 Leave the heart unfrozen, and spare the cheerful mind.

THE MOTHER'S HYMN

LORD, who ordainest for mankind
 Benignant toils and tender cares !
 We thank thee for the ties that bind
 The mother to the child she bears.

We thank thee for the hopes that rise
 Within her heart, as, day by day,
 The dawning soul, from those young eyes,
 Looks, with a clearer, steadier ray.

And grateful for the blessing given
 With that dear infant on her knee, 10
 She trains the eye to look to heaven,
 The voice to lisp a prayer to thee.

Such thanks the blessed Mary gave,
 When, from her lap, the Holy Child
 Sent from on high to seek and save
 The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.

All-Gracious ! grant, to those who bear
 A mother's charge, the strength and light
 To lead the steps that own their care
 In ways of Love, and Truth, and Right. 20

SELLA

HEAR now a legend of the days of old—
 The days when there were goodly marvels yet,
 When man to man gave willing faith, and loved
 A tale the better that 'twas wild and strange.

Beside a pleasant dwelling ran a brook
 Scudding along a narrow channel, paved
 With green and yellow pebbles ; yet full clear
 Its waters were, and colourless and cool,
 As fresh from granite rocks. A maiden oft
 Stood at the open window, leaning out, 10
 And listening to the sound the water made,
 A sweet, eternal murmur, still the same,
 And not the same ; and oft, as spring came on,
 She gathered violets from its fresh moist bank,
 To place within her bower, and when the herbs
 Of summer drooped beneath the midday sun,
 She sat within the shade of a great rock,
 Dreamily listening to the streamlet's song.

Ripe were the maiden's years ; her stature showed
 Womanly beauty, and her clear, calm eye 20
 Was bright with venturous spirit, yet her face

Was passionless, like those by sculptor graved
 For niches in a temple. Lovers oft
 Had wooed her, but she only laughed at love,
 And wondered at the silly things they said.
 'Twas her delight to wander where wild vines
 O'erhang the river's brim, to climb the path
 Of woodland streamlet to its mountain springs,
 To sit by gleaming wells and mark below
 The image of the rushes on its edge, 30
 And, deep beyond, the trailing clouds that slid
 Across the fair blue space. No little fount
 Stole forth from hanging rock, or in the side
 Of hollow dell, or under roots of oak ;
 No rill came trickling, with a stripe of green,
 Down the bare hill, that to this maiden's eyes
 Was not familiar. Often did the banks
 Of river or of sylvan lakelet hear
 The dip of oars with which the maiden rowed
 Her shallop, pushing ever from the prow 40
 A crowd of long, light ripples toward the shore.
 Two brothers had the maiden, and she thought,
 Within herself : ' I would I were like them ;
 For then I might go forth alone, to trace
 The mighty rivers downward to the sea,
 And upward to the brooks that, through the year,
 Prattle to the cool valleys. I would know
 What races drink their waters ; how their chiefs
 Bear rule, and how men worship there, and how
 They build, and to what quaint device they frame,
 Where sea and river meet, their stately ships ; 51
 What flowers are in their gardens, and what trees
 Bear fruit within their orchards ; in what garb
 Their bowmen meet on holidays, and how
 Their maidens bind the waist and braid the hair.
 Here, on these hills, my father's house o'erlooks
 Broad pastures grazed by flocks and herds, but there
 I hear they sprinkle the great plains with corn
 And watch its springing up, and when the green
 Is changed to gold, they cut the stems and bring 60

The harvest in, and give the nations bread.
And there they hew the quarry into shafts,
And pile up glorious temples from the rock,
And chisel the rude stones to shapes of men.
All this I pine to see, and would have seen,
But that I am a woman, long ago.'

Thus in her wanderings did the maiden dream,
Until, at length, one morn in early spring,
When all the glistening fields lay white with frost,
She came half breathless where her mother sat: 70
'See, mother dear,' she said, 'what I have found,
Upon our rivulet's bank; two slippers, white
As the mid-winter snow, and spangled o'er
With twinkling points, like stars, and on the edge
My name is wrought in silver; read, I pray,
Sella, the name thy mother, now in heaven,
Gave at my birth; and sure, they fit my feet!'
'A dainty pair,' the prudent matron said,
'But thine they are not. We must lay them by
For those whose careless hands have left them here; 80
Or haply they were placed beside the brook
To be a snare. I cannot see thy name
Upon the border—only characters
Of mystic look and dim are there, like signs
Of some strange art; nay, daughter, wear them not.'

Then Sella hung the slippers in the porch
Of that broad rustic lodge, and all who passed
Admired their fair contexture, but none knew
Who left them by the brook. And now, at length,
May, with her flowers and singing birds, had gone,
And on bright streams and into deep wells shone
The high, mid-summer sun. One day, at noon, 92
Sella was missed from the accustomed meal.
They sought her in her favourite haunts, they looked
By the great rock, and far along the stream,
And shouted in the sounding woods her name.
Night came, and forth the sorrowing household went
With torches over the wide pasture grounds
To pool and thicket, marsh and briery dell,

And solitary valley far away. 100
The morning came, and Sella was not found.
The sun climbed high ; they sought her still ; the noon,
The hot and silent noon, heard Sella's name,
Uttered with a despairing cry, to wastes
O'er which the eagle hovered. As the sun
Stooped toward the amber west to bring the close
Of that sad second day, and, with red eyes,
The mother sat within her home alone,
Sella was at her side. A shriek of joy 109
Broke the sad silence ; glad, warm tears were shed,
And words of gladness uttered. ' Oh, forgive,'
The maiden said, ' that I could e'er forget
Thy wishes for a moment. I just tried
The slippers on, amazed to see them shaped
So fairly to my feet, when, all at once,
I felt my steps upborne and hurried on
Almost as if with wings. A strange delight,
Blent with a thrill of fear, o'ermastered me,
And, ere I knew, my plashing steps were set
Within the rivulet's pebbly bed, and I 120
Was rushing down the current. By my side
Tripped one as beautiful as ever looked
From white clouds in a dream ; and, as we ran,
She talked with musical voice and sweetly laughed ;
Gaily we leaped the crag and swam the pool,
And swept with dimpling eddies round the rock,
And glided between shady meadow banks.
The streamlet, broadening as we went, became
A swelling river, and we shot along
By stately towns, and under leaning masts 130
Of gallant barks, nor lingered by the shore
Of blooming gardens ; onward, onward still,
The same strong impulse bore me till, at last,
We entered the great deep, and passed below
His billows, into boundless spaces, lit
With a green sunshine. Here were mighty groves
Far down the ocean valleys, and between
Lay what might seem fair meadows, softly tinged

With orange and with crimson. Here arose
Tall stems, that, rooted in the depths below, 140
Swung idly with the motions of the sea ;
And here were shrubberies in whose mazy screen
The creatures of the deep made haunt. My friend
Named the strange growths, the pretty coralline,
The dulse with crimson leaves, and streaming far,
Sea-thong and sea-lace. Here the tangle spread
Its broad, thick fronds, with pleasant bowers beneath,
And oft we trod a waste of pearly sands,
Spotted with rosy shells, and thence looked in
At caverns of the sea whose rock-roofed halls 150
Lay in blue twilight. As we moved along,
The dwellers of the deep, in mighty herds,
Passed by us, reverently they passed us by,
Long trains of dolphins rolling through the brine,
Huge whales, that drew the waters after them,
A torrent stream, and hideous hammer-sharks,
Chasing their prey ; I shuddered as they came ;
Gently they turned aside and gave us room.'

Hereat broke in the mother, 'Sella, dear,
This is a dream, the idlest, vainest dream.' 160

'Nay, mother, nay ; behold this sea-green scarf,
Woven of such threads as never human hand
Twined from the distaff. She who led my way
Through the great waters, bade me wear it home,
A token that my tale is true. "And keep,"
She said, "the slippers thou hast found, for thou,
When shod with them, shalt be like one of us,
With power to walk at will the ocean floor,
Among its monstrous creatures unafraid,
And feel no longing for the air of heaven 170
To fill thy lungs, and send the warm, red blood
Along thy veins. But thou shalt pass the hours
In dances with the sea-nymphs, or go forth,
To look into the mysteries of the abyss
Where never plummet reached. And thou shalt sleep
Thy weariness away on downy banks
Of sea-moss, where the pulses of the tide

Shall gently lift thy hair, or thou shalt float
On the soft currents that go forth and wind
From isle to isle, and wander through the sea." 180

'So spake my fellow-voyager, her words
Sounding like wavelets on a summer shore,
And then we stopped beside a hanging rock
With a smooth beach of white sands at its foot,
Where three fair creatures like herself were set
At their sea-banquet, crisp and juicy stalks,
Culled from the ocean's meadows, and the sweet
Midrib of pleasant leaves, and golden fruits,
Dropped from the trees that edge the southern isles,
And gathered on the waves. Kindly they prayed
That I would share their meal, and I partook 191
With eager appetite, for long had been
My journey, and I left the spot refreshed.

'And then we wandered off amid the groves
Of coral loftier than the growths of earth;
The mightiest cedar lifts no trunk like theirs,
So huge, so high, toward heaven, nor overhangs
Alleys and bowers so dim. We moved between
Pinnacles of black rock, which, from beneath,
Molten by inner fires, so said my guide, 200
Gushed long ago into the hissing brine,
That quenched and hardened them, and now they stand
Motionless in the currents of the sea
That part and flow around them. As we went,
We looked into the hollows of the abyss,
To which the never-resting waters sweep
The skeletons of sharks, the long white spines
Of narwhale and of dolphin, bones of men
Shipwrecked, and mighty ribs of foundered barks.
Down the blue pits we looked, and hastened on. 210

'But beautiful the fountains of the sea
Sprang upward from its bed; the silvery jets
Shot branching far into the azure brine,
And where they mingled with it, the great deep
Quivered and shook, as shakes the glimmering air
Above a furnace. So we wandered through

The mighty world of waters, till, at length
I wearied of its wonders, and my heart
Began to yearn for my dear mountain home.
I prayed my gentle guide to lead me back 220
To the upper air. "A glorious realm," I said,
"Is this thou openest to me ; but I stray
Bewildered in its vastness ; these strange sights
And this strange light oppress me. I must see
The faces that I love, or I shall die."

'She took my hand, and, darting through the waves,
Brought me to where the stream, by which we came,
Rushed into the main ocean. Then began
A slower journey upward. Wearily 229

We breasted the strong current, climbing through
The rapids tossing high their foam. The night
Came down, and, in the clear depth of a pool,
Edged with o'erhanging rock, we took our rest
Till morning ; and I slept, and dreamed of home
And thee. A pleasant sight the morning showed ;
The green fields of this upper world, the herds
That grazed the bank, the light on the red clouds,
The trees, with all their host of trembling leaves,
Lifting and lowering to the restless wind

Their branches. As I woke I saw them all 240

From the clear stream ; yet strangely was my heart
Parted between the watery world and this,

And as we journeyed upward, oft I thought
Of marvels I had seen, and stopped and turned,
And lingered, till I thought of thee again ;
And then again I turned and clambered up

The rivulet's murmuring path, until we came
Beside this cottage door. There tenderly

My fair conductor kissed me, and I saw
Her face no more. I took the slippers off. 250

Oh ! with what deep delight my lungs drew in
The air of heaven again, and with what joy
I felt my blood bound with its former glow ;
And now I never leave thy side again.'

So spoke the maiden Sella, with large tears

Standing in her mild eyes, and in the porch
Replaced the slippers. Autumn came and went ;
The winter passed ; another summer warmed
The quiet pools ; another autumn tinged
The grape with red, yet while it hung unplucked, 260
The mother ere her time was carried forth
To sleep among the solitary hills.

A long still sadness settled on that home
 Among the mountains. The stern father there
 Wept with his children, and grew soft of heart,
 And Sella, and the brothers twain, and one
 Younger than they, a sister fair and shy,
 Strewed the new grave with flowers, and round it set
 Shrubs that all winter held their lively green.
 Time passed ; the grief with which their hearts were
 wrung

Waned to a gentle sorrow. Sella, now,
Was often absent from the patriarch's board ;
The slippers hung no longer in the porch ;
And sometimes after summer nights her couch
Was found unpressed at dawn, and well they knew
That she was wandering with the race who make
Their dwelling in the waters. Oft her looks
Fixed on blank space, and oft the ill-suited word
Told that her thoughts were far away. In vain
Her brothers reasoned with her tenderly. 280
' Oh, leave not thus thy kindred ; ' so they prayed ;
' Dear Sella, now that she who gave us birth
Is in her grave,—oh, go not hence, to seek
Companions in that strange cold realm below,
For which God made not us nor thee, but stay
To be the grace and glory of our home.'
She looked at them with those mild eyes and wept,
But said no word in answer, nor refrained
From those mysterious wanderings that filled
Their loving hearts with a perpetual pain. 290

And now the younger sister, fair and shy,
Had grown to early womanhood, and one
Who loved her well had wooed her for his bride.

And she had named the wedding day. The herd
Had given its fatlings for the marriage feast ;
The roadside garden and the secret glen
Were rifled of their sweetest flowers to twine
The door-posts, and to lie among the locks
Of maids, the wedding guests, and from the boughs
Of mountain orchards had the fairest fruit 300
Been plucked to glisten in the canisters.

Then, trooping over hill and valley, came
Matron and maid, grave men and smiling youths,
Like swallows gathering for their autumn flight.
In costumes of that simpler age they came,
That gave the limbs large play, and wrapt the form
In easy folds, yet bright with glowing hues
As suited holidays. All hastened on
To that glad bridal. There already stood
The priest prepared to say the spousal rite, 310
And there the harpers in due order sat,
And there the singers. Sella, midst them all,
Moved strangely and serenely beautiful,
With clear blue eyes, fair locks, and brow and cheek
Colourless as the lily of the lakes,
Yet moulded to such shape as artists give
To beings of immortal youth. Her hands
Had decked her sister for the bridal hour
With chosen flowers, and lawn whose delicate threads
Vied with the spider's spinning. There she stood
With such a gentle pleasure in her looks 321
As might besem a river-nymph's soft eyes
Gracing a bridal of the race whose flocks
Were pastured on the borders of her stream.

She smiled, but from that calm sweet face the smile
Was soon to pass away. That very morn
The elder of the brothers, as he stood
Upon the hillside, had beheld the maid,
Emerging from the channel of the brook,
With three fresh water lilies in her hand, 330
Wring dry her dripping locks, and in a cleft
Of hanging rock, beside a screen of boughs,

Bestow the spangled slippers. None before
Had known where Sella hid them. Then she laid
The light brown tresses smooth, and in them twined
The lily buds, and hastily drew forth
And threw across her shoulders a light robe
Wrought for the bridal, and with bounding steps
Ran toward the lodge. The youth beheld and marked
The spot and slowly followed from afar. 340

Now had the marriage rite been said ; the bride
Stood in the blush that from her burning cheek
Glowed down the alabaster neck, as morn
Crimsons the pearly heaven half-way to the west.
At once the harpers struck their chords ; a gush
Of music broke upon the air ; the youths
All started to the dance. Among them moved
The queenly Sella with a grace that seemed
Caught from the swaying of the summer sea.
The young drew forth the elders to the dance, 350
Who joined it half abashed, but when they felt
The joyous music tingling in their veins,
They called for quaint old measures, which they trod
As gaily as in youth, and far abroad
Came through the open windows cheerful shouts
And bursts of laughter. They who heard the sound
Upon the mountain footpaths paused and said,
' A merry wedding.' Lovers stole away
That sunny afternoon to bowers that edged
The garden walks, and what was whispered there
The lovers of these later times can guess. 361

Meanwhile the brothers, when the merry din
Was loudest, stole to where the slippers lay,
And took them thence, and followed down the brook
To where a little rapid rushed between
Its borders of smooth rock, and dropped them in.
The rivulet, as they touched its face, flung up
Its small bright waves like hands, and seemed to take
The prize with eagerness and draw it down. 369
They, gleaming through the waters as they went,
And striking with light sound the shining stones,

Slid down the stream. The brothers looked and watched
And listened with full beating hearts till now
The sight and sound had passed, and silently
And half repentant hastened to the lodge.

The sun was near his set ; the music rang
Within the dwelling still, but the mirth waned ;
For groups of guests were sauntering toward their homes
Across the fields, and far on hillside paths
Gleamed the white robes of maidens. Sella grew 380
Weary of the long merriment ; she thought
Of her still haunts beneath the soundless sea,
And all unseen withdrew and sought the cleft
Where she had laid the slippers. They were gone.
She searched the brookside near, yet found them not.
Then her heart sank within her, and she ran
Wildly from place to place, and once again
She searched the secret cleft, and next she stooped
And with spread palms felt carefully beneath
The tufted herbs and bushes, and again, 390
And yet again she searched the rocky cleft.

'Who could have taken them ?' That question cleared
The mystery. She remembered suddenly
That when the dance was in its gayest whirl,
Her brothers were not seen, and when, at length,
They reappeared, the elder joined the sports
With shouts of boisterous mirth, and from her eye
The younger shrank in silence. 'Now, I know
The guilty ones,' she said, and left the spot,
And stood before the youths with such a look 400
Of anguish and reproach that well they knew
Her thought, and almost wished the deed undone.

Frankly they owned the charge : 'And pardon us ;
We did it all in love ; we could not bear
That the cold world of waters and the strange
Beings that dwell within it should beguile
Our sister from us.' Then they told her all ;
How they had seen her stealthily bestow
The slippers in the cleft, and how by stealth 409
They took them thence and bore them down the brook,

And dropped them in, and how the eager waves
Gathered and drew them down: but at that word
The maiden shrieked—a broken-hearted shriek—
And all who heard it shuddered and turned pale
At the despairing cry, and ‘They are gone,’
She said, ‘gone—gone for ever. Cruel ones!
’Tis you who shut me out eternally
From that serener world which I had learned
To love so well. Why took ye not my life? 419
Ye cannot know what ye have done.’ She spake
And hurried to her chamber, and the guests
Who yet had lingered silently withdrew.

The brothers followed to the maiden’s bower,
But with a calm demeanour, as they came,
She met them at the door. ‘The wrong is great,’
She said, ‘that ye have done me, but no power
Have ye to make it less, nor yet to soothe
My sorrow; I shall bear it as I may,
The better for the hours that I have passed
In the calm region of the middle sea. 430
Go, then. I need you not.’ They, overawed,
Withdrew from that grave presence. Then her tears
Broke forth a flood, as when the August cloud,
Darkening beside the mountain, suddenly
Melts into streams of rain. That weary night
She paced her chamber, murmuring as she walked,
‘O peaceful region of the middle sea!
O azure bowers and grots, in which I loved
To roam and rest! Am I to long for you,
And think how strangely beautiful ye are, 440
Yet never see you more? And dearer yet,
Ye gentle ones in whose sweet company
I trod the shelly pavements of the deep,
And swam its currents, creatures with calm eyes
Looking the tenderest love, and voices soft
As ripple of light waves along the shore,
Uttering the tenderest words! Oh! ne’er again
Shall I, in your mild aspects, read the peace
That dwells within, and vainly shall I pine

To hear your sweet low voices. Haply now 450
Ye miss me in your deep-sea home, and think
Of me with pity, as of one condemned
To haunt this upper world, with its harsh sounds
And glaring lights, its withering heats, its frosts,
Cruel and killing, its delirious strifes,
And all its feverish passions, till I die.'

So mourned she the long night, and when the morn
Brightened the mountains, from her lattice looked
The maiden on a world that was to her
A desolate and dreary waste. That day 460
She passed in wandering by the brook that oft
Had been her pathway to the sea, and still
Seemed, with its cheerful murmur, to invite
Her footsteps thither. 'Well mayst thou rejoice,
Fortunate stream!' she said, 'and dance along
Thy bed, and make thy course one ceaseless strain
Of music, for thou journeyest toward the deep,
To which I shall return no more.' The night
Brought her to her lone chamber, and she knelt
And prayed, with many tears, to Him whose hand
Touches the wounded heart and it is healed. 471
With prayer there came new thoughts and new desires.
She asked for patience and a deeper love
For those with whom her lot was henceforth cast,
And that in acts of mercy she might lose
The sense of her own sorrow. When she rose
A weight was lifted from her heart. She sought
Her couch, and slept a long and peaceful sleep.
At morn she woke to a new life. Her days
Henceforth were given to quiet tasks of good 480
In the great world. Men hearkened to her words,
And wondered at their wisdom and obeyed,
And saw how beautiful the law of love
Can make the cares and toils of daily life.

Still did she love to haunt the springs and brooks,
As in her cheerful childhood, and she taught
The skill to pierce the soil and meet the veins
Of clear cold water winding underneath,

And call them forth to daylight. From afar
She bade men bring the rivers on long rows 490
Of pillared arches to the sultry town,
And on the hot air of the summer fling
The spray of dashing fountains. To relieve
Their weary hands, she showed them how to tame
The rushing stream, and make him drive the wheel
That whirls the humming millstone and that wields
The ponderous sledge. The waters of the cloud,
That drench the hillside in the time of rains,
Were gathered at her bidding into pools,
And in the months of drought led forth again, 500
In glimmering rivulets, to refresh the vales,
Till the sky darkened with returning showers.

So passed her life, a long and blameless life,
And far and near her name was named with love
And reverence. Still she kept, as age came on,
Her stately presence; still her eyes looked forth
From under their calm brows as brightly clear
As the transparent wells by which she sat
So oft in childhood. Still she kept her fair
Unwrinkled features, though her locks were white.
A hundred times had summer since her birth 511
Opened the water lily on the lakes,
So old traditions tell, before she died.
A hundred cities mourned her, and her death
Saddened the pastoral valleys. By the brook,
That bickering ran beside the cottage door
Where she was born, they reared her monument.
Ere long the current parted and flowed round
The marble base, forming a little isle,
And there the flowers that love the running stream,
Iris and orchis, and the cardinal flower, 521
Crowded and hung caressingly around
The stone engraved with Sella's honoured name.

THE
FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY

TRANSLATED

AURORA, rising from her couch beside
The famed Tithonus, brought the light of day
To men and to immortals. Then the gods
Came to their seats in council. With them came
High thundering Jupiter, amongst them all
The mightiest. Pallas, mindful of the past,
Spoke of Ulysses and his many woes,
Grieved that he still was with the island nymph.

‘Oh, father Jove, and all ye blessed ones
Who live for ever! let not sceptred king 10
Henceforth, be gracious, mild, and merciful,
And righteous; rather be he deaf to prayer,
And prone to deeds of wrong, since no one now
Remembers the divine Ulysses more
Among the people over whom he ruled,
Benignly, like a father. Still he lies,
Weighed down by many sorrows, in the isle
And dwelling of Calypso, who so long
Constrains his stay. To his dear native land
Depart he cannot; ship, arrayed with oars, 20
And seamen has he none, to bear him o’er
The breast of the broad ocean. Nay, even now,
Against his well-beloved son a plot
Is laid, to slay him as he journeys home
From Pylos the divine, and from the walls
Of famous Sparta, whither he had gone
To gather tidings of his father’s fate.’

Then answered her the ruler of the storms:
‘My child, what words are these that pass thy lips?
Was not thy long-determined counsel this, 30
That, in good time, Ulysses should return,
To be avenged? Guide, then, Telemachus,
Wisely, for so thou canst, that, all unharmed,
He reach his native land, and, in their barks,

Homeward the suitor-train retrace their way.'

He spake, and turned to Hermes, his dear son :
 'Hermes, for thou, in this, my messenger
 Art, as in all things, to the bright-haired nymph
 Make known my steadfast purpose, the return
 Of suffering Ulysses. Neither gods 40
 Nor men shall guide his voyage. On a raft,
 Made firm with bands, he shall depart and reach,
 After long hardships, on the twentieth day,
 The fertile shore of Scheria, on whose isle
 Dwell the Pheacians, kinsmen of the gods.
 They like a god shall honour him, and thence
 Send him to his loved country in a ship,
 With ample gifts of brass and gold, and store
 Of raiment—wealth like which he ne'er had brought
 From conquered Ilion, had he reached his home 50
 Safely, with all his portion of the spoil.
 So is it preordained, that he behold
 His friends again, and stand once more within
 His high-roofed palace, on his native soil.'

He spake ; the herald Argicide obeyed,
 And hastily beneath his feet he bound
 The fair, ambrosial, golden sandals, worn
 To bear him over ocean like the wind,
 And o'er the boundless land. His wand he took,
 Wherewith he softly seals the eyes of men, 60
 And opens them at will from sleep. With this
 In hand, the mighty Argos-queller flew,
 And lighting on Pieria, from the sky
 Plunged downward to the deep, and skimmed its face
 Like hovering sea-mew, that on the broad gulfs
 Of the unfruitful ocean seeks her prey,
 And often dips her pinions in the brine,
 So Hermes flew along the waste of waves.

But when he reached that island, far away,
 Forth from the dark blue ocean-swell he stepped 70
 Upon the sea-beach, walking till he came
 To the vast cave in which the bright-haired nymph
 Made her abode. He found the nymph within.

A fire blazed brightly on the hearth, and far
 Was wafted o'er the isle the fragrant smoke
 Of cloven cedar, burning in the flame,
 And cypress wood. Meanwhile, in her recess,
 She sweetly sang, as busily she threw
 The golden shuttle through the web she wove.
 And all about the grotto alders grew, 80
 And poplars, and sweet-smelling cypresses,
 In a green forest, high among whose boughs
 Birds of broad wing, wood-owls and falcons, built
 Their nests, and crows, with voices sounding far,
 All haunting for their food the ocean side.
 A vine, with downy leaves and clustering grapes,
 Crept over all the cavern rock. Four springs
 Poured forth their glittering waters in a row,
 And here and there went wandering side by side.
 Around were meadows of soft green, o'ergrown 90
 With violets and parsley. 'Twas a spot
 Where even an Immortal might, awhile,
 Linger, and gaze with wonder and delight.
 The herald Argos-queller stood, and saw,
 And marvelled ; but as soon as he had viewed
 The wonders of the place, he turned his steps,
 Entering the broad-roofed cave. Calypso there,
 The glorious goddess, saw him as he came,
 And knew him, for the ever-living gods
 Are to each other known, though one may dwell
 Far from the rest. Ulysses, large of heart, 101
 Was not within. Apart, upon the shore,
 He sat and sorrowed, where he oft, in tears
 And sighs and vain repinings, passed the hours,
 Gazing with wet eyes on the barren deep.
 Now, placing Hermes on a shining seat
 Of state, Calypso, glorious goddess, said,
 'Thou of the golden wand, revered and loved,
 What, Hermes, brings thee hither ? Passing few
 Have been thy visits. Make thy pleasure known,
 My heart enjoins me to obey, if aught 111
 That thou commandest be within my power,

But first accept the offerings due a guest.'

The goddess, speaking thus, before him placed
A table where the heaped ambrosia lay,
And mingled the red nectar. Ate and drank
The herald Argos-queller, and, refreshed,
Answered the nymph, and made his message known :

'Art thou a goddess, and dost ask of me,
A god, why came I hither ? Yet, since thou 120
Requirest, I will truly tell the cause.

I came unwillingly at Jove's command,
For who, of choice, would traverse the wide waste
Of the salt ocean, with no city near,
Where men adore the gods with solemn rites
And chosen hecatombs. No god has power
To elude or to resist the purposes

Of aegis-bearing Jove. With thee abides,
He bids me say, the most unhappy man
Of all who round the city of Priam waged 130
The battle through nine years, and, in the tenth,
Laying it waste, departed for their homes.

But, in their voyage, they provoked the wrath
Of Pallas, who called up the furious winds
And angry waves against them. By his side
Sank all his gallant comrades in the deep.
Him did the winds and waves drive hither. Him
Jove bids thee send away with speed, for here
He must not perish, far from all he loves.

So is it preordained that he behold 140
His friends again, and stand once more within
His high-roofed palace, on his native soil.'

He spoke, Calypso, glorious goddess, heard,
And shuddered, and with winged words replied :

'Ye are unjust, ye gods, and, envious far
Beyond all other beings, cannot bear
That ever goddess openly should make
A mortal man her consort. Thus it was
When once Aurora, rosy-fingered, took
Orion for her husband ; ye were stung, 150
Amid your blissful lives, with envious hate,

Till chaste Diana, of the golden throne,
 Smote him with silent arrows from her bow,
 And slew him in Ortygia. Thus, again,
 When bright-haired Ceres, swayed by her own heart,
 In fields which bore three yearly harvests, met
 Iasion as a lover, this was known
 Ere long to Jupiter, who flung from high
 A flaming thunderbolt, and laid him dead.
 And now ye envy me, that with me dwells 160
 A mortal man. I saved him, as he clung,
 Alone, upon his floating keel, for Jove
 Had cloven, with a bolt of fire, from heaven,
 His galley in the midst of the black sea,
 And all his gallant comrades perished there.
 Him kindly I received ; I cherished him,
 And promised him a life that ne'er should know
 Decay or death. But, since no god has power
 To elude or to withstand the purposes
 Of aegis-bearing Jove, let him depart, 170
 If so the sovereign moves him and commands,
 Over the barren deep. I send him not ;
 For neither ship arrayed with oars have I,
 Nor seamen, o'er the boundless waste of waves
 To bear him hence. My counsel I will give,
 And nothing will I hide that he should know,
 To place him safely on his native shore.'
 The herald Argos-queller answered her :
 ' Dismiss him thus, and bear in mind the wrath
 Of Jove, lest it be kindled against thee.' 180
 Thus having said, the mighty Argicide
 Departed, and the nymph, who now had heard
 The doom of Jove, sought the great-hearted man,
 Ulysses. Him she found beside the deep,
 Seated alone, with eyes from which the tears
 Were never dried, for now no more the nymph
 Delighted him ; he wasted his sweet life
 In yearning for his home. Night after night
 He slept constrained within the hollow cave,
 The unwilling by the fond, and, day by day, 190

He sat upon the rocks that edged the shore,
 And in continual weeping and in sighs
 And vain repinings, wore the hours away,
 Gazing through tears upon the barren deep.
 The glorious goddess stood by him and spoke :

‘Unhappy ! sit no longer sorrowing here,
 Nor waste life thus. Lo ! I most willingly
 Dismiss thee hence. Rise, hew down trees, and bind
 Their trunks, with brazen clamps, into a raft,
 And fasten planks above, a lofty floor, 200
 That it may bear thee o’er the dark blue deep.
 Bread will I put on board, water, and wine,
 Red wine, that cheers the heart, and wrap thee well
 In garments, and send after thee the wind,
 That safely thou attain thy native shore ;
 If so the gods permit thee, who abide
 In the broad heaven above, and better know
 By far than I, and far more wisely judge.’

Ulysses, the great sufferer, as she spoke,
 Shuddered, and thus with wingèd words replied : 210

‘Some other purpose than to send me home
 Is in thy heart, O goddess, bidding me
 To cross this frightful sea upon a raft,
 The perilous sea, where never even ships
 Pass with their rapid keels, though Jove bestow
 The wind that glads the scaman. Nay, I climb
 No raft, against thy wish, unless thou swear
 The great oath of the gods, that thou, in this,
 Dost meditate no other harm to me.’

He spake ; Calypso, glorious goddess, smiled, 220
 And smoothed his forehead with her hand, and said :

‘Perverse ! and slow to see where guile is not !
 How could thy heart permit thee thus to speak ?
 Now bear me witness, Earth, and ye broad Heavens
 Above us, and ye waters of the Styx
 That flow beneath us, mightiest oath of all,
 And most revered by all the blessed gods,
 That I design no other harm to thee ;
 But that I plan for thee and counsel thee

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What I would do were I in need like thine. 230
 I bear a juster mind ; my bosom holds
 A pitying heart, and not a heart of steel.'

Thus having said, the glorious goddess moved
 Away with hasty steps, and where she trod
 He followed, till they reached the vaulted cave,
 The goddess and the hero. There he took
 The seat whence Hermes had just risen. The nymph
 Brought forth whatever mortals eat and drink
 To set before him. She, right opposite
 To that of great Ulysses, took her seat. 240
 Ambrosia there her maidens laid, and there
 Poured nectar. Both put forth their hands, and took
 The ready viands, till at length the calls
 Of hunger and of thirst were satisfied ;
 Calypso, glorious goddess, then began :

'Son of Laertes, man of many wiles,
 High-born Ulysses ! Thus wilt thou depart
 Home to thy native country ? Then farewell ;
 But, couldst thou know the sufferings Fate ordains
 For thee ere yet thou landest on its shore, 250
 Thou wouldst remain to keep this home with me,
 And be immortal, strong as is thy wish
 To see thy wife—a wish that, day by day,
 Possesses thee. I cannot deem myself
 In form or face less beautiful than she.
 For never with immortals can the race
 Of mortal dames in form or face compare.'

Ulysses, the sagacious, answered her,
 'Bear with me, gracious goddess ; well I know
 All thou couldst say. The sage Penelope 260
 In feature and in stature comes not nigh
 To thee ; for she is mortal, deathless thou
 And ever young ; yet, day by day, I long
 To be at home once more, and pine to see
 The hour of my return. Even though some god
 Smite me on the black ocean, I shall bear
 The stroke, for in my bosom dwells a mind
 Patient of suffering ; much have I endured,

And much survived, in tempests on the deep,
And in the battle ; let this happen too.' 270

He spoke ; the sun went down ; the night came on,
And now the twain withdrew to a recess
Deep in the vaulted cave, where, side by side,
They took their rest. But when the child of dawn,
Aurora, rosy-fingered, looked abroad,
Ulysses put his vest and mantle on ;
The nymph too, in a robe of silver white,
Ample, and delicate, and beautiful,
Arrayed herself, and round about her loins
Wound a fair golden girdle, drew a veil 280
Over her head, and planned to send away
Magnanimous Ulysses. She bestowed
A heavy axe, of steel, and double edged,
Well fitted to the hand, the handle wrought
Of olive wood, firm set, and beautiful.
A polished adze she gave him next, and led
The way to a far corner of the isle,
Where lofty trees, alders and poplars, stood,
And firs that reached the clouds, sapless and dry
Long since, and fitter thus to ride the waves. 290
Then, having shown where grew the tallest trees,
Calypso, glorious goddess, sought her home.

Trees then he felled, and soon the task was done.
Twenty in all he brought to earth, and squared
Their trunks with the sharp steel, and carefully
He smoothed their sides, and wrought them by a line.
Calypso, gracious goddess, having brought
Wimbles, he bored the beams, and, fitting them
Together, made them fast with nails and clamps.
As when some builder, skilful in his art, 300
Frames, for a ship of burden, the broad keel,
Such ample breadth Ulysses gave the raft.
Upon the massy beams he reared a deck,
And floored it with long planks from end to end.
On this a mast he raised, and to the mast
Fitted a yard ; he shaped a rudder neat,
To guide the raft along her course, and round

With woven work of willow boughs he fenced
 Her sides against the dashings of the sea.
 Calypso, gracious goddess, brought him store 310
 Of canvas, which he fitly shaped to sails,
 And, rigging her with cords, and ropes, and stays,
 Heaved her with levers into the great deep.

'Twas the fourth day ; his labours now were done,
 And, on the fifth, the goddess from her isle
 Dismissed him, newly from the bath, arrayed
 In garments given by her, that shed perfumes.

A skin of dark red wine she put on board,
 A larger one of water, and for food
 A basket, stored with viands such as please 320
 The appetite. A friendly wind and soft
 She sent before. The great Ulysses spread
 His canvas joyfully, to catch the breeze,
 And sat and guided with nice care the helm,
 Gazing with fixed eye on the Pleiades,
 Boötes setting late, and the Great Bear,
 By others called the Wain, which, wheeling round,
 Looks ever toward Orion, and alone
 Dips not into the waters of the deep.

For so Calypso, glorious goddess, bade 330
 That, on his ocean journey, he should keep
 That constellation ever on his left.

Now seventeen days were in the voyage past,
 And on the eighteenth shadowy heights appeared,
 The nearest point of the Pheacian land,
 Lying on the dark ocean like a shield.

But mighty Neptune, coming from among
 The Ethiopians, saw him. Far away
 He saw, from mountain heights of Solyma,
 The voyager, and burned with fiercer wrath, 340
 And shook his head, and said within himself :

'Strange ! now I see the gods have new designs
 For this Ulysses, formed while I was yet
 In Ethiopia. He draws near the land
 Of the Pheacians, where it is decreed
 He shall o'erpass the boundary of his woes ;

But first, I think, he will have much to bear.'

He spoke, and round about him called the clouds
And roused the ocean, wielding in his hand
The trident, summoned all the hurricanes 350
Of all the winds, and covered earth and sky
At once with mists, while from above, the night
Fell suddenly. The east wind and the south
Rushed forth at once, with the strong-blowing west,
And the clear north rolled up his mighty waves.
Ulysses trembled in his knees and heart,
And thus to his great soul, lamenting, said :

'What will become of me ? unhappy man !
I fear that all the goddess said was true,
Foretelling what disasters should o'ertake 360
My voyage, ere I reach my native land.
Now are her words fulfilled. How Jupiter
Wraps the great heaven in clouds and stirs the deep
To tumult ! Wilder grow the hurricanes
Of all the winds, and now my fate is sure.
Thrice happy, four times happy they, who fell
On Troy's wide field, warring for Atreus' sons.
Oh, had I met my fate and perished there,
That very day on which the Trojan host,
Around the dead Achilles, hurled at me 370
Their brazen javelins ; I had then received
Due burial and great glory with the Greeks ;
Now must I die a miserable death.'

As thus he spoke, upon him, from on high,
A huge and frightful billow broke ; it whirled
The raft around, and far from it he fell.
His hands let go the rudder ; a fierce rush
Of all the winds together snapped in twain
The mast ; far off the yard and canvas flew
Into the deep ; the billow held him long 380
Beneath the waters, and he strove in vain
Quickly to rise to air from that huge swell
Of ocean, for the garments weighed him down
Which fair Calypso gave him. But, at length,
Emerging, he rejected from his throat

The bitter brine that down his forehead streamed.
 Even then, though hopeless with dismay, his thought
 Was on the raft, and, struggling through the waves,
 He seized it, sprang on board, and seated there
 Escaped the threatened death. Still to and fro 390
 The rolling billows drove it. As the wind
 In autumn sweeps the thistles o'er the field,
 Clinging together, so the blasts of heaven
 Hither and thither drove it o'er the sea.
 And now the south wind flung it to the north
 To buffet ; now the east wind to the west.

Ino Leucothea saw him clinging there,
 The delicate-footed child of Cadmus, once
 A mortal, speaking with a mortal voice,
 Though now, within the ocean-gulfs, she shares 400
 The honours of the gods. With pity she
 Beheld Ulysses struggling thus distressed,
 And, rising from the abyss below, in form
 A cormorant, the sea-nymph took her perch
 On the well-banded raft, and thus she said :
 ' Ah, luckless man, how hast thou angered thus
 Earth-shaking Neptune, that he visits thee
 With these disasters ? Yet he cannot take,
 Although he seek it earnestly, thy life.
 Now do my bidding, for thou seemest wise. 410

Laying aside thy garments, let the raft
 Drift with the winds, while thou, by strength of arm,
 Makest thy way in swimming to the land
 Of the Pheacians, where thy safety lies.
 Receive this veil and bind its heavenly woof
 Beneath thy breast, and have no further fear
 Of hardship or of danger. But, as soon
 As thou shalt touch the island, take it off,
 And turn away thy face, and fling it far
 From where thou standest, into the black deep.' 420

The goddess gave the veil as thus she spoke,
 And to the tossing deep went down, in form
 A cormorant ; the black wave covered her.
 But still Ulysses, mighty sufferer,

Pondered, and thus to his great soul he said :

' Ah me ! perhaps some god is planning here
Some other fraud against me, bidding me
Forsake my raft. I will not yet obey,
For still far off I see the land in which
'Tis said my refuge lies. This will I do, 430
For this seems wisest. While the fastenings last
That hold these timbers, I will keep my place
And bide the tempest here. But when the waves
Shall dash my raft in pieces, I will swim,
For nothing better will remain to do.'

As he revolved this purpose in his mind,
Earth-shaking Neptune sent a mighty wave,
Horrid, and huge, and high, and where he sat
It smote him. As a violent wind uplifts
The dry chaff heaped upon a threshing floor, 440
And sends it scattered through the air abroad,
So did that wave fling loose the ponderous beams.
To one of these, Ulysses, clinging fast,
Bestrode it, like a horseman on his steed ;
And now he took the garments off, bestowed
By fair Calypso, binding round his breast
The veil, and forward plunged into the deep,
With palms outspread, prepared to swim. Meanwhile,
Neptune beheld him, Neptune, mighty king,
And shook his head, and said within himself, 450

' Go thus, and, laden with mischances, roam
The waters, till thou come among the race
Cherished by Jupiter ; but well I deem
Thou wilt not find thy share of suffering light.'

Thus having spoke, he urged his coursers on,
With their fair flowing manes, until he came
To Aegae, where his glorious palace stands.

But Pallas, child of Jove, had other thoughts.
She stayed the course of every wind beside,
And bade them rest, and lulled them into sleep, 460
But summoned the swift north to break the waves,
That so Ulysses, the high-born, escaped
From death and from the fates, might be the guest

Of the Pheacians, men who love the sea.

Two days and nights, among the mighty waves
 He floated, oft his heart foreboding death,
 But when the bright-haired Eos had fulfilled
 The third day's course, and all the winds were laid,
 And calm was on the watery waste, he saw
 That land was near, as, lifted on the crest 470
 Of a huge swell, he looked with sharpened sight ;
 And as a father's life preserved makes glad
 His children's heart, when long-time he has lain
 Sick, wrung with pain, and wasting by the power
 Of some malignant genius, till, at length,
 The gracious gods bestow a welcome cure ;
 So welcome to Ulysses was the sight
 Of woods and fields. By swimming on he thought
 To climb and tread the shore, but when he drew
 So near that one who shouted could be heard 480
 From land, the sound of ocean on the rocks
 Came to his ear, for there huge breakers roared
 And spouted fearfully, and all around
 Was covered with the sea-foam. Haven here
 Was none for ships, nor sheltering creek, but shores
 Beetling from high, and crags and walls of rock.
 Ulysses trembled both in knees and heart,
 And thus, to his great soul, lamenting, said :
 ' Now woe is me ! as soon as Jove has shown
 What I had little hoped to see, the land, 490
 And I through all these waves have ploughed my way,
 I find no issue from the hoary deep.
 For sharp rocks border it, and all around
 Roar the wild surges ; slippery cliffs arise
 Close to deep gulfs, and footing there is none,
 Where I might plant my steps and thus escape.
 All effort now were fruitless to resist
 The mighty billow hurrying me away
 To dash me on the pointed rocks. If yet
 I strive, by swimming further, to descry 500
 Some sloping shore or harbour of the isle,
 I fear the tempest, lest it hurl me back,

Heavily groaning, to the fishy deep.
 Or huge sea monster, from the multitude
 Which sovereign Amphitrite feeds, be sent
 Against me by some god, for well I know
 The power who shakes the shores is wroth with me.'

While he revolved these doubts within his mind
 A huge wave hurled him toward the rugged coast.
 Then had his limbs been flayed, and all his bones
 Broken at once, had not the blue-eyed maid, 511
 Minerva, prompted him. Borne toward the rock,
 He clutched it instantly, with both his hands,
 And, panting, clung, till that huge wave rolled by,
 And so escaped its fury. Back it came,
 And smote him once again, and flung him far
 Seaward. As to the claws of polypus,
 Plucked from its bed, the pebbles thickly cling,
 So flakes of skin, from off his powerful hands,
 Were left upon the rock. The mighty surge 520
 O'erwhelmed him; he had perished ere his time,
 Hapless Ulysses, but the blue-eyed maid
 Pallas, informed his mind with wisdom. Straight
 Emerging from the wave that shoreward rolled,
 He swam along the coast and eyed it well,
 In hope of sloping beach or sheltered creek.
 But when, in swimming, he had reached the mouth
 Of a soft-flowing river, here appeared
 The spot he wished for, smooth, without a rock,
 And here was shelter from the wind. He felt 530
 The current's flow, and thus devoutly prayed:

'Hear me, O sovereign power, whoe'er thou art!
 To thee, the long desired, I come. I seek
 Escape from Neptune's threatenings on the sea.
 The deathless gods respect the prayer of him
 Who looks to them for help, a fugitive,
 As I am now, when to thy stream I come,
 And to thy knees, from many a hardship past,
 O thou that here art ruler, I declare
 Myself thy suppliant; be thou merciful.' 540

He spoke; the river stayed his current, checked

The billows, smoothed them to a calm, and gave
 The swimmer a safe landing at his mouth.
 Then dropped his knees and sinewy arms, at once
 Unstrung, for faint with struggling was his heart.
 His body was all swollen ; the brine gushed forth
 From mouth and nostrils ; all unnerved he lay,
 Breathless and speechless ; utter weariness
 O'ermastered him. But when he breathed again,
 And his flown senses had returned, he loosed 550
 The veil that Ino gave him from his breast,
 And to the salt flood cast it. A great wave
 Bore it far down the stream ; the goddess there
 In her own hands received it. He, meanwhile,
 Withdrawing from the brink, lay down among
 The reeds, and kissed the harvest-bearing earth,
 And thus to his great soul, lamenting, said :

' Ah me ! what must I suffer more ! what yet
 Will happen to me ? If, by the river's side,
 I pass the unfriendly watches of the night, 560
 The cruel cold and dews that steep the bank
 May, in this weakness, end me utterly ;
 For chilly blows the river air at dawn.
 But should I climb this hill, to sleep within
 The shadowy wood, among thick shrubs, if cold
 And weariness allow me, then I fear,
 That, while the pleasant slumbers o'er me steal,
 I may become the prey of savage beasts.'

Yet, as he longer pondered this seemed best.
 He rose and sought the wood, and found it near 570
 The water, on a height, o'erlooking far
 The region round. Between two shrubs, that sprung
 Both from one spot, he entered—olive trees,
 One wild, one fruitful. The damp-blowing wind
 Ne'er pierced their covert ; never blazing sun
 Darted his beams within, nor pelting shower
 Beat through, so closely intertwined they grew.
 Here entering, Ulysses heaped a bed
 Of leaves with his own hands ; he made it broad
 And high, for thick the leaves had fallen around. 580

Two men and three, in that abundant store,
Might bide the winter storm, though keen the cold.
Ulysses, the great sufferer, on his couch
Looked and rejoiced, and placed himself within,
And heaped the leaves high o'er him and around.

As one who, dwelling in the distant fields,
Without a neighbour near him, hides a brand
In the dark ashes, keeping carefully
The seeds of fire alive, lest he, perforce,
To light his hearth must bring them from afar ; 590
So did Ulysses, in that pile of leaves,
Bury himself, while Pallas o'er his eyes
Poured sleep and closed his lids, that he might take,
After his painful toils, the fitting rest.

Revised November 15, 1862.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW

Alice. One of your old world stories, Uncle John,
Such as you tell us by the winter fire,
Till we all wonder it has grown so late.

Uncle John. The story of the witch that ground to
death
Two children in her mill, or will you have
The tale of Goody Cutpurse ?

Alice. Nay now, nay ;
Those stories are too childish, Uncle John,
Too childish even for little Willy here,
And I am older, two good years, than he ;
No, let us have a tale of elves that ride, 10
By night, with jingling reins, or gnomes of the mine,
Or water-fairies, such as you know how
To spin, till Willy's eyes forget to wink,
And good Aunt Mary, busy as she is,
Lays down her knitting.

Uncle John. Listen to me, then.
'Twas in the olden time, long, long ago,
And long before the great oak at our door

Was yet an acorn, on a mountain's side
 Lived, with his wife, a cottager. They dwelt
 Beside a glen and near a dashing brook, 20
 A pleasant spot in spring, where first the wren
 Was heard to chatter, and, among the grass,
 Flowers opened earliest ; but, when winter came,
 That little brook was fringed with other flowers,—
 White flowers, with crystal leaf and stem, that grew
 In clear November nights. And, later still,
 That mountain glen was filled with drifted snows
 From side to side, that one might walk across,
 While, many a fathom deep, below, the brook
 Sang to itself, and leaped and trotted on 30
 Unfrozen, o'er its pebbles, toward the vale.

Alice. A mountain's side, you said ; the Alps, perhaps,
 Or our own Alleghanies.

Uncle John. Not so fast,
 My young geographer, for then the Alps,
 With their broad pastures, haply were untrod
 Of herdsman's foot, and never human voice
 Had sounded in the woods that overhang
 Our Alleghany's streams. I think it was
 Upon the slopes of the great Caucasus,
 Or where the rivulets of Ararat 40
 Seek the Armenian vales. That mountain rose
 So high, that, on its top, the winter snow
 Was never melted, and the cottagers
 Among the summer blossoms, far below,
 Saw its white peaks in August from their door.

One little maiden, in that cottage home,
 Dwelt with her parents, light of heart and limb,
 Bright, restless, thoughtless, flitting here and there,
 Like sunshine on the uneasy ocean waves,
 And sometimes she forgot what she was bid, 50
 As Alice does.

Alice. Or Willy, quite as oft.

Uncle John. But you are older, Alice, two good years,
 And should be wiser. Eva was the name
 Of this young maiden, now twelve summers old.

Now you must know that, in those early times,
 When autumn days grew pale, there came a troop
 Of childlike forms from that cold mountain top ;
 With trailing garments through the air they came,
 Or walked the ground with girded loins, and threw
 Spangles of silvery frost upon the grass, 60
 And edged the brook with glistening parapets,
 And built it crystal bridges, touched the pool,
 And turned its face to glass, or, rising thence,
 They shook, from their full laps, the soft, light snow,
 And buried the great earth, as autumn winds
 Bury the forest floor in heaps of leaves.

A beautiful race were they, with baby brows,
 And fair, bright locks, and voices like the sound
 Of steps on the crisp snow, in which they talked
 With man, as friend with friend. A merry sight 70
 It was, when, crowding round the traveller,
 They smote him with their heaviest snow flakes, flung
 Needles of frost in handfuls at his cheeks,
 And, of the light wreaths of his smoking breath,
 Wove a white fringe for his brown beard, and laughed
 Their slender laugh to see him wink and grin
 And make grim faces as he floundered on.

But, when the spring came on, what terror reigned
 Among these Little People of the Snow !
 To them the sun's warm beams were shafts of fire, 80
 And the soft south wind was the wind of death.
 Away they flew, all with a pretty scowl
 Upon their childish faces, to the north,
 Or scampered upward to the mountain's top,
 And there defied their enemy, the Spring ;
 Skipping and dancing on the frozen peaks,
 And moulding little snowballs in their palms,
 And rolling them, to crush her flowers below,
 Down the steep snow-fields.

Alice. That, too, must have been
 A merry sight to look at.

Uncle John. You are right, 90
 But I must speak of graver matters now.

Mid-winter was the time, and Eva stood,
 Within the cottage, all prepared to dare
 The outer cold, with ample furry robe
 Close belted round her waist, and boots of fur,
 And a broad kerchief, which her mother's hand
 Had closely drawn about her ruddy cheek.
 'Now, stay not long abroad,' said the good dame,
 'For sharp is the outer air, and, mark me well,
 Go not upon the snow beyond the spot 100
 Where the great linden bounds the neighbouring field.'

The little maiden promised, and went forth,
 And climbed the rounded snow-swells firm with frost
 Beneath her feet, and slid, with balancing arms,
 Into the hollows. Once, as up a drift
 She slowly rose, before her, in the way,
 She saw a little creature lily-cheeked,
 With flowing flaxen locks, and faint blue eyes,
 That gleamed like ice, and robe that only seemed
 Of a more shadowy whiteness than her cheek. 110
 On a smooth bank she sat.

Alice. She must have been
 One of your Little People of the Snow.

Uncle John. She was so, and, as Eva now drew near,
 The tiny creature bounded from her seat;
 'And come,' she said, 'my pretty friend; to-day
 We will be playmates. I have watched thee long,
 And seen how well thou lov'st to walk these drifts,
 And scoop their fair sides into little cells,
 And carve them with quaint figures, huge-limbed men,
 Lions, and griffins. We will have, to-day, 120
 A merry ramble over these bright fields,
 And thou shalt see what thou hast never seen.'

On went the pair, until they reached the bound
 Where the great linden stood, set deep in snow,
 Up to the lower branches. 'Here we stop,'
 Said Eva, 'for my mother has my word
 That I will go no further than this tree.'
 Then the snow-maiden laughed; 'And what is this?
 This fear of the pure snow, the innocent snow,

That never harmed aught living ? Thou may'st roam
 For leagues beyond this garden, and return 131
 In safety ; here the grim wolf never prowls,
 And here the eagle of our mountain crags
 Preys not in winter. I will show the way
 And bring thee safely home. Thy mother, sure,
 Counsell'd thee thus because thou hadst no guide.'

By such smooth words was Eva won to break
 Her promise, and went on with her new friend,
 Over the glistening snow and down a bank
 Where a white shelf, wrought by the eddying wind,
 Like to a billow's crest in the great sea, 141
 Curtained an opening. 'Look, we enter here.'
 And straight, beneath the fair o'erhanging fold,
 Entered the little pair that hill of snow,
 Walking along a passage with white walls,
 And a white vault above where snow-stars shed
 A wintry twilight. Eva moved in awe,
 And held her peace, but the snow-maiden smiled,
 And talked and tripped along, as, down the way,
 Deeper they went into that mountainous drift. 150

And now the white walls widened, and the vault
 Swelled upward, like some vast cathedral dome,
 Such as the Florentine, who bore the name
 Of heaven's most potent angel, reared, long since,
 Or the unknown builder of that wondrous fane,
 The glory of Burgos. Here a garden lay,
 In which the Little People of the Snow
 Were wont to take their pastime when their tasks
 Upon the mountain's side and in the clouds
 Were ended. Here they taught the silent frost 160
 To mock, in stem and spray, and leaf and flower,
 The growths of summer. Here the palm upreared
 Its white columnar trunk and spotless sheaf
 Of plume-like leaves ; here cedars, huge as those
 Of Lebanon, stretched far their level boughs,
 Yet pale and shadowless ; the sturdy oak
 Stood, with its huge gnarled roots of seeming strength,
 Fast anchored in the glistening bank ; light sprays

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Of myrtle, roses in their bud and bloom,
 Drooped by the winding walks ; yet all seemed wrought
 Of stainless alabaster ; up the trees 171
 Ran the lithe jessamine, with stalk and leaf
 Colourless as her flowers. ' Go softly on,'
 Said the snow-maiden ; ' touch not, with thy hand,
 The frail creation round thee, and beware
 To sweep it with thy skirts. Now look above.
 How sumptuously these bowers are lighted up
 With shifting gleams that softly come and go.
 These are the northern lights, such as thou seest
 In the midwinter nights, cold, wandering flames, 180
 That float, with our processions, through the air ;
 And here, within our winter palaces,
 Mimic the glorious daybreak.' Then she told
 How, when the wind, in the long winter nights,
 Swept the light snows into the hollow dell,
 She and her comrades guided to its place
 Each wandering flake, and piled them quaintly up,
 In shapely colonnade and glistening arch,
 With shadowy aisles between, or bade them grow,
 Beneath their little hands, to bowery walks 190
 In gardens such as these, and, o'er them all,
 Built the broad roof. ' But thou hast yet to see
 A fairer sight,' she said, and led the way
 To where a window of pellucid ice
 Stood in the wall of snow, beside their path.
 ' Look, but thou mayst not enter.' Eva looked,
 And lo ! a glorious hall, from whose high vault
 Stripes of soft light, ruddy, and delicate green,
 And tender blue, flowed downward to the floor
 And far around, as if the aerial hosts, 200
 That march on high by night, with beamy spears,
 And streaming banners, to that place had brought
 Their radiant flags to grace a festival.

And in that hall a joyous multitude
 Of those by whom its glistening walls were reared,
 Whirled in a merry dance to silvery sounds,
 That rang from cymbals of transparent ice,

And ice-cups, quivering to the skilful touch
 Of little fingers. Round and round they flew,
 As when, in spring, about a chimney top, 210
 A cloud of twittering swallows, just returned,
 Wheel round and round, and turn and wheel again,
 Unwinding their swift track. So rapidly
 Flowed the meandering stream of that fair dance,
 Beneath that dome of light. Bright eyes that looked
 From under lily brows, and gauzy scarfs
 Sparkling like snow-wreaths in the early sun,
 Shot by the window in their mazy whirl.
 And there stood Eva, wondering at the sight
 Of those bright revellers and that graceful sweep 220
 Of motion as they passed her ;—long she gazed,
 And listened long to the sweet sounds that thrilled
 The frosty air, till now the encroaching cold
 Recalled her to herself. ‘ Too long, too long
 I linger here,’ she said, and then she sprang
 Into the path, and with a hurried step
 Followed it upward. Ever by her side
 Her little guide kept pace. As on they went
 Eva bemoaned her fault ; ‘ What must they think—
 The dear ones in the cottage, while so long 230
 Hour after hour, I stay without ? I know
 That they will seek me far and near, and weep
 To find me not. How could I, wickedly
 Neglect the charge they gave me ? ’ As she spoke,
 The hot tears started to her eyes ; she knelt
 In the mid path. ‘ Father ! forgive this sin ;
 Forgive myself I cannot ’—thus she prayed,
 And rose and hastened onward. When, at last,
 They reached the outer air, the clear north breathed
 A bitter cold, from which she shrank with dread,
 But the snow-maiden bounded as she felt 241
 The cutting blast, and uttered shouts of joy,
 And skipped, with boundless glee, from drift to drift,
 And danced round Eva, as she laboured up
 The mounds of snow, ‘ Ah me ! I feel my eyes
 Grow heavy,’ Eva said ; ‘ they swim with sleep ;

I cannot walk for utter weariness,
 And I must rest a moment on this bank,
 But let it not be long.' As thus she spoke,
 In half-formed words, she sank on the smooth snow,
 With closing lids. Her guide composed the robe 251
 About her limbs, and said, 'A pleasant spot
 Is this to slumber in ; on such a couch
 Oft have I slept away the winter night,
 And had the sweetest dreams.' So Eva slept,
 But slept in death ; for when the power of frost
 Locks up the motions of the living frame,
 The victim passes to the realm of Death
 Through the dim porch of Sleep. The little guide,
 Watching beside her, saw the hues of life 260
 Fade from the fair smooth brow and rounded cheek,
 As fades the crimson from a morning cloud,
 Till they were white as marble, and the breath
 Had ceased to come and go, yet knew she not
 At first that this was death. But when she marked
 How deep the paleness was, how motionless
 That once lithe form, a fear came over her.
 She strove to wake the sleeper, plucked her robe,
 And shouted in her ear, but all in vain ;
 The life had passed away from those young limbs.
 Then the snow-maiden raised a wailing cry, 271
 Such as the dweller in some lonely wild,
 Sleepless through all the long December night,
 Hears when the mournful East begins to blow.

But suddenly was heard the sound of steps,
 Grating on the crisp snow ; the cottagers
 Were seeking Eva ; from afar they saw
 The twain, and hurried toward them. As they came,
 With gentle chidings ready on their lips,
 And marked that deathlike sleep, and heard the tale
 Of the snow-maiden, mortal anguish fell 281
 Upon their hearts, and bitter words of grief
 And blame were uttered : 'Cruel, cruel one,
 To tempt our daughter thus, and cruel we,
 Who suffered her to wander forth alone

In 'this fierce cold.' They lifted the dear child,
 And bore her home and chafed her tender limbs,
 And strove, by all the simple arts they knew,
 To make the chilled blood move, and win the breath
 Back to her bosom ; fruitlessly they strove. 290
 The little maid was dead. In blank despair
 They stood, and gazed at her who never more
 Should look on them. 'Why die we not with her ?'
 They said ; 'without her life is bitterness.'

Now came the funeral day ; the simple folk
 Of all that pastoral region gathered round,
 To share the sorrow of the cottagers.
 They carved a way into the mound of snow
 To the glen's side, and dug a little grave
 In the smooth slope, and, following the bier, 300
 In long procession from the silent door,
 Chanted a sad and solemn melody.

'Lay her away to rest within the ground.
 Yea, lay her down whose pure and innocent life
 Was spotless as these snows ; for she was reared
 In love, and passed in love life's pleasant spring,
 And all that now our tenderest love can do
 Is to give burial to her lifeless limbs.'

They paused. A thousand slender voices round,
 Like echoes softly flung from rock and hill, 310
 Took up the strain, and all the hollow air
 Seemed mourning for the dead ; for, on that day,
 The Little People of the Snow had come,
 From mountain peak, and cloud, and icy hall,
 To Eva's burial. As the murmur died
 The funeral train renewed the solemn chant.

'Thou, Lord, has taken her to be with Eve,
 Whose gentle name was given her. Even so,
 For so Thy wisdom saw that it was best
 For her and us. We bring our bleeding hearts, 320
 And ask the touch of healing from Thy hand,
 As, with submissive tears, we render back
 The lovely and beloved to Him who gave.'

They ceased. Again the plaintive murmur rose.

From shadowy skirts of low-hung cloud it came,
 And wide white fields, and fir-trees capped with snow,
 Shivering to the sad sounds. They sank away
 To silence in the dim-seen distant woods.

The little grave was closed ; the funeral train
 Departed ; winter wore away ; the spring ^{33°}
 Steeped, with her quickening rains, the violet tufts,
 By fond hands planted where the maiden slept.
 But, after Eva's burial, never more
 The Little People of the Snow were seen
 By human eye, nor ever human ear
 Heard from their lips, articulate speech again ;
 For a decree went forth to cut them off,
 Forever, from communion with mankind.
 The winter clouds, along the mountain-side,
 Rolled downward toward the vale, but no fair form
 Leaned from their folds, and, in the icy glens, ^{34°}
 And aged woods, under snow-loaded pines,
 Where once they made their haunt, was emptiness.

But ever, when the wintry days drew near,
 Around that little grave, in the long night,
 Frost-wreaths were laid and tufts of silvery rime
 In shape like blades and blossoms of the field,
 As one would scatter flowers upon a bier.

THE POET

THOU, who wouldst wear the name

Of poet mid thy brethren of mankind,
 And clothe in words of flame

Thoughts that shall live within the general mind !
 Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
 The pastime of a drowsy summer day.

But gather all thy powers,

And wreak them on the verse that thou dost weave,
 And in thy lonely hours,

At silent morning or at wakeful eve, ¹⁰
 While the warm current tingles through thy veins,
 Set forth the burning words in fluent strains.

No' smooth array of phrase,
Artfully sought and ordered though it be,
Which the cold rhymers lays
Upon his page with languid industry,
Can wake the listless pulse to livelier speed,
Or fill with sudden tears the eyes that read.

The secret wouldst thou know
To touch the heart or fire the blood at will ? 20
Let thine own eyes o'erflow ;
Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill ;
Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be past,
And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast.

Then, should thy verse appear
Halting and harsh, and all unaptly wrought,
Touch the crude line with fear,
Save in the moment of impassioned thought ;
Then summon back the original glow and mend
The strain with rapture that with fire was penned. 30

Yet let no empty gust
Of passion find an utterance in thy lay,
A blast that whirls the dust
Along the howling street and dies away ;
But feelings of calm power and mighty sweep,
Like currents journeying through the windless deep.

Seek'st thou, in living lays,
To limn the beauty of the earth and sky ?
Before thine inner gaze
Let all that beauty in clear vision lie ; 40
Look on it with exceeding love, and write
The words inspired by wonder and delight.

Of tempests wouldst thou sing,
Or tell of battles—make thyself a part
Of the great tumult ; cling
To the tossed wreck with terror in thy heart ;
Scale, with the assaulting host, the rampart's height,
And strike and struggle in the thickest fight.

So shalt thou frame a lay

That haply may endure from age to age,

And they who read shall say :

What witchery hangs upon this poet's page !

What art is his the written spells to find

That sway from mood to mood the willing mind !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

STANZAS FROM GOETHE

ICH DENKE DEIN, ETC.

(Godey's *Lady's Book*, January 1844.)

I THINK of thee when the strong rays of noon
Flash from the sea,
When the clear fountains glimmer in the moon,
I think of thee.

I see thee when, along the distant ways,
The dust clouds creep,
And when, at night, the trembling traveller strays
By chasm and steep.

I hear thee when the sea-tides murmur soft
To the calm air ; 10
In lone and stilly woods I listen oft,
And hear thee there.

I dwell with thee—I know thou art afar,
Yet dream thee near.
The sun goes down ; star brightens after star—
Would thou wert here !

THE PATH

THE path we planned beneath October's sky,
Along the hillside, through the woodland shade,
Is finished ; thanks to thee, whose kindly eye
Has watched me, as I plied the busy spade ;
Else had I wearied, ere this path of ours
Had pierced the woodland to its inner bowers.

Yet, 'twas a pleasant toil to trace and beat,
Among the glowing trees, this winding way,
While the sweet autumn sunshine, doubly sweet,
Flushed with the ruddy foliage, round us lay, 10
As if some gorgeous cloud of morning stood,
In glory, mid the arches of the wood.

A path ! what beauty does a path bestow
Even on the dreariest wild ! its savage nooks
Seem homelike where accustomed footsteps go,
And the grim rock puts on familiar looks.
The tangled swamp, through which a pathway strays,
Becomes a garden with strange flowers and sprays,

See from the weedy earth a rivulet break
And purl along the untrodden wilderness ; 20
There the shy cuckoo comes his thirst to slake,
There the shrill jay alights his plumes to dress ;
And there the stealthy fox, when morn is grey,
Laps the clear stream and lightly moves away.

But let a path approach that fountain's brink,
And nobler forms of life, behold ! are there :
Boys kneeling with protruded lips to drink,
And slender maids that homeward slowly bear
The brimming pail, and busy dames that lay
Their webs to whiten in the summer ray. 30

Then know we that for herd and flock are poured
Those pleasant streams that o'er the pebbles slip ;
Those pure sweet waters sparkle on the board ;
Those fresh cool waters wet the sick man's lip ;
Those clear bright waters from the font are shed,
In dews of baptism, on the infant's head.

What different steps the rural footway trace !
The labourer afield at early day ;
The schoolboy sauntering with uneven pace ;
The Sunday worshipper in fresh array ; 40
And mourner in the weeds of sorrow drest ;
And, smiling to himself, the wedding guest.

There he who cons a speech and he who hums
His yet unfinished verses, musing walk.
There, with her little brood, the matron comes,
To break the spring flower from its juicy stalk ;
And lovers, loitering, wonder that the moon
Has risen upon their pleasant stroll so soon.

Bewildered in vast woods, the traveller feels
His heavy heart grow lighter, if he meet 50
The traces of a path, and straight he kneels,
And kisses the dear print of human feet,
And thanks his God, and journeys without fear,
For now he knows the abodes of men are near.

Pursue the slenderest path across a lawn :
Lo ! on the broad highway it issues forth,
And, blended with the greater track, goes on,
Over the surface of the mighty earth,
Climbs hills and crosses vales, and stretches far,
Through silent forests, toward the evening star— 60

And enters cities murmuring with the feet
Of multitudes, and wanders forth again,
And joins the climes of frost to climes of heat,
Binds East to West, and marries main to main,
Nor stays till at the long-resounding shore
Of the great deep, where paths are known no more.

Oh, mighty instinct, that dost thus unite
Earth's neighbourhoods and tribes with friendly bands,
What guilt is theirs who, in their greed or spite,
Undo thy holy work with violent hands, 70
And post their squadrons, nursed in war's grim trade,
To bar the ways for mutual succour made !

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS

(Atlantic Monthly, July 1864)

I HEAR, from many a little throat,
 A warble interrupted long ;
 I hear the robin's flute-like note,
 The bluebird's slenderer song.

Brown meadows and the russet hill,
 Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
 And thickets by the glimmering rill
 Are all alive with birds.

O Choir of Spring, why come so soon ?
 On leafless grove and herbless lawn
 Warm lie the yellow beams of noon ;
 Yet winter is not gone.

10

For frost shall sheet the pools again ;
 Again the blustering East shall blow,
 Whirl a white tempest through the glen,
 And load the pines with snow.

Yet, haply, from the region where,
 Waked by an earlier spring than here,
 The blossomed wild-plum scents the air,
 Ye come in haste and fear.

20

For there is heard the bugle-blast,
 The booming gun, the jarring drum,
 And on their chargers, spurring fast,
 Armed warriors go and come.

There mighty hosts have pitched the camp
 In valleys that were yours till then,
 And Earth has shuddered to the tramp
 Of half a million men.

In groves where once ye used to sing,
In orchards where ye had your birth, 30
A thousand glittering axes swing
To smite the trees to earth.

Ye love the fields by ploughman trod ;
But there, when sprouts the beechen spray,
The soldier only breaks the sod
To hide the slain away.

Stay, then, beneath our ruder sky ;
Heed not the storm-clouds rising black,
Nor yelling winds that with them fly ;
Nor let them fright you back,— 40

Back to the stifling battle-cloud,
To burning towns that blot the day,
And trains of mounting dust that shroud
The armies on their way.

Stay, for a tint of green shall creep
Soon o'er the orchard's grassy floor,
And from its bed the crocus peep
Beside the housewife's door.

Here build, and dread no harsher sound,
To scare you from the sheltering tree, 50
Than winds that stir the branches round,
And murmur of the bee.

And we will pray, that, ere again
The flowers of autumn bloom and die,
Our generals and their strong-armed men
May lay their weapons by.

Then may ye warble, unafraid,
Where hands, that wear the fetter now,
Free as your wings shall ply the spade,
And guide the peaceful plough. 60

Then, as our conquering hosts return,
 What shouts of jubilee shall break
 From placid vale and mountain stern,
 And shore of mighty lake !

And midland plain and ocean-strand
 Shall thunder : 'Glory to the brave,
 Peace to the torn and bleeding land,
 And freedom to the slave !'

68

March 1864.

‘HE HATH PUT ALL THINGS UNDER HIS FEET’

O NORTH, with all thy vales of green !
 O South, with all thy palms !
 From peopled towns and fields between
 Uplift the voice of psalms ;
 Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
 And let the youthful West reply.

Lo ! in the clouds of heaven appears
 God's well-belovèd Son ;
 He brings a train of brighter years :
 His kingdom is begun.
 He comes, a guilty world to bless
 With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

10

Oh, Father ! haste the promised hour
 When, at His feet, shall lie
 All rule, authority, and power,
 Beneath the ample sky ;
 When He shall reign from pole to pole,
 The lord of every human soul ;

When all shall heed the words He said
 Amid their daily cares,
 And, by the loving life He led,
 Shall seek to pattern theirs ;
 And He, who conquered Death, shall win
 The nobler conquest over Sin.

20

MY AUTUMN WALK

(Atlantic Monthly, January 1865)

ON woodlands ruddy with autumn
 The amber sunshine lies ;
 I look on the beauty round me,
 And tears come into my eyes.

For the wind that sweeps the meadows
 Blows out of the far South-west,
 Where our gallant men are fighting,
 And the gallant dead are at rest.

The golden-rod is leaning
 And the purple aster waves
 In a breeze from the land of battles,
 A breath from the land of graves.

10

Full fast the leaves are dropping
 Before that wandering breath ;
 As fast, on the field of battle,
 Our brethren fall in death.

Beautiful over my pathway
 The forest spoils are shed ;
 They are spotting the grassy hillocks
 With purple and gold and red.

20

Beautiful is the death-sleep
 Of those who bravely fight
 In their country's holy quarrel,
 And perish for the Right.

But who shall comfort the living,
 The light of whose homes is gone :
 The bride that, early widowed,
 Lives broken-hearted on ;

The matron whose sons are lying
In graves on a distant shore ;
The maiden, whose promised husband
Comes back from the war no more ?

30

I look on the peaceful dwellings
Whose windows glimmer in sight,
With croft and garden and orchard
That bask in the mellow light ;

And I know that, when our couriers
With news of victory come,
They will bring a bitter message
Of hopeless grief to some.

40

Again I turn to the woodlands,
And shudder as I see
The mock-grape's blood-red banner
Hung out on the cedar-tree ;

And I think of days of slaughter,
And the night-sky red with flames,
On the Chattahoochee's meadows,
And the wasted banks of the James.

Oh, for the fresh spring-season,
When the groves are in their prime,
And far away in the future
Is the frosty autumn-time !

50

Oh, for that better season,
When the pride of the foe shall yield,
And the hosts of God and freedom
March back from the well-won field ;

And the matron shall clasp her first-born
With tears of joy and pride ;
And the scarred and war-worn lover
Shall claim his promised bride !

60

The leaves are swept from the branches ;
But the living buds are there,
With folded flower and foliage,
To sprout in a kinder air.

October 1864.

DANTE

(Atlantic Monthly, January 1866)

Who, 'mid the grasses of the field
That spring beneath our careless feet
First found the shining stems that yield
The grains of life-sustaining wheat :

Who first, upon the furrowed land,
Strewed the bright grains to sprout, and grow,
And ripen for the reaper's hand—
We know not, and we cannot know.

But well we know the hand that brought
And scattered, far as sight can reach, 10
The seeds of free and living thought
On the broad field of modern speech.

'Mid the white hills that round us lie,
We cherish that Great Sower's fame,
And, as we pile the sheaves on high,
With awe we utter Dante's name.

Six centuries, since the poet's birth,
Have come and flitted o'er our sphere :
The richest harvest reaped on earth
Crowns the last century's closing year. 20

1865.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

(Atlantic Monthly, January 1866)

OH, slow to smite and swift to spare,
 Gentle and merciful and just !
 Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
 The sword of power, a nation's trust !

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
 Amid the awe that hushes all,
 And speak the anguish of a land
 That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done ; the bond are free :
 We bear thee to an honoured grave,
 Whose proudest monument shall be
 The broken fetters of the slave.

10

Pure was thy life ; its bloody close
 Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
 Among the noble host of those
 Who perished in the cause of Right.

April 1865.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM

(Atlantic Monthly, January 1866)

' BUT there is yet a region of the clouds
 Unseen from the low earth. Beyond the veil
 Of these dark volumes rolling through the sky,
 Its mountain summits glisten in the sun,—
 The realm of Castles in the Air. The foot
 Of man hath never trod those shining streets ;
 But there his spirit, leaving the dull load

Of bodily organs, wanders with delight,
And builds its structures of the impalpable mist,
Glorious beyond the dream of architect, 10
And populous with forms of nobler mould
Than ever walked the earth.' So said my guide,
And led me, wondering, to a headland height
That overlooked a fair broad vale shut in
By the great hills of Cloudland. 'Now behold
The Castle-builders!' Then I looked; and, lo!
The vale was filled with shadowy forms, that bore
Each a white wand, with which they touched the banks
Of mist beside them, and at once arose,
Obedient to their wish, the walls and domes 20
Of stately palaces, Gothic or Greek,
Or such as in the land of Mahomet
Uplift the crescent, or, in forms more strange,
Border the ancient Indus, or behold
Their gilded friezes mirrored in the lakes
Of China,—yet of ampler majesty,
And gorgeously adorned. Tall porticos
Sprang from the ground; the eye pursued afar
Their colonnades, that lessened to a point
In the faint distance. Portals that swung back 30
On musical hinges showed the eye within
Vast halls with golden floors, and bright alcoves,
And walls of pearl, and sapphire vault besprent
With silver stars. Within the spacious rooms
Were banquets spread; and menials, beautiful
As wood-nymphs or as stripling Mercuries,
Ran to and fro, and laid the chalices,
And brought the brimming wine-jars. Enters now
The happy architect, and wanders on
From room to room, and glories in his work. 40

Not long his glorying: for a chill north wind
Breathes through the structure, and the massive walls
Are folded up; the proud domes roll away
In mist-wreaths; pinnacle and turret lean
Forward, like birds prepared for flight, and stream,

In trains of vapour, through the empty air.
Meantime the astonished builder, dispossessed,
Stands 'mid the drifting rack. A brief despair
Seizes him ; but the wand is in his hand,
And soon he turns him to his task again. 50
'Behold,' said the fair being at my side,
'How one has made himself a diadem
Out of the bright skirts of a cloud that lay
Steeped in the golden sunshine, and has bound
The bauble on his forehead ! See, again,
How from these vapours he calls up a host
With arms and banners ! A great multitude
Gather and low before him with bare heads.
To the four winds his messengers go forth,
And bring him back earth's homage. From the ground
Another calls a wingèd image, such 61
As poets give to Fame, who, to her mouth
Putting a silver trumpet, blows abroad
A loud, harmonious summons to the world,
And all the listening nations shout his name.
Another yet, apart from all the rest,
Casting a fearful glance from side to side,
Touches the ground by stealth. Beneath his wand
A glittering pile grows up, ingots and bars 69
Of massive gold, and coins on which earth's kings
Have stamped their symbols.' As these words were said,
The north wind blew again across the vale,
And, lo ! the beamy crown flew off in mist ;
The host of armed men became a scud
Torn by the angry blast ; the form of Fame
Tossed its long arms in air, and rode the wind,
A jagged cloud ; the glittering pile of gold
Grew pale and flowed in a grey reek away.
Then there were sobs and tears from those whose work
The wind had scattered : some had flung themselves
Upon the ground in grief ; and some stood fixed
In blank bewilderment ; and some looked on 82
Unmoved, as at a pageant of the stage
Suddenly hidden by the curtain's fall.

‘Take thou this wand,’ my bright companion said.
I took it from her hand, and with it touched
The knolls of snow-white mist, and they grew green
With soft, thick herbage. At another touch,
A brook leaped forth, and dashed and sparkled by;
And shady walks through shrubberies cool and close
Wandered; and where, upon the open grounds, 91
The peaceful sunshine lay, a vineyard nursed
Its pouting clusters; and from boughs that drooped
Beneath their load an orchard shed its fruit;
And gardens, set with many a pleasant herb
And many a glorious flower, made sweet the air.

I looked, and I exulted; yet I longed
For Nature’s grander aspects, and I plied
The slender rod again; and then arose
Woods tall and wide, of odorous pine and fir, 100
And every noble tree that casts the leaf
In autumn. Paths that wound between their stems
Led through the solemn shade to twilight glens,
To thundering torrents and white waterfalls,
And edge of lonely lakes, and chasms between
The mountain-cliffs. Above the trees were seen
Grey pinnacles and walls of splintered rock.

But near the forest margin, in the vale,
Nestled a dwelling half embowered by trees, 109
Where, through the open window, shelves were seen
Filled with old volumes, and a glimpse was given
Of canvas, here and there along the walls,
On which the hands of mighty men of art
Had flung their fancies. On the portico
Old friends, with smiling faces and frank eyes,
Talked with each other: some had passed from life
Long since, yet dearly were remembered still.
My heart yearned toward them, and the quick, warm
tears

Stood in my eyes. Forward I sprang to grasp
The hands that once so kindly met my own,— 120
I sprang, but met them not: the withering wind

Was there before me. Dwelling, field, and brook,
 Dark wood, and flowery garden, and blue lake,
 And beetling cliff, and noble human forms,
 All, all had melted into that pale sea
 Of billowy vapour rolling round my feet.

THE DEATH OF SLAVERY

(Atlantic Monthly, July 1866)

O THOU great Wrong, that, through the slow-paced years,
 Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield
 The scourge that drove the labourer to the field,
 And turn a stony gaze on human tears,
 Thy cruel reign is o'er ;
 Thy bondmen crouch no more
 In terror at the menace of thine eye ;
 For He who marks the bounds of guilty power,
 Long-suffering, hath heard the captive's cry, 9
 And touched his shackles at the appointed hour,
 And lo ! they fall, and he whose limbs they galled
 Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent ;
 Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of thanks ;
 Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks
 Send up hosannas to the firmament !

Fields where the bondman's toil
 No more shall trench the soil,
 Seem now to bask in a serener day ;

The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs 20
 Of heaven with more caressing softness play,
 Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
 A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
 For the great land and all its coasts are free.

Within that land wert thou enthroned of late,
 And they by whom the nation's laws were made,
 And they who filled its judgement-seats obeyed
 Thy mandate, rigid as the will of Fate.

Fierce men at thy right hand,
With gesture of command, 30
Gave forth the word that none might dare gainsay;
And grave and reverend ones, who loved thee not,
Shrank from thy presence, and in blank dismay
Choked down, unuttered, the rebellious thought;
While meaner cowards, mingling with thy train,
Proved, from the book of God, thy right to reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to shore,
The wrath of Heaven o'ertook thee in thy pride;
Thou sitt'st a ghastly shadow; by thy side
Thy once strong arms hang nerveless evermore. 40
And they who quailed but now
Before thy lowering brow,
Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,
And scoff at the pale, powerless thing thou art.
And they who ruled in thine imperial name,
Subdued, and standing sullenly apart,
Scowl at the hands that overthrew thy reign,
And shattered at a blow the prisoner's chain.

Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst not spare
Life's tenderest ties, but cruelly didst part 50
Husband and wife, and from the mother's heart
Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and prayer;
Thy inner lair became
The haunt of guilty shame;
Thy lash dropped blood; the murderer, at thy side,
Showed his red hands, nor feared the vengeance due.
Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far and wide,
A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,
Until the measure of thy sins at last
Was full, and then the avenging bolt was cast! 60

Go now, accursed of God, and take thy place
With hateful memories of the elder time,
With many a wasting plague, and nameless crime,
And bloody war that thinned the human race;

With the Black Death, whose way
 Through wailing cities lay,
 Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built
 The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that taught
 To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt—
 Death at the stake to those that held them not.
 Lo ! the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom 71
 Of the flown ages, part to yield thee room.

I see the better years that hasten by
 Carry thee back into that shadowy past,
 Where, in the dusty spaces, void and vast,
 The graves of those whom thou hast murdered lie.
 The slave-pen, through whose door
 Thy victims pass no more,
 Is there, and there shall the grim block remain
 At which the slave was sold ; while at thy feet 80
 Scourges and engines of restraint and pain
 Moulder and rust by thine eternal seat.
 There, 'mid the symbols that proclaim thy crimes,
 Dwell thou, a warning to the coming times.

May 1866.

A BRIGHTER DAY

FROM THE SPANISH

(New York Ledger, January 4, 1868)

HARNESS the impatient Years,
 O Time ! and yoke them to the imperial car ;
 For, through a mist of tears,
 The brighter day appears,
 Whose early blushes tinge the hills afar.
 A brighter day for thee,
 O realm ! whose glorious fields are spread between
 The dark-blue Midland Sea
 And that immensity
 Of Western waters which once hailed thee queen ! 10

The fiery coursers fling
Their necks aloft, and snuff the morning wind,
Till the fleet moments bring
The expected sign to spring
Along their path, and leave these glooms behind.

Yoke them, and yield the reins
To Spain, and lead her to the lofty seat;
But, ere she mount, the chains
Whose cruel strength constrains
Her limbs must fall in fragments at her feet. 20

A tyrant brood have wound
About her helpless limbs the steely braid,
And toward a gulf profound
They drag her, gagged and bound,
Down among dead men's bones, and frost and shade.

O Spain! thou wert of yore
The wonder of the realms; in prouder years
Thy haughty forehead wore,
What it shall wear no more,
The diadem of both the hemispheres. 30

To thee the ancient Deep
Revealed his pleasant, undiscovered lands;
From mines where jewels sleep,
Tilled plain and vine-clad steep,
Earth's richest spoil was offered to thy hands.

Yet thou, when land and sea
Sent thee their tribute with each rolling wave,
And kingdoms crouched to thee,
Wert false to Liberty,
And therefore art thou now a shackled slave. 40

Wilt thou not, yet again,
Put forth the sleeping strength that in thee lies,
And snap the shameful chain,
And force that tyrant train
To flee before the anger in thine eyes?

Then shall the harnessed Years
 Sweep onward with thee to that glorious height
 Which even now appears
 Bright through the mist of tears,
 The dwelling-place of Liberty and Light.

50

October 1867.

AMONG THE TREES

(Putnam's Magazine, January 1869)

Oh, ye who love to overhang the springs,
 And stand by running waters, ye whose boughs
 Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,
 Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear
 A paradise upon the lonely plain,
 Trees of the forest, and the open field !
 Have ye no sense of being ? Does the air,
 The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass
 In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,
 All unenjoyed ? When on your winter sleep 10
 The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of spring ?
 And when the glorious spring-time comes at last,
 Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,
 And fragrant blooms, and melody of birds
 To which your young leaves shiver ? Do ye strive
 And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not ?
 Feel ye no glory in your strength when he,
 The exhausted Blusterer, flies beyond the hills,
 And leaves you stronger yet ? Or have ye not
 A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves, 20
 Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughs ?
 Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud
 And rends you, fall unfelt ? Do there not run
 Strange shudderings through your fibres when the axe
 Is raised against you, and the shining blade
 Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs,
 Your summits waver and ye fall to earth ?

Know ye no sadness when the hurricane
 Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems
 Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil, 30
 The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,
 And piled the ruin all along his path ?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,
 In the green veins of these fair growths of earth,
 There dwells a nature that receives delight
 From all the gentle processes of life,
 And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint
 May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,
 As in our dreams ; but, haply, real still.

Our sorrows touch you not. We watch beside 40
 The beds of those who languish or who die,
 And minister in sadness, while our hearts
 Offer perpetual prayer for life and ease
 And health to the beloved sufferers.
 But ye, while anxious fear and fainting hope
 Are in our chambers, ye rejoice without.
 The funeral goes forth ; a silent train
 Moves slowly from the desolate home ; our hearts
 Are breaking as we lay away the loved,
 Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest, 50
 Their little cells within the burial-place.
 Ye have no part in this distress ; for still
 The February sunshine steeps your boughs
 And tints the buds and swells the leaves within ;
 While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,
 Tells you that spring is near. The wind of May
 Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose boughs
 The bees and every insect of the air
 Make a perpetual murmur of delight,
 And by whose flowers the humming-bird hangs poised
 In air, and draws their sweets and darts away. 60
 The linden, in the fervours of July,
 Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
 Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,

As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks. The hermit-thrush
Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring.
The faithful robin, from the wayside elm,
Carols all day to cheer his sitting mate,
And when the autumn comes, the kings of earth,
In all their majesty, are not arrayed
As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side
And spotting the smooth vales with red and gold.
While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye fling
Your nuts to earth, and the brisk squirrel comes
To gather them, and barks with childish glee,
And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

70

Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive
The cheerfulness of Nature, till in time
The constant misery which wrings the heart
Relents, and we rejoice with you again,
And glory in your beauty ; till once more
We look with pleasure on your varnished leaves,
That gaily glance in sunshine, and can hear,
Delighted, the soft answer which your boughs
Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

80

Ye have no history. I cannot know
Who, when the hillside trees were hewn away,
Haply two centuries since, bade spare this oak,
Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms,
Low-bent and long, the fount that from his roots
Slips through a bed of cresses toward the bay,
I know not who, but thank him that he left
The tree to flourish where the acorn fell,
And join these later days to that far time
While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow
In the dim woods, and the white woodman first
Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil
And strewed the wheat. An unremembered Past
Broods, like a presence, 'mid the long grey boughs

90

100

Of this old tree, which has outlived so long
The flitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain
Who planted on the slope this lofty group
Of ancient pear-trees that with spring-time burst
Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar
Where the quick lightning scored its trunk, yet still
It feels the breath of Spring, and every May 110
Is white with blossoms. Who it was that laid
Their infant roots in earth, and tenderly
Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain,
Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe
This annual festival of bees, these songs
Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts
Of joy from children gathering up the fruit
Shaken in August from the willing boughs.

Ye that my hands have planted, or have spared,
Beside the way, or in the orchard-ground, 120
Or in the open meadow, ye whose boughs
With every summer spread a wider shade,
Whose herd in coming years shall lie at rest
Beneath your noontide shelter? who shall pluck
Your ripened fruit? who grave, as was the wont
Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind
Of my smooth beeches some belovèd name?
Idly I ask; yet may the eyes that look
Upon you, in your later, nobler growth,
Look also on a nobler age than ours; 130
An age when, in the eternal strife between
Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win
A grander mastery; when kings no more
Shall summon millions from the plough to learn
The trade of slaughter, and of populous realms
Make camps of war; when in our younger land
The hand of ruffian Violence, that now
Is insolently raised to smite, shall fall
Unnerved before the calm rebuke of Law,
And Fraud, his sly confederate, shrink, in shame,
Back to his covert, and forgo his prey. 141

MAY EVENING

(*Appleton's Journal*, April 3, 1869)

THE breath of spring-time at this twilight hour
Comes through the gathering glooms,
And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower
Into my silent rooms.

Where hast thou wandered, gentle gale, to find
The perfumes thou dost bring ?
By brooks, that through the wakening meadows wind,
Or brink of rushy spring ?

Or woodside, where, in little companies,
The early wild flowers rise, 10
Or sheltered lawn, where, 'mid encircling trees,
May's warmest sunshine lies ?

Now sleeps the humming-bird, that, in the sun,
Wandered from bloom to bloom ;
Now, too, the weary bee, his day's work done,
Rests in his waxen room.

Now every hovering insect to his place
Beneath the leaves hath flown ;
And, through the long night-hours, the flowery race
Are left to thee alone. 20

O'er the pale blossoms of the sassafras
And o'er the spice-bush spray,
Among the opening buds, thy breathings pass,
And come embalmed away.

Yet there is sadness in thy soft caress,
Wind of the blooming year !
The gentle presence, that was wont to bless
Thy coming, is not here.

Go, then ; and yet I bid thee not repair,
Thy gathered sweets to shed, 30
Where pine and willow, in the evening air,
Sigh o'er the buried dead.

Pass on to homes where cheerful voices sound
And cheerful looks are cast,
And where thou wakest, in thine airy round,
No sorrow of the past.

Refresh the languid student pausing o'er
The learned page apart,
And he shall turn to con his task once more
With an encouraged heart. 40

Bear thou a promise, from the fragrant sward,
To him who tills the land,
Of springing harvests that shall yet reward
The labours of his hand.

And whisper, everywhere, that Earth renews
Her beautiful array,
Amid the darkness and the gathering dews,
For the return of day. 48

OCTOBER 1866

'Twas when the earth in summer glory lay,
We bore thee to thy grave ; a sudden cloud
Had shed its shower and passed, and every spray
And tender herb with pearly moisture bowed.

How laughed the fields, and how, before our door,
Danced the bright waters !—from his perch on high
The hang-bird sang his ditty o'er and o'er,
And the song-sparrow from the shrubberies nigh.

Yet was the home where thou wert lying dead
Mournfully still, save when, at times, was heard,
From room to room, some softly-moving tread. 11
Or murmur of some softly-uttered word.

Feared they to break thy slumber ? As we threw
A look on that bright bay and glorious shore,
Our hearts were wrung with anguish, for we knew
Those sleeping eyes would look on them no more.

Autumn is here ; we cull his lingering flowers
And bring them to the spot where thou art laid ;
The late-born offspring of his balmy hours,
Spared by the frost, upon thy grave to fade. 20

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
Warms the low spot ; upon its grassy mould
The purple oak-leaf falls ; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.

And gorgeous as the morn, a tall array
Of woodland shelters the smooth fields around ;
And guarded by its headlands, far away
Sail-spotted, blue and lake-like, sleeps the sound.

I gaze in sadness ; it delights me not
To look on beauty which thou canst not see ; 30
And, wert thou by my side, the dreariest spot
Were, oh, how far more beautiful to me !

In what fair region dost thou now abide ?
Hath God, in the transparent deeps of space,
Through which the planets in their journey glide,
Prepared, for souls like thine, a dwelling-place ?

Fields of unwithering bloom, to mortal eye
Invisible, though mortal eye were near,
Musical groves, and bright streams murmuring by,
Heard only by the spiritual ear ? 40

Nay, let us deem that thou dost not withdraw
From the dear places where thy lot was cast,
And where thy heart, in love's most holy law,
Was schooled by all the memories of the past.

Here on this earth, where once, among mankind,
 Walked God's belovèd Son, thine eyes may see
 Beauty to which our dimmer sense is blind
 And glory that may make it heaven to thee.

May we not think that near us thou dost stand
 With loving ministrations, for we know 50
 Thy heart was never happy when thy hand
 Was forced its tasks of mercy to forgo !

Mayst thou not prompt, with every coming day,
 The generous aim and act, and gently win
 Our restless, wandering thoughts to turn away
 From every treacherous path that ends in sin !

THE ORDER OF NATURE

FROM BOETHIUS DE CONSOLATIONE

THOU who wouldst read, with an undarkened eye,
 The laws by which the Thunderer bears sway,
 Look at the stars that keep, in yonder sky,
 Unbroken peace from Nature's earliest day.

The great sun, as he guides his fiery car,
 Strikes not the cold moon in his rapid sweep ;
 The Bear, that sees star setting after star
 In the blue brine, descends not to the deep.

The star of eve still leads the hour of dews ;
 Duly the day-star ushers in the light ; 10
 With kindly alternations Love renews
 The eternal courses bringing day and night.

Love drives away the brawler War, and keeps
 The realm and host of stars beyond his reach ;
 In one long calm the general concord sleeps
 The elements, and tempers each to each.

The moist gives place benignly to the dry ;
 Heat ratifies a faithful league with cold ;
 The nimble flame springs upward to the sky ; 19
 Down sinks by its own weight the sluggish mould.

Still sweet with blossoms is the year's fresh prime ;
 Her harvests still the ripening Summer yields ;
 Fruit-laden Autumn follows in his time,
 And rainy Winter waters still the fields.

The elemental harmony brings forth
 And rears all life, and, when life's term is o'er,
 It sweeps the breathing myriads from the earth,
 And whelms and hides them to be seen no more :

While the Great Founder, He who gave these laws,
 Holds the firm reins, and sits amid His skies 30
 Monarch and Master, Origin and Cause,
 And Arbiter supremely just and wise.

He guides the force He gave ; His hand restrains
 And curbs it to the circle it must trace :
 Else the fair fabric which His power sustains
 Would fall to fragments in the void of space.

Love binds the parts together, gladly still
 They court the kind restraint, nor would be free ;
 Unless Love held them subject to the Will
 That gave them being, they would cease to be. 40

TREE-BURIAL

(New York Ledger, August 17, 1872)

NEAR our south-western border, when a child
 Dies in the cabin of an Indian wife,
 She makes its funeral-couch of delicate furs,
 Blankets and bark, and binds it to the bough
 Of some broad branching tree with leathern thongs
 And sinews of the deer. A mother once
 Wrought at this tender task, and murmured thus :

'Child of my love, I do not lay thee down
 Among the chilly clods where never comes
 The pleasant sunshine. There the greedy wolf 10
 Might break into thy grave and tear thee thence,
 And I should sorrow all my life. I make
 Thy burial-place here, where the light of day
 Shines round thee, and the airs that play among
 The boughs shall rock thee. Here the morning sun,
 Which woke thee once from sleep to smile on me,
 Shall beam upon thy bed, and sweetly here
 Shall lie the red light of the evening clouds
 Which called thee once to slumber. Here the stars
 Shall look upon thee—the bright stars of heaven 20
 Which thou didst wonder at. Here too the birds,
 Whose music thou didst love, shall sing to thee,
 And near thee build their nests and rear their young
 With none to scare them. Here the woodland flowers,
 Whose opening in the spring-time thou didst greet
 With shouts of joy, and which so well became
 Thy pretty hands when thou didst gather them,
 Shall spot the ground below thy little bed.

'Yet haply thou hast fairer flowers than these,
 Which, in the land of souls, thy spirit plucks 30
 In fields that wither not, amid the throng
 Of joyous children, like thyself, who went
 Before thee to that brighter world and sport
 Eternally beneath its cloudless skies.
 Sport with them, dear, dear child, until I come
 To dwell with thee, and thou, beholding me,
 From far, shalt run and leap into my arms,
 And I shall clasp thee as I clasped thee here
 While living, oh, most beautiful and sweet
 Of children, now more passing beautiful, 40
 If that can be, with eyes like summer stars—
 A light that death can never quench again.

'And now, oh wind, that here among the leaves
 Dost softly rustle, breathe thou ever thus
 Gently, and put not forth thy strength to tear
 The branches and let fall their precious load,

A prey to foxes. Thou, too, ancient sun,
 Beneath whose eye the seasons come and go,
 And generations rise and pass away,
 While thou dost never change—oh, call not up, 50
 With thy strong heats, the dark, grim thunder-cloud,
 To smite this tree with bolts of fire, and rend
 Its trunk and strew the earth with splintered boughs.
 Ye rains, fall softly on the couch that holds
 My darling. There the panther's spotted hide
 Shall turn aside the shower; and be it long,
 Long after thou and I have met again,
 Ere summer wind or winter rain shall waste
 This couch and all that now remains of thee,
 To me thy mother. Meantime, while I live, 60
 With each returning sunrise I shall seem
 To see thy waking smile, and I shall weep;
 And when the sun is setting I shall think
 How, as I watched thee, o'er thy sleepy eyes
 Drooped the smooth lids, and laid on the round cheek
 Their lashes, and my tears will flow again;
 And often, at those moments, I shall seem
 To hear again the sweetly prattled name
 Which thou didst call me by, and it will haunt
 My home till I depart to be with thee.' 70

A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARES

(*New York Ledger*, November 9, 1872)

THE air is dark with cloud on cloud,
 And, through the leaden-coloured mass,
 With thunder-crashes quick and loud,
 A thousand shafts of lightning pass.

And to and fro they glance and go,
 Or, darting downward, smite the ground.
 What phantom arms are those that throw
 The shower of fiery arrows round?

A louder crash ! a mighty oak
Is smitten from that stormy sky. 10
Its stem is shattered by the stroke ;
Around its root the branches lie.

Fresh breathes the wind ; the storm is o'er ;
The piles of mist are swept away ;
And from the open sky, once more,
Streams gloriously the golden day.

A dusky hunter of the wild
Is passing near, and stops to see
The wreck of splintered branches piled
About the roots of that huge tree. 20

Lo, quaintly shaped and fairly strung,
Wrought by what hand he cannot know,
On that drenched pile of boughs, among
The splinters, lies a polished bow.

He lifts it up ; the drops that hang
On the smooth surface glide away :
He tries the string, no sharper twang
Was ever heard on battle-day.

Homeward Onetho bears the prize :
Who meets him as he turns to go ? 30
An aged chief, with quick, keen eyes,
And bending frame, and locks of snow.

' See what I bring, my father, see
This goodly bow which I have found
Beneath a thunder-riven tree,
Dropped with the lightning to the ground.'

' Beware, my son ; it is not well,'—
The white-haired chieftain makes reply—
' That we who in the forest dwell
Should wield the weapons of the sky. 40

'Lay back that weapon in its place ;
 Let those who bore it bear it still,
 Lest thou displease the ghostly race
 That float in mist from hill to hill.'

'My father, I will only try
 How well it sends a shaft, and then,
 Be sure, this goodly bow shall lie
 Among the splintered boughs again.'

So to the hunting-ground he hies,
 To chase till eve the forest-game,
 And not a single arrow flies,
 From that good bow, with erring aim.

50

And then he deems that they, who swim
 In trains of cloud the middle air,
 Perchance had kindly thoughts of him
 And dropped the bow for him to bear.

He bears it from that day, and soon
 Becomes the mark of every eye,
 And wins renown with every moon
 That fills its circle in the sky.

60

None strike so surely in the chase ;
 None bring such trophies from the fight ;
 And, at the council-fire, his place
 Is with the wise and men of might.

And far across the land is spread,
 Among the hunter tribes, his fame ;
 Men name the bowyer-chief with dread
 Whose arrows never miss their aim.

See next his broad-roofed cabin rise
 On a smooth river's pleasant side,
 And she who has the brightest eyes
 Of all the tribe becomes his bride.

70

A year has passed ; the forest sleeps
In early autumn's sultry glow ;
Onetho, on the mountain-steeps,
Is hunting with that trusty bow.

But they, who by the river dwell,
See the dim vapours thickening o'er
Long mountain-range and severing dell,
And hear the thunder's sullen roar.

80

Still darker grows the spreading cloud
From which the booming thunders sound,
And stoops and hangs a shadowy shroud
Above Onetho's hunting-ground.

Then they who, from the river-vale,
Are gazing on the distant storm,
See in the mists that ride the gale
Dim shadows of the human form—

Tall warriors, plumed, with streaming hair
And lifted arms that bear the bow,
And send athwart the murky air
The arrowy lightnings to and fro.

90

Loud is the tumult of an hour—
Crash of torn boughs and howl of blast,
And thunder-peal and pelting shower,
And then the storm is overpast.

Where is Onetho ? what delays
His coming ? why should he remain
Among the plashy woodland ways,
Swoln brooks and boughs that drip with rain ?

He comes not, and the younger men
Go forth to search the forest round.
They track him to a mountain-glen,
And find him lifeless on the ground.

101

The goodly bow that was his pride
 Is gone, but there the arrows lie ;
 And now they know the death he died,
 Slain by the lightnings of the sky.

They bear him thence in awe and fear
 Back to the vale with stealthy tread ; 110
 There silently, from far and near,
 The warriors gather round the dead.

But in their homes the women bide ;
 Unseen they sit and weep apart,
 And, in her bower, Onetho's bride
 Is sobbing with a broken heart.

They lay in earth their bowyer-chief,
 And at his side their hands bestow
 His dreaded battle-axe and sheaf
 Of arrows, but without a bow. 120

' Too soon he died ; it is not well '—
 The old men murmured, standing nigh—
 ' That we, who in the forest dwell,
 Should wield the weapons of the sky.'

A LIFETIME

I sit in the early twilight,
 And, through the gathering shade,
 I look on the fields around me
 Where yet a child I played.

And I peer into the shadows,
 Till they seem to pass away,
 And the fields and their tiny brooklet
 Lie clear in the light of day.

A delicate child and slender,
 With lock of light-brown hair, 10
 From knoll to knoll is leaping
 In the breezy summer air.

He stoops to gather blossoms
Where the running waters shine ;
And I look on him with wonder,
His eyes are so like mine.

I look till the fields and brooklet
Swim like a vision by,
And a room in a lowly dwelling
Lies clear before my eye.

20

There stand, in the clean-swept fireplace,
Fresh boughs from the wood in bloom,
And the birch-tree's fragrant branches
Perfume the humble room.

And there the child is standing
By a stately lady's knee,
And reading of ancient peoples
And realms beyond the sea :

Of the cruel King of Egypt
Who made God's people slaves,
And perished, with all his army,
Drowned in the Red Sea waves ;

30

Of Deborah, who mustered
Her brethren long oppressed,
And routed the heathen army,
And gave her people rest ;

And the sadder, gentler story
How Christ, the crucified,
With a prayer for those who slew Him,
Forgave them as He died.

40

I look again, and there rises
A forest wide and wild,
And in it the boy is wandering,
No longer a little child.

He murmurs his own rude verses
As he roams the woods alone ;
And again I gaze with wonder,
His eyes are so like my own.

I see him next in his chamber,
Where he sits him down to write
The rhymes he framed in his ramble,
And he cuns them with delight.

50

A kindly figure enters,
A man of middle age,
And points to a line just written,
And 'tis blotted from the page.

And next, in a hall of justice,
Scarce grown to manly years,
'Mid the hoary-headed wranglers
The slender youth appears.

60

With a beating heart he rises,
And with a burning cheek,
And the judges kindly listen
To hear the young man speak.

Another change, and I see him
Approach his dwelling-place,
Where a fair-haired woman meets him,
With a smile on her young face—

A smile that spreads a sunshine
On lip and cheek and brow ;
So sweet a smile there is not
In all the wide earth now.

70

Sho leads by the hand their first-born,
A fair-haired little one,
And their eyes as they meet him sparkle
Like brooks in the morning sun.

Another change, and I see him
Where the city's ceaseless coil
Sends up a mighty murmur
From a thousand modes of toil. 80

And there, 'mid the clash of presses,
He plies the rapid pen
In the battles of opinion,
That divide the sons of men.

I look, and the clashing presses
And the town are seen no more,
But there is the poet wandering
A strange and foreign shore.

He has crossed the mighty ocean
To realms that lie afar, 90
In the region of ancient story,
Beneath the morning star.

And now he stands in wonder
On an icy Alpine height ;
Now pitches his tent in the desert
Where the jackal yells at night ;

Now, far on the North Sea islands,
Sees day on the midnight sky,
Now gathers the fair strange fruitage
Where the isles of the Southland lie. 100

I see him again at his dwelling,
Where, over the little lake,
The rose-trees droop in their beauty
To meet the image they make.

Though years have whitened his temples,
His eyes have the first look still,
Save a shade of settled sadness,
A forecast of coming ill.

For in that pleasant dwelling,
On the rack of ceaseless pain,
Lies she who smiled so sweetly,
And prays for ease in vain. 110

And I know that his heart is breaking,
When, over those dear eyes,
The darkness slowly gathers,
And the loved and loving dies.

A grave is scooped on the hillside
Where often, at eve or morn,
He lays the blooms of the garden—
He, and his youngest born. 120

And well I know that a brightness
From his life has passed away,
And a smile from the green earth's beauty,
And a glory from the day.

But I behold, above him,
In the far blue deeps of air,
Dim battlements shining faintly,
And a throng of faces there ;

See over crystal barrier
The airy figures bend,
Like those who are watching and waiting
The coming of a friend. 130

And one there is among them,
With a star upon her brow,
In her life a lovely woman,
A sinless seraph now.

I know the sweet calm features ;
The peerless smile I know,
And I stretch my arms with transport
From where I stand below. 140

And the quick tears drown my eyelids,
But the airy figures fade,
And the shining battlements darken
And blend with the evening shade.

I am gazing into the twilight
Where the dim-seen meadows lie,
And the wind of night is swaying
The trees with a heavy sigh.

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THE WOODMAN AND SANDAL-TREE

FROM THE SPANISH

(St. Nicholas, vol. i, no. 1, 1873)

BESIDE a sandal-tree a woodman stood
And swung the axe, and as the strokes were laid
Upon the fragrant trunk, the generous wood,
With its own sweets, perfumed the cruel blade.
Go, then, and do the like ; a soul endued
With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
And good for evil give, and love for hate.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS

(Atlantic Monthly, February 1875)

'Twas evening, and before my eyes
There lay a landscape grey and dim :
Fields faintly seen and twilight skies
And clouds that hid the horizon's brim.

I saw—or was it that I dreamed ?—
A waking dream ?—I cannot say ;
For every shape as real seemed
As those that meet my eye to-day.

Through leafless shrubs the cold wind hissed ;
The air was thick with falling snow, 10
And onward, through the frozen mist,
I saw a weary traveller go.

Driven o'er that landscape bare and bleak,
Before the whirling gusts of air,
The snow-flakes smote his withered cheek,
And gathered on his silver hair.

Yet on he fared through blinding snows,
And murmuring to himself he said :
'The night is near ; the darkness grows,
And higher rise the drifts I tread. 20

'Deep, deep each autumn flower they hide ;
Each tuft of green they whelm from sight ;
And they who journeyed by my side
Are lost in the surrounding night.

'I loved them ; oh, no words can tell
The love that to my friends I bore ;
We parted with the sad farewell
Of those who part to meet no more.

'And I, who face this bitter wind,
And o'er these snowy hillocks creep, 30
Must end my journey soon and find
A frosty couch, a frozen sleep.'

As thus he spoke, a thrill of pain
Shot to my heart ; I closed my eyes,
But when I opened them again,
I started with a glad surprise.

'Twas evening still, and in the west
A flush of glowing crimson lay.
I saw the morrow there and blest
That promise of a glorious day. 40

The waters, in their glassy sleep,
Shone with the hues that tinged the sky,
And rugged cliff and barren steep
Gleamed with a brightness from on high.

And one was there whose journey lay
Into the slowly gathering night ;
With steady step he held his way
O'er shadowy vale and gleaming height.

I marked his firm though weary tread,
The lifted eye and brow serene ; 50
And saw no shade of doubt or dread
Pass o'er that traveller's placid mien.

And others came, their journey o'er,
And bade good night with words of cheer :
'To-morrow we shall meet once more ;
'Tis but the night that parts us here.'

'And I,' he said, 'shall sleep ere long—
These fading gleams will soon be gone—
Shall sleep, to rise, refreshed and strong,
In the bright day that yet will dawn.' 60

I heard ; I watched him as he went,
A lessening form, until the light
Of evening from the firmament
Had passed, and he was lost to sight.

CHRISTMAS IN 1875

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A SPANIARD

(*New York Evening Post*, December 1875)

No trumpet-blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born ;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn ;
But, o'er the peaceful plain,
The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain.

The soldier had laid by
The sword and stripped the corselet from his breast,
And hung his helm on high—
The sparrow's winter home and summer nest ; 10
And, with the same strong hand
That flung the barbèd spear, he tilled the land.

Oh, time for which we yearn ;
Oh, sabbath of the nations long foretold !
Season of peace, return,
Like a late summer when the year grows old,
When the sweet sunny days
Steeped mead and mountain-side in golden haze.

For now two rival kings
Flaunt, o'er our bleeding land, their hostile flags, 20
And every sunrise brings
The hovering vulture from his mountain-crag
To where the battle-plain
Is strewn with dead, the youth and flower of Spain.

Christ is not come, while yet
O'er half the earth the threat of battle lowers,
And our own fields are wet,
Beneath the battle-cloud, with crimson showers—
The life-blood of the slain,
Poured out where thousands die that one may reign.

Soon, over half the earth, 31
In every temple crowds shall kneel again
To celebrate His birth
Who brought the message of good-will to men,
And bursts of joyous song
Shall shake the roof above the prostrate throng.

Christ is not come, while there
The men of blood whose crimes affront the skies
Kneel down in act of prayer,
Amid the joyous strains, and when they rise 40
Go forth, with sword and flame,
To waste the land in His most holy name.

Oh, when the day shall break
O'er realms unlearned in warfare's cruel arts,
And all their millions wake
To peaceful tasks performed with loving hearts,
On such a blessed morn,
Well may the nations say that Christ is born. 48

THE FLOOD OF YEARS

(*Scribner's Magazine*, August 1876)

A MIGHTY Hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them ! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life ; the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there, 10
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revellers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth 20
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider, the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers ; the head that wears

The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away 30
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud ; the flood rolls on ;
The wail is stifled and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-voiced orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul !
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd, and one who spreads 40
The hands in prayer ; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty ; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows ;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile 51
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms ; she shrieks,
And weeps, and 'midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls ; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart ; the youth goes down ; the maid,
With hands outstretched in vain, and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him. 61
An aged man succeeds ; his bending form
Sinks slowly ; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks and then are seen no more.
Lo, wider grows the stream ; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities ; massive palaces

Crumble before it ; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters ; populous realms
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages 70
Stifled and never to be uttered more.

I pause and turn my eyes and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal ; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshippers. 79
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
On all the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust ; and all around, 90
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment and then sink away from sight.

I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history 100
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat

In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.

Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers 111

Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And re-appearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Moulds from the idle air ; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low, and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years 120

Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond ?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths, 130

Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that bright river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together ; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable ; the mother's arms 141
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour

That overpays them ; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change 150
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

OUR FELLOW-WORSHIPPERS

THINK not that thou and I
Are here the only worshippers to-day,
Beneath this glorious sky,
'Mid the soft airs that o'er the meadows play ;
These airs, whose breathing stirs
The fresh grass, are our fellow-worshippers.

See, as they pass, they swing
The censers of a thousand flowers that bend
O'er the young herbs of spring,
And the sweet odours like a prayer ascend, 10
While, passing thence, the breeze
Wakes the grave anthem of the forest-trees.

It is as when, of yore,
The Hebrew poet called the mountain-steeps,
The forests, and the shore
Of ocean, and the mighty mid-sea deeps,
And stormy wind, to raise
A universal symphony of praise.

For, lo ! the hills around, •
Gay in their early green, give silent thanks ; 20
And, with a joyous sound,
The streamlet's huddling waters kiss their banks,
And, from its sunny nooks,
To heaven, with grateful smiles, the valley looks.

The blossomed apple-tree,
Among its flowery tufts, on every spray,
Offers the wandering bee
A fragrant chapel for his matin-lay ;
And a soft bass is heard
From the quick pinions of the humming-bird. 30

Haply—for who can tell ?—
Aërial beings, from the world unseen,
Haunting the sunny dell,
Or slowly floating o'er the flowery green,
May join our worship here,
With harmonies too fine for mortal ear.

THE DANGERS OF MANHOOD

(International Review, January 1877)

YOUTH ! whose ingenuous spirit, just and kind,
Looks from that gentle eye, that open brow,
Wilt thou be ever thus in heart and mind,
As guileless and as merciful as now ?
Behold this streamlet, whose sweet waters wind
Among green knolls unbroken by the plough,
Where wild-flowers woo the bee, and wild-birds find
Safe nests and secret in the cedar bough.
This stream must reach the sea, and then no more
Its purity and peaceful mood will keep, 10
But change to bitter brine, and madly roar
Among the breakers there and toss and leap,
And dash the helpless bark against the shore,
And whelm the drowning seamen in the deep.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

(International Review, September 1877)

SLEEP, Motley, with the great of ancient days,
 Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be.
 Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
 Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea.
 Sleep, while, defiant of the slow decays
 Of Time, thy glorious writings speak for thee
 And in the answering heart of millions raise
 The generous zeal for Right and Liberty.
 And should the days o'ertake us, when, at last,
 The silence that—ere yet a human pen
 Had traced the slenderest record of the past—
 Hushed the primæval languages of men—
 Upon our English tongue its spell shall cast,
 Thy memory shall perish only then.

10

HYMNS

‘HIS TENDER MERCIES ARE OVER ALL HIS WORKS’

FATHER! to Thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below ;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes !

Giver of sunshine and of rain !
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain !
Fountain of light, that rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star.

Who send'st Thy storms and frosts to bind
The plagues that rise to waste mankind ; 10
That breathe'st o'er the naked scene
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.

Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy mercy and Thy love are shown ;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak Thy ways.

In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay !
Sole trust when life shall pass away !
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb ! 20

4.

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear ;
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare ;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to Thy erring child.

THOU WHOSE UNMEASURED TEMPLE STANDS '

Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands
 Built over earth and sea,
 Accept the walls that human hands
 Have raised, O God, to Thee.

And let the Comforter and Friend,
 The Holy Spirit, meet
 With those who here in worship bend
 Before Thy mercy-seat.

May they who err be guided here
 To find the better way, 10
 And they who mourn, and they who fear,
 Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
 And hallowed wishes rise,
 While, round these peaceful walls, the storm
 Of earth-born passion dies.

'MIGHTY ONE, BEFORE WHOSE FACE'

MIGHTY ONE, before whose face
 Wisdom had her glorious seat,
 When the orbs that people space
 Sprang to birth beneath Thy feet!

Source of truth, whose rays alone
 Light the mighty world of mind!
 God of love, who from Thy throne
 Watchest over all mankind!

Shed on those who in Thy name
 Teach the way of truth and right, 10
 Shed that love's undying flame,
 Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

‘LOOK FROM THY SPHERE OF ENDLESS DAY’

Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
 O God of mercy and of might !
 In pity look on those who stray,
 Benighted in this land of light.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
 In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
 How many of the sons of men
 Hear not the message sent from Thee !

Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
 The thoughtless young, the hardened old, 10
 A wandering flock, and bring them all
 To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
 Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
 To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
 And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
 On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
 Shall grow with living waters green,
 And lift to heaven the voice of praise. 20

‘WHEN THIS SONG OF PRAISE SHALL CEASE’

WHEN this song of praise shall cease,
 Let Thy children, Lord, depart
 With the blessing of Thy peace
 And Thy love in every heart.

Oh ! where'er our path may lie,
 Father, let us not forget
 That we walk beneath Thine eye,
 That Thy care upholds us yet.

Blind are we, and weak, and frail ;
Be Thine aid forever near ; 10
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

As shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o’er the summer grass,
So in Thy sight, Almighty One !
Earth’s generations pass.
And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet ; 10
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah’s feet.

O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

NEW YORK, 1875.

THE CENTENNIAL HYMN

(*New York Tribune*, July 5, 1876)

THROUGH calm and storm the years have led
Our nation on from stage to stage
A century’s space until we tread
The threshold of another Age.

We see there, o’er our pathway swept,
A torrent stream of blood and fire ;
And thank the ruling power who kept
Our sacred league of States entire.

Oh, chequered train of years, farewell !
With all thy strifes and hopes and fears ; 10
But with us let thy memories dwell,
To warn and lead the coming years.

And thou, the new-beginning age,
Warned by the past, and not in vain,
Write on a fairer, whiter page,
The record of thy happier reign.

ROSLYN, 1876.

‘WHEN, DOOMED TO DEATH, THE APOSTLE
LAY’

WHEN, doomed to death, the Apostle lay,
At night in Herod’s dungeon-cell,
A light shone round him like the day,
And from his limbs the fetters fell.

A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise ;
And lo ! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst 10
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succour from on high !

Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more ! 20

NEW YORK, 1877.

NOTES

PAGE 1

POEM OF THE AGES

IN this poem, written and first printed in the year 1821, the author has endeavoured, from a survey of the past ages of the world, and of the successive advances of mankind in knowledge, virtue, and happiness, to justify and confirm the hopes of the philanthropist for the future destinies of the human race.

PAGE 23

THE BURIAL-PLACE

The first half of this fragment may seem to the reader borrowed from the essay on 'Rural Funerals' in the fourth number of the *Sketch-Book*. The lines were, however, written more than a year before that number appeared. The poem, unfinished as it is, would not have been admitted into this collection, had not the author been unwilling to lose what had the honour of resembling so beautiful a composition.

PAGE 33

THE MASSACRE AT SCIO

This poem, written about the time of the horrible butchery of the Sciotes by the Turks, in 1824, has been more fortunate than most poetical predictions. The independence of the Greek nation, which it foretold, has come to pass, and the massacre, by inspiring a deeper detestation of their oppressors, did much to promote that event.

PAGE 33

Her maiden veil, her own black hair, &c.

'The unmarried females have a modest falling down of the hair over the eyes.'—ELIOT.

PAGE 51

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN

The mountain called by this name is a remarkable precipice in Great Barrington, overlooking the rich and picturesque valley of

the Housatonic, in the western part of Massachusetts. At the southern extremity is, or was a few years since, a conical pile of small stones, erected, according to the tradition of the surrounding country, by the Indians, in memory of a woman of the Stockbridge tribe, who killed herself by leaping from the edge of the precipice. Until within a few years past, small parties of that tribe used to arrive from their settlement in the western part of the State of New York, on visits to Stockbridge, the place of their nativity and former residence. A young woman belonging to one of these parties related, to a friend of the author, the story on which the poem of Monument Mountain is founded. An Indian girl had formed an attachment for her cousin, which, according to the customs of the tribe, was unlawful. She was, in consequence, seized with a deep melancholy, and resolved to destroy herself. In company with a female friend, she repaired to the mountain, decked out for the occasion in all her ornaments, and, after passing the day on the summit in singing with her companion the traditional songs of her nation, she threw herself headlong from the rock, and was killed.

PAGE 61

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER

Some years since, in the month of May, the remains of a human body, partly devoured by wild animals, were found in a woody ravine, near a solitary road passing between the mountains west of the village of Stockbridge. It was supposed that the person came to his death by violence, but no traces could be discovered of his murderers. It was only recollected that one evening, in the course of the previous winter, a traveller had stopped at an inn in the village of West Stockbridge; that he had inquired the way to Stockbridge; and that, in paying the innkeeper for something he had ordered, it appeared that he had a considerable sum of money in his possession. Two ill-looking men were present, and went out about the same time that the traveller proceeded on his journey. During the winter, also, two men of shabby appearance, but plentifully supplied with money, had lingered for awhile about the village of Stockbridge. Several years afterward, a criminal about to be executed for a capital offence in Canada, confessed that he had been concerned in murdering a traveller in Stockbridge for the sake of his money. Nothing was ever discovered respecting the name or the residence of the person murdered.

PAGE 90

Chained in the market-place he stood, &c.

The story of the African Chief, related in this ballad, may be found in the *African Repository* for April 1825. The subject of it was a warrior of majestic stature, the brother of Yarradee, king of the

Solima nation, He had been taken in battle, and was brought in chains for sale to the Rio Pongas, where he was exhibited in the market-place, his ankles still adorned with the massy rings of gold which he wore when captured. The refusal of his captor to listen to his offers of ransom drove him mad, and he died a maniac.

PAGE 100

THE CONJUNCTION OF JUPITER AND VENUS

This conjunction was said in the common calendars to have taken place on August 2, 1826. This, I believe, was an error, but the apparent approach of the planets was sufficiently near for poetical purposes.

PAGE 105

THE HURRICANE

This poem is nearly a translation from one by José Maria de Heredia, a native of the Island of Cuba, who published at New York, about the year 1825, a volume of poems in the Spanish language.

PAGE 107

WILLIAM TELL

Neither this, nor any of the other sonnets in the collection, with the exception of the one from the Portuguese, is framed according to the legitimate Italian model, which, in the author's opinion, possesses no peculiar beauty for an ear accustomed only to the metrical forms of our own language. The sonnets in this collection are rather poems in fourteen lines than sonnets.

PAGE 107

The slim papaya ripens, &c.

Papaya—papaw, custard-apple. Flint, in his excellent work on the *Geography and History of the Western States*, thus describes this tree and its fruit :—

'A papaw shrub, hanging full of fruits, of a size and weight so disproportioned to the stem, and from under long and rich-looking leaves, of the same yellow with the ripened fruit, and of an African luxuriance of growth, is to us one of the richest spectacles that we have ever contemplated in the array of the woods. The fruit contains from two to six seeds, like those of the tamarind, except that they are double the size. The pulp of the fruit resembles egg-custard in consistence and appearance. It has the same creamy feeling in the mouth, and unites the taste of eggs, cream, sugar, and spice. It is a natural custard, too luscious for the relish of most people.'

Chateaubriand, in his *Travels*, speaks disparagingly of the fruit of the papaw; but on the authority of Mr. Flint, who must know more of the matter, I have ventured to make my Western lover enumerate it among the delicacies of the wilderness.

PAGE 119

The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye.

The prairies of the West, with an undulating surface, *rolling prairies*, as they are called, present to the unaccustomed eye a singular spectacle when the shadows of the clouds are passing rapidly over them. The face of the ground seems to fluctuate and toss like billows of the sea.

PAGE 119

*The prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not.*

I have seen the prairie-hawk balancing himself in the air for hours together, apparently over the same spot; probably watching his prey.

PAGE 120

*These ample fields
Nourished their harvests.*

The size and extent of the mounds in the valley of the Mississippi indicate the existence, at a remote period, of a nation at once populous and laborious, and therefore probably subsisting by agriculture.

PAGE 120

*The rude conquerors
Scated the captive with their chiefs.*

Instances are not wanting of generosity like this among the North American Indians towards a captive or survivor of a hostile tribe on which the greatest cruelties had been exercised.

PAGE 122

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting chapter in the annals of the American Revolution. The troops were so harassed by the irregular and successful warfare which he kept up at the head of a few daring followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field and fighting 'like a gentleman and a Christian'.

PAGE 127

MARY MAGDALEN

Several learned divines, with much appearance of reason, in particular Dr. Lardner, have maintained that the common notion respecting the dissolute life of Mary Magdalen is erroneous, and that she was always a person of excellent character. Charles Taylor, the editor of Calmet's *Dictionary of the Bible*, takes the same view of the subject.

The verses of the Spanish poet here translated refer to the 'woman who had been a sinner', mentioned in the seventh chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and who is commonly confounded with Mary Magdalen.

PAGE 129

FATIMA AND RADUAN

This and the following poems belong to that class of ancient Spanish ballads, by unknown authors, called *Romances Moriscos*—Moriscan romances or ballads. They were composed in the fourteenth century, some of them, probably, by the Moors, who then lived intermingled with the Christians; and they relate the loves and achievements of the knights of Grenada.

PAGE 131

LOVE AND FOLLY. (FROM LA FONTAINE)

This is rather an imitation than a translation of the poem of the graceful French fabulist.

PAGE 134

These eyes shall not recall thee, &c.

This is the very expression of the original.—*No te llamarán mis ojos, &c.* The Spanish poets early adopted the practice of calling a lady by the name of the most expressive feature of her countenance, her eyes. The lover styled his mistress *ojos bellos*, 'beautiful eyes'; *ojos serenos*, 'serene eyes'. Green eyes seem to have been anciently thought a great beauty in Spain, and there is a very pretty ballad by an absent lover, in which he addresses his lady by the title of 'green eyes'; supplicating that he may remain in her remembrance.

¡ Ay ojuelos verdes !
Ay los mis ojuelos !
Ay, hagan los cielos
Que de mí te acuerdes !

PAGE 136

Say, Love—for didst thou see her tears, &c.

The stanza beginning with this line stands thus in the original :

Dilo tu, amor, si lo viste ;
Mas ¡ ay ! que de lastimado :
Diste otro nudo á la venda,
Para no ver lo que ha pasado.

I am sorry to find so poor a conceit deforming so spirited a composition as this old ballad, but I have preserved it in the version. It is one of those extravagances which afterward became so common in Spanish poetry, when Gongora introduced the *estilo culto*, as it was called.

PAGE 136

LOVE IN THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

This personification of the passion of Love, by Peyre Vidal, has been referred to as a proof of how little the Provençal poets were indebted to the authors of Greece and Rome for the imagery of their poems.

PAGE 137

THE LOVE OF GOD. (FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF BERNARD RASCAS)

The original of these lines is thus given by John of Nostradamus, in his *Lives of the Troubadours*, in a barbarous Frenchified orthography :

Touta kausa mortala una fes perirá,
Fors que l'amour de Dieu, que tousiours durará.
Tous nostres cors vendran essuchs, come fa l'eska,
Lous Aubres leyssaran lour verdour tendra e fresca,
Lous Ausselets del bosc perdran lour kant subtyeu,
E non s'auzira plus lou Rossignol gentyeu.
Lous Buols al Pastourgage, e las blankas fedettas
Sent'ran lous agulhons de las mortals Sagettas,
Lous crestas d'Arles fiers, Renards, e Loups espars,
Kabrols, Cervys, Chamous, Senglars de toutes pars,
Lous Ours hardys e forts, seran poudra, e arena,
Lou Daulphin en la Mar, lou Ton, e la Balena,
Monstres impetuons, Ryaumes, e Comtas,
Lous Princes, e lous Reys, seran per mort domtas.
E nota ben eyssó kascun : la Terra granda,
(Ou l'Esoritura ment) lou fermament que branda,
Prendra outra figura. Enfin tout perirá,
Fors que l'Amour de Dieu, que touiours durará.

PAGE 138

FROM THE SPANISH OF PEDRO DE CASTRO Y AÑAYA

Las Auroras de Diana, in which the original of these lines is contained, is, notwithstanding it was praised by Lope de Vega, one of the worst of the old Spanish Romances, being a tissue of riddles and affectations, with now and then a little poem of considerable beauty.

PAGE 149

The author began this poem in rhyme. The following is the first draft of it as far as he proceeded, in a stanza which he found it convenient to abandon.

A midnight black with clouds is on the sky ;
 A shadow like the first original night
 Folds in, and seems to press me as I lie ;
 No image meets the vainly wandering sight,
 And shot through rolling mists no starlight gleam
 Glances on glassy pool or rippling stream.

No ruddy blaze, from dwellings bright within,
 Tinges the flowering summits of the grass ;
 No sound of life is heard, no village din,
 Wings rustling overheard or steps that pass,
 While, on the breast of earth at random thrown,
 I listen to her mighty voice alone.

A voice of many tones ; deep murmurs sent
 From waters that in darkness glide away
 From woods unseen by sweeping breezes bent,
 From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,
 And hollows of the invisible hills around,
 Blent in one ceaseless, melancholy sound.

O Earth ! dost thou, too, sorrow for the past ?
 Mourn'st thou thy childhood's unreturning hours,
 Thy springs, that briefly bloomed and faded fast,
 The gentle generations of thy flowers,
 Thy forests of the elder time, decayed
 And gone with all the tribes that loved their shade ?

Mourn'st thou that first fair time so early lost,
 The golden age that lives in poets' strains,
 Ere hail or lightning, whirlwind, flood or frost
 Scathed thy green breast, or earthquakes whelmed thy
 plains
 Ere blood upon the shuddering ground was spilt,
 Or night was haunted by disease and guilt ?

Or haply dost thou grieve for those who die ?
 For living things that trod awhile thy face,
 The love of thee and heaven, and now they lie
 Mixed with the shapeless dust the wild winds chase ?
 I, too, must grieve, for never on thy sphere
 Shall those bright forms and faces reappear.

Ha ! with a deeper and more thrilling tone,
 Rises that voice around me ; 'tis the cry
 Of Earth for guilt and wrong, the eternal moan
 Sent to the listening and long-suffering sky.
 I hear and tremble, and my heart grows faint,
 As 'midst the night goes up that great complaint.

PAGE 163

*Where Isar's clay-white rivulets run
 Through the dark woods, like frightened deer.*

Close to the city of Munich, in Bavaria, lies the spacious and beautiful pleasure-ground, called the English Garden—in which these lines were written—originally projected and laid out by our countryman, Count Rumford, under the auspices of one of the sovereigns of the country. Winding walks of great extent pass through close thickets and groves interspersed with lawns ; and streams, diverted from the river Isar, traverse the grounds swiftly in various directions, the water of which, stained with the clay of the soil it has corroded in its descent from the upper country, is frequently of a turbid white colour.

PAGE 167

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

This song refers to the expedition of the Vermonters, commanded by Ethan Allen, by whom the British fort of Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, was surprised and taken, in May 1775.

PAGE 168

THE CHILD'S FUNERAL

The incident on which this poem is founded was related to the author while in Europe, in a letter from an English lady. A child apparently died in the south of Italy, and when they went to bury it they found it revived and playing with the flowers which, after the manner of that country, had been brought to grace its funeral.

PAGE 172

'Tis said, when Schiller's death drew nigh,
 The wish possessed his mighty mind,
 To wander forth wherever lie
 The homes and haunts of human-kind.

Shortly before the death of Schiller, he was seized with a strong desire to travel in foreign countries, as if his spirit had a presentiment of its approaching enlargement, and already longed to expatiate in a wider and more varied sphere of existence.

PAGE 174

The flower
Of sanguinaria, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood.

The *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, or blood-root, as it is commonly called, bears a delicate white flower of a musky scent, the stem of which breaks easily, and distils a juice of a bright red colour.

PAGE 180

The shadbush, white with flowers,
Brightened the glens.

The small tree, named by the botanists *Aronia Botryapium*, is called in some parts of our country, the shad-bush, from the circumstance that it flowers about the time that the shad ascend the rivers in early spring. Its delicate sprays, covered with white blossom before the trees are yet in leaf, have a singularly beautiful appearance in the woods.

PAGE 180

'There hast thou,' said my friend, 'a fitting type
 Of human life.'

I remember hearing an aged man, in the country, compare the slow movement of time in early life and its swift flight as it approaches old age, to the drumming of a partridge or ruffed grouse in the woods—the strokes falling slow and distinct at first, and following each other more and more rapidly, till they end at last in a whirring sound.

PAGE 182

AN EVENING REVERIE. FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM

This poem and that entitled *The Fountain*, with one or two others in blank verse, were intended by the author as portions of a larger poem, in which they may hereafter take their place.

PAGE 184

*The fresh savannas of the Sangamon
Here rise in gentle swells, and the long grass
Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet tufts
Are glowing in the green, like flakes of fire.*

The Painted Cup, *Euchroma Coccinea*, or *Bartsia Coccinea*, grows in great abundance in the hazel prairies of the Western States, where its scarlet tufts make a brilliant appearance in the midst of the verdure. The Sangamon is a beautiful river, tributary to the Illinois, bordered with rich prairies.

PAGE 192

*The long wave rolling from the southern pole
To break upon Japan.*

'Breaks the long wave that at the pole began.'—TENNANT'S *Anster Fair*.

PAGE 192

*At noon the Hebrew bowed the knee
And worshipped.*

Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud, and He shall hear my voice.—PSALM lv. 17.

PAGE 195

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER

During the stay of Long's Expedition at Engineer Cantonment, three specimens of a variety of the common deer were brought in, having all the feet white near the hoofs, and extending to those on the hind feet from a little above the spurious hoofs. This white extremity was divided, upon the sides of the foot, by the general colour of the leg, which extends down near to the hoofs, leaving a white triangle in front, of which the point was elevated rather higher than the spurious hoofs.—GODMAN'S *Natural History*, vol. ii, p. 314.

PAGE 223

THE LOST BIRD

Readers who are acquainted with the Spanish language may not be displeased at seeing the original of this little poem :

EL PÁJARO PERDIDO

Huyó con vuelo incierto,
Y de mis ojos ha desaparecido,
Mirad, si, á vuestro hueito,
Mi pájaro querido,
Niñas hermosas, por acaso ha huído.

Sus ojos relucientes
Son como los del águila orgullosa ;
Plumas resplandecientes,
En la cabeza airosa,
Lleva ; y su voz es tierna y armoniosa.

Mirad, si cuidadoso
Junto á las flores se escondió en la grama.
Ese laurel frondoso
Mirad, rama por rama,
Que él los laureles y las flores ama.

Si le hallais, por ventura,
No os enamore su amoroso acento ;
No os prende su hermosura ;
Volvedme al momento ;
O dejadle, si no, libre en el viento.

Porque su pico de oro
Solo en mi mano toma la semilla ;
Y no enjugaré el lloro
Que veis en mi mejilla,
Hasta encontrar mi profuga avecilla.

Mi vista se oscurece,
Si sus ojos no vé, que son mi día.
Mi ánima desfallece
Con la melancolía
De no escucharle ya su melodía.

The literature of Spain at the present day has this peculiarity, that female writers have, in considerable number, entered into competition with the other sex. One of the most remarkable of these, as a writer of both prose and poetry, is Carolina Coronado de Perry, the author of the little poem here given. The poetical literature of Spain has felt the influence of the female mind in the infusion of a certain delicacy and tenderness, and the more frequent choice of subjects which interest the domestic affections. Concerning the verses of the lady already mentioned, Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch, one of the most accomplished Spanish critics of the present day, and himself a successful dramatic writer, says :

If Carolina Coronado had, through modesty, sent her productions from Estremadura to Madrid under the name of a person of the other sex, it would still have been difficult for intelligent readers to persuade themselves that they were written by a man, or at least, considering their graceful sweetness, purity of tone, simplicity of conception, brevity of development, and delicate and particular choice of subject, we should be constrained to attribute them to one yet in his early youth, whom the imagination would represent as ingenuous, innocent, and gay, who had scarce ever wandered beyond

the flowery grove or pleasant valley where his cradle, was rocked, and where he had been lulled to sleep by the sweetest songs of Francisco de la Torre, Garcilaso, and Melendez.'

The author of the *Pájaro perdido*, according to a memoir of her by Angel Fernandez de los Rios, was born at Almendralejo, in Estremadura, in 1823. At the age of nine years she began to steal from sleep, after a day passed in various lessons, and in domestic occupations, several hours every night to read the poets of her country, and other books belonging to the library of the household, among which is mentioned as a proof of her vehement love of reading, the *Critical History of Spain*, by the Abbé Masuden, 'and other works equally dry and prolix.' She was afterwards sent to Badajoz, where she received the best education which the state of the country, then on fire with a civil war, would admit. Here the intensity of her application to her studies caused a severe malady, which has frequently recurred in after life. At the age of thirteen years she wrote a poem entitled *La Palma*, which the author of her biography declares to be worthy of Herrera, and which led Espronceda, a poet of Estremadura, a man of genius, and the author of several translations from Byron, whom he resembled both in mental and personal characteristics, to address her an eulogistic sonnet. In 1843, when she was but twenty years old, a volume of her poems was published at Madrid, in which were included both that entitled *La Palma*, and the one I have given in this note. To this volume Hartzzenbusch, in his admiration for her genius, prefaced an introduction.

The task of writing verses in Spanish is not difficult. Rhymes are readily found, and the language is easily moulded into metrical forms. Those who have distinguished themselves in this literature have generally made their first essays in verse. What is remarkable enough, the men who afterwards figure in political life mostly begin their career as the authors of madrigals. A poem introduces the future statesman to the public, as a speech at a popular meeting introduces the candidate for political distinction in this country. I have heard of but one of the eminent Spanish politicians of the present time, who made a boast that he was innocent of poetry, and if all that his enemies say of him be true, it would have been well both for his country and his own fame, if he had been equally innocent of corrupt practices. The compositions of Carolina Coronado, even her earliest, do not deserve to be classed with the productions of which we have spoken, and which are simply the effect of inclination and facility. They possess the *mens divinator*.

In 1852 a collection of the poems of Carolina Coronado was brought out at Madrid, including those which were first published. The subjects are of larger variety than those which prompted her earlier productions; some of them are of a religious cast, others refer to political matters. One of them, which appears among the 'Improvisations', is an energetic protest against erecting a new amphitheatre for bull-fights. The spirit of all her poetry is humane and friendly to the best interests of mankind.

Her writings in prose must not be overlooked. Among them is a novel entitled *Sigea*, founded on the adventures of Camoens; another entitled *Jorilla*, a beautiful story, full of pictures of rural life in Estremadura, which deserves, if it could find a competent translator, to be transferred to our language. Besides these there are two other novels from her pen, *Paquita* and *La Luz del Tejo*. A few years since appeared, in a Madrid periodical, the *Semanario*, a series of letters written by her, giving an account of the impressions received in a journey from the Tagus to the Rhine, including a visit to England. Among the subjects on which she has written, is the idea, still warmly cherished in Spain, of uniting the entire peninsula under one government. In an ably conducted journal of Madrid, she has given accounts of the poetesses of Spain, her contemporaries, with extracts from their writings, and a kindly estimate of their respective merits.

Her biographer speaks of her activity and efficiency in charitable enterprises, her interest in the cause of education, her visits to the primary schools of Madrid, encouraging and rewarding the pupils, and her patronage of the *escuela de parvulos*, or infant school, at Badajoz, established by a society in that city, with the design of improving the education of the labouring class.

It must have been not long after the publication of her poems, in 1852, that Carolina Coronado became the wife of an American gentleman, Mr. Horatio J. Perry, at one time our Secretary of Legation at the Court of Madrid, afterwards our chargé d'affaires, and now, in 1863, again Secretary of Legation. Amidst the duties of a wife and mother, which she fulfils with exemplary fidelity and grace, she has not either forgotten or forsaken the literary pursuits which have given her so high a reputation.

PAGE 245

THE RUINS OF ITALICA

The poems of the Spanish author, Francisco de Rioja, who lived in the first half of the seventeenth century, are few in number, but much esteemed. His ode on the Ruins of Italica is one of the most admired of these, but in the only collection of his poems which I have seen, it is said that the concluding stanza, in the original copy, was deemed so little worthy of the rest that it was purposely omitted in the publication. Italica was a city founded by the Romans in the south of Spain, the remains of which are still an object of interest.

PAGE 256

SELLA

Sella is the name given by the Vulgate to one of the wives of Lamech, mentioned in the fourth chapter of the Book of Genesis, and called Zillah in the common English Version of the Bible.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY, BOOK V, TRANSLATED

It may be esteemed presumptuous in the author of this volume to attempt a translation of any part of Homer in blank verse after that of Cowper. It has always seemed to him, however, that Cowper's version had very great defects. The style of Homer is simple, and he has been praised for fire and rapidity of narrative. Does anybody find these qualities in Cowper's Homer? If Cowper had rendered him into such English as he employed in his 'Task', there would be no reason to complain; but in translating Homer he seems to have thought it necessary to use a different style from that of his original works. Almost every sentence is stiffened by some clumsy inversion; stately phrases are used when simpler ones were at hand, and would have rendered the meaning of the original better. The entire version has the appearance of being hammered out with great labour, and as a whole it is cold and constrained; scarce anything seems spontaneous; it is only now and then that the translator has caught the fervour of his author. Homer, of course, wrote in idiomatic Greek, and, in order to produce either a true copy of the original or an agreeable poem, should have been translated into idiomatic English.

I am almost ashamed, after this censure of an author, whom, in the main, I admire so much as I do Cowper, to refer to my own translation of the Fifth Book of the *Odyssey*. I desire barely to say that I have endeavoured to give the verses of the old Greek poet at least a simpler presentation in English, and one more conformable to the genius of our language.

PAGE 304

The mock-grape's blood-red banner, &c.

Ampelopsis. 'mock-grape'. I have here literally translated the botanical name of the Virginia creeper—an appellation too cumbrous for verse.

PAGE 312

A BRIGHTER DAY

This poem was written shortly after the author's return from a visit to Spain, and more than a twelvemonth before the overthrow of the tyrannical government of Queen Isabella and the expulsion of the Bourbons. It is not 'from the Spanish' in the ordinary sense of the phrase, but is an attempt to put into a poetic form sentiments and hopes which the author frequently heard, during his visit to Spain, from the lips of the natives. We are yet to see whether these expectations of an enlightened government and national liberty are to become a reality under the new order of things.

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